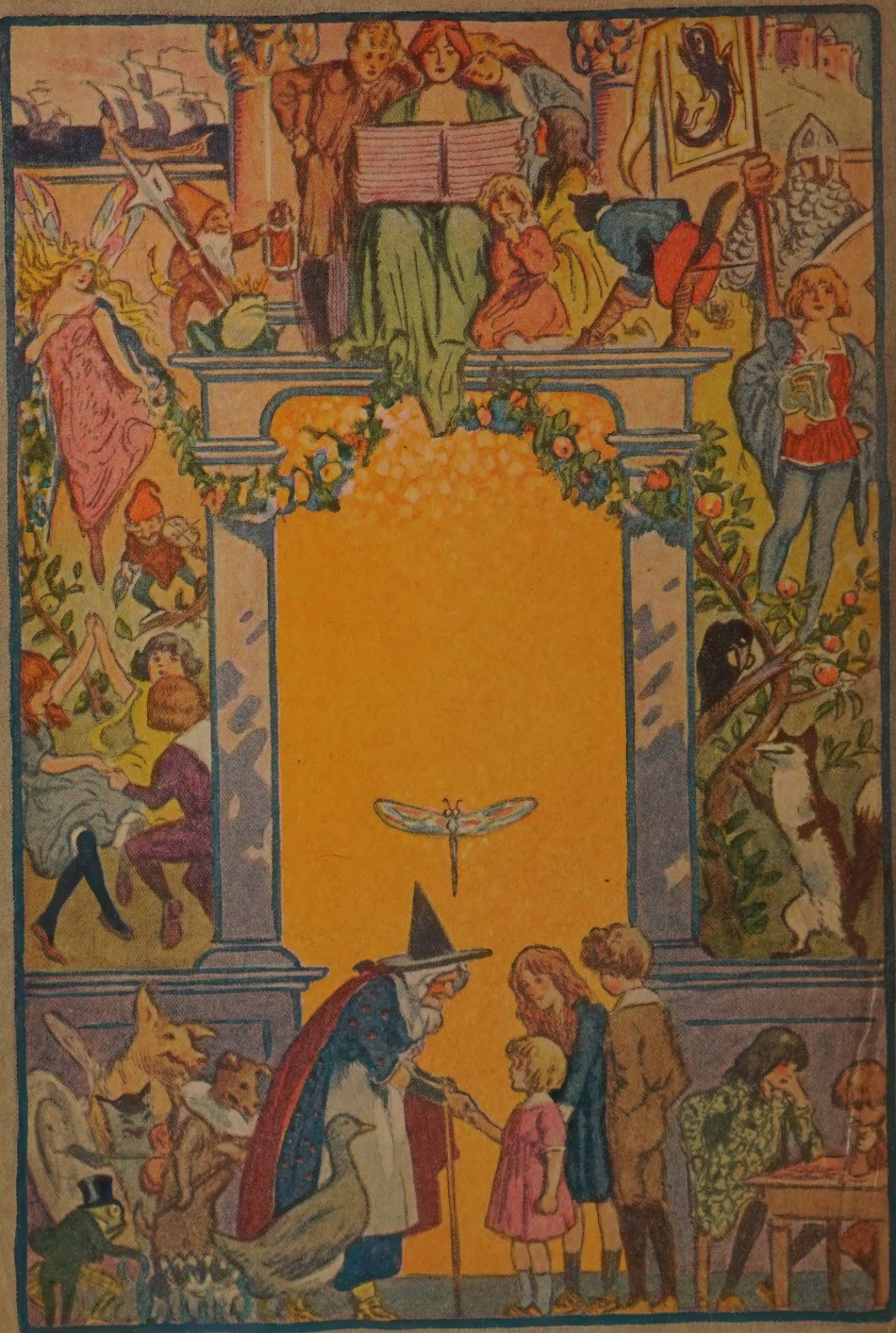










MABEL
WOLFE
ATTWELL

MAROONED

FROM A DRAWING BY MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL

The HOME UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF

39

PREPARED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
THE EDITORIAL BOARD *of the* UNIVERSITY SOCIETY



VOLUME II
GOLDEN STORIES



THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
INCORPORATED
New York



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In addition to its wealth of new material THE HOME UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF combines the very best features of its highly successful predecessors: namely, Boys and Girls Bookshelf, copyright 1912, 1915, 1920; Young Folks Treasury, copyright 1909, 1917, 1919; Father and Son Library, copyright 1921; Modern Boy Activity, copyright 1921, 1923; The Mother's Book, copyright 1919; The Child Welfare Manual, copyright 1916; The Home Kindergarten Manual, copyright 1921; and Bible Stories and Character Building, copyright 1915.

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INTRODUCTION

AGAIN, as in the first volume, this material is carefully graded, and begins with quite young children. As it progresses, however, the reading years are extended to ten or twelve, or even longer. For the child who is learning to read at its mother's knee—and what more intimate or delightful approach to one's education can there be?—abundant material is offered.

We must begin with our letters, and in section one, "Amusing Alphabets," their acquisition is turned into play. They smile at one through the pictured pages like the genial friends that they are. They are friendly sprites whose names only wait to be learned, after which they will lead the small reader on into untold realms of fairyland and romance.

After Mr. A can be told apart from Miss B and the rest, the first gate is opened, and we have "A Primer for Little Folks." There are the "A B C Company" and other easy tales, largely in words of one syllable and printed in large type, with plenty of pictures. For the father and mother who like to have a personal share in their children's education, this section will be especially helpful, as also will be the "First Reader," which follows.

The mysteries of the printed word once mastered, another gate is opened to disclose "Stories Young Children Can Read Themselves." What a magic time this is in the life of any child, and how they revel in this new attainment! Wise are the father, mother, and teacher who see to it that the eager fingers lay hold of only the good and the true in their first story-books; for first impressions are the most lasting of all.

The "Golden Stories" chosen for this volume have been placed here only after the most rigid censorship and the helpful criticism of specialists in child education. This does not mean that they are "goody-goody." But they are simple, natural, and charming, and have long since proved their ability to amuse and delight children. The "Stories Young Children Can Read Themselves" are followed by "Stories for Bigger Little Folks."

Next comes a series of "Stories in Poem and Picture," where the child makes the acquaintance of such writers as Macdonald, Field, Keats, George Eliot, Rossetti, Stevenson, Moore, Cary, and others of lesser note, but quite as great favorites. They are accompanied by illustrations which have been carefully chosen for their faithfulness to the spirit of the text.

"Stories by Favorite American Writers" come next, and we note the names of Alcott, Brown, Burgess, Freeman, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Mitchell,

Stockton, and others—some in poetry and some in prose. This section will serve as a delightful beginning acquaintance with our writers, and will lead to a natural desire on the part of the young reader to know more of them.

A group of delightful tales of fancy by Jean Macé, followed by tales of heroism, and Christmas stories round out the volume, which, with its many pleasing pictures scattered throughout, is well calculated to interest the growing mind, and—what is better still—train the boy or girl to enjoy the best and noblest in literature.

These stories cover the widest range of subjects, and herein lies their chief charm. The small readers tire of a single theme. Their minds jump naturally from one thing to another. Hence the seeming irrelevancy of subject-matter in this book. There are stories about fairies, tales about animals, dolls, princes, and steamboats. There are little episodes of the daily life of other boys and girls, side by side with the wildest flights of imagination. There is an enticing sample of everything, from “shoes and ships and sealing-wax” to “cabbages and kings.” Just as soon as the child gets safely past his First Reader and has reached the “Bigger Little Folks” group, let him browse about in it to his heart’s content.

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TINGLE, TANGLE TITMOUSE

"Come hither, little puppy-dog,
I'll give you a new collar,
If you will learn to read your book,
And be a clever scholar."

"No! no!" replied the puppy-dog,
"I've other fish to fry;
For I must learn to guard your house,
And bark when thieves come nigh."

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

"Come hither, pretty cockatoo,
Come and learn your letters;
And you shall have a knife and fork
To eat with, like your betters."

"No! no!" the cockatoo replied,
"My beak will do as well;
I'd rather eat my victuals thus
Than go and learn to spell."

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

"Come hither, little pussy-cat,
If you'll your grammar study,
I'll give you silver clogs to wear,
Whene'er the gutter's muddy."

"No! whilst I grammar learn," says puss,
"Your house will in a trice
Be overrun from top to toe
With flocks of rats and mice."

With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

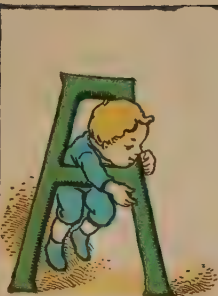
"Come hither, then, good little boy,
And learn your alphabet,
And you a pair of boots and spurs,
Like your papa's, shall get."

"Oh, yes! I'll learn my alphabet,
And when I've learned to read,
Perhaps papa will give me, too,
A pretty, long-tailed steed."

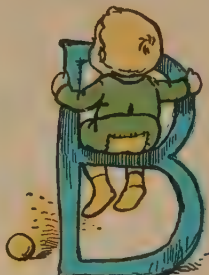
With a tingle, tangle titmouse,
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

A LITTLE FOLKS' ALPHABET

BY CAROLYN WELLS



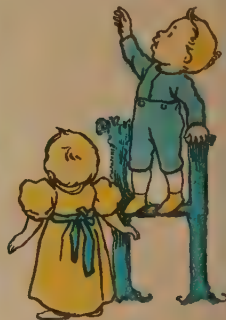
AFFABLE Andy
Ate sugar candy.



Boisterous Ben
Shot at a hen.



Gay little Guy
Thought he could fly.



Helen and Hugh
Called the sky blue.



Careless Corinne
Lost her gold pin.



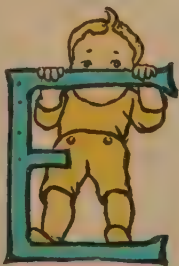
Dear little Davy
Liked chicken gravy.



Ignorant Ike
Fell off his bike.



Jaunty young Jack
Stepped on a tack.



Elegant Ed
Had a new sled.



Fair little Fanny
Wrote to her Granny.



Kind little Kay
Gave things away.



Lovable Lenny
Lost his new penny.



Merry young Mac
Rode in a hack.



Nice little Nettie
Never was fretty.



Unsocial Una
Gazed up at Luna.



Vigorous Vinton
Always was "sprintin'."



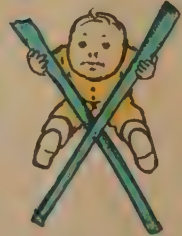
Opulent Ollie
Rode on the trolley.



Popular Polly
Made pies so jolly.



Whimsical Winnie
Started for Guinea.



Xenophon Bump
Tried a high jump.



Queer little Queen
Always wore green.



Rollicking Rory
Read a long story.



Yellow-haired Yorick
Made leaps historic.



Zealous young Zed
Stood on his head.



Sturdy St. Clair
Marched everywhere



Tommy and Teddy
Climbed straight and steady.



Ampersand held a book in his hand.

AN ENGLISH ALPHABET



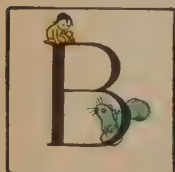
is for

Arm,
Apple,
Artichoke,
and Ann;



is for

Goose,
Gander,
Green,
Grub, and
Gray;



is for

Brown Bear,
Black Bear,
and Bran;



is for

Horse,
Hound,
Hip,
Haw, and
Hay;



is for

Chestnut,
Clay,
Coke, and
Coal;



is for

Ice,
Idler,
Ink,
If, and
Ill;



is for

Dear,
Dray,
Dick,
Duck, and
Droll;



is for

James,
Jane, for
Jack, and
Jill;



is for

Eve,
Eagle,
Eel,
East, and
Ear;



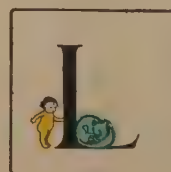
is for

Kiss,
Kitten,
King,
Kitchen,
and Kite;



is for

Fan,
Feather,
Furrow,
Fox, and
Fear;



is for

Lamb,
Lady,
Lace,
Luck, and
Light;



is for

Moon,
Mitten,
Mist,
Moth, and
Mote.



is for

Skate,
Salmon,
Sprat,
Saw, and
School;



is for

Ned,
Nurse, for
Nose,
Nut, and
Note;



is for

Tin,
Teapot,
Tar,
Torch, and
Tool;



is for

Oil,
Order,
Oat,
Orange,
Oak;



is for

Urn,
Usher,
Umpire, and
Use;



is for

Pin,
Pan, and
Pig in a
Poke;



is for

Vegetables,
Varnish,
and Views;



is for

Queen,
Question,
Quarter, and
Quack;



is for

Want,
War,
Water, and
Wing;



is for

Reel,
Radish,
Ruff,
Reeve, and
Rack;



is for

Xenophon,
and
Xerxes,
the King;



is for

Yam,
Yacht,
Yellow, and
Yawl;



is for

Zeal,
Zebra,
Zany—

That's all!

NONSENSE ALPHABET

BY EDWARD LEAR

A was an ant
Who seldom stood still,
And who made a nice house
In the side of a hill.

a

Nice little ant!

B was a book
With a binding of blue,
And pictures and stories
For me and for you.

b

Nice little book!

C was a camel:
You rode on his hump;
And if you fell off,
You came down such a bump!

c

What a high camel!

D was a duck
With spots on his back,
Who lived in the water,
And always said "Quack!"

d

Dear little duck!

E was an elephant,
Stately and wise:
He had tusks and a trunk,
And two queer little eyes.

e

Oh, what funny small eyes!

F was a fish
Who was caught in a net;
But he got out again,
And is quite alive yet.

f

Lively young fish!

G was a goat
Who was spotted with brown;
When he did not lie still
He walked up and down.

g

Good little goat!

H was a hat
Which was all on one side;
Its crown was too high,
And its brim was too wide.

h

Oh, what a hat!

I was some ice
So white and so nice,
But which nobody tasted;
And so it was wasted.

i

All that good ice!

O was an orange
So yellow and round;
When it fell off the tree,
It fell down to the ground.

o

Down to the ground!

J was a jackdaw
Who hopped up and down
In the principal street
Of a neighboring town.

j

All through the town!

P was a pig,
Who was not very big;
But his tail was too curly,
And that made him surly.

p

Cross little pig!

K was a kite
Which flew out of sight,
Above houses so high,
Quite into the sky.

k

Fly away, kite!

Q was a quail
With a very short tail;
And he fed upon corn
In the evening and morn.

q

Quaint little quail!

L was a light
Which burned all the night,
And lighted the gloom
Of a very dark room.

l

Useful nice light!

R was a rabbit,
Who had a bad habit
Of eating the flowers
In gardens and bowers.

r

Naughty fat rabbit!

M was a man,
Who walked round and round;
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground.

m

Funny old man!

S was the sugar-tongs,
Nippity-nee,
To take up the sugar
To put in our tea.

s

Nippity-nee!

N was a net
Which was thrown in the sea
To catch fish for dinner
For you and for me.

n

Nice little net!

T was a tortoise,
All yellow and black:
He walked slowly away,
And he never came back.

t

Torty never came back!

U was an urn

All polished and bright,
And full of hot water
At noon and at night.

u

Useful old urn!

X was King Xerxes,

Who, more than all Turks, is
Renowned for his fashion
Of fury and passion.

x

Angry old Xerxes.

V was a veil

With a border upon it,
And a ribbon to tie it
All round a pink bonnet.

v

Pretty green veil!

Y was a yew,

Which flourished and grew
By a quiet abode
Near the side of a road.

y

Dark little yew!

W was a whale

With a very long tail,
Whose movements were frantic
Across the Atlantic.

w

Monstrous old whale!

Z was a zebra,

All striped white and black;
And if he were tame,
You might ride on his back.

z

Pretty striped zebra!

PAST HISTORY

BY EDWARD LEAR

a

A was once an apple-pie,

Pidy,
Widy,
Tidy,
Pidy,
Nice insidy,
Apple-pie!



b

B was once a little bear,

Beary,
Wary,
Hairy,
Beary,
Take cary,
Little bear!



c

C was once a little cake,

Caky,
Baky,
Maky,
Caky,
Taky caky,
Little cake!



d

D was once a little doll,

Dolly,
Molly,
Polly,
Nolly,
Nursy dolly,
Little doll!



e

E was once a little eel,

Eely,
Weely,
Peely,
Eely,
Twirly, tweely,
Little eel!



f

F was once a little fish,

Fishy,
Wishy,
Squishy,
Fishy,
In a dishy,
Little fish!



g

G was once a little goose,

Goosey,
Moosy,
Boosey,
Goosey,
Waddly-woosy,
Little goose!



h

H was once a little hen,

Henny,
Chenny,
Tenny,
Henny,
Eggsy-any,
Little hen?



i

I was once a bottle of ink,

Inky,
Dinky,
Thinky,
Inky,
Black minky,
Bottle of ink!



j

J was once a jar of jam,

Jammy,
Mammy,
Clammy,
Jammy,
Sweety, swammy,
Jar of jam!



k

K was once a little kite,

Kity,
Whity,
Flighty,
Kity,
Out of sighty,
Little kite!



l

L was once a little lark,

Larky,
Marky,
Harky,
Larky,
In the parky,
Little lark!



m

M was once a little mouse,

Mousy,
Bousy,
Sousy,
Mousy,
In the housy,
Little mouse!



n

N was once a little needle,

Needly,
Tweedly,
Threadly,
Needly,
Wisky, wheedly,
Little needle!



o

O was once a little owl,

Owly,
Prowly,
Howly,
Owly,
Brownly fowly,
Little owl!



p

P was once a little pump,

Pumpy,
Slumpy,
Flumpy,
Pumpy,
Dumpy, thumpy,
Little pump!



q

Q was once a little quail,

Quaily,
Faily,
Daily,
Quaily,
Stumpy-taily,
Little quail!



r

R was once a little rose,

Rosy,
Posy,
Nosy,
Rosy,
Blows-y, grows-y,
Little rose!



s

S was once a little shrimp,

Shrimpy,
Nimpy,
Flimpy,
Shrimpy,
Jumpy, jimpy,
Little shrimp!



t

T was once a little thrush.

Thrushy,
Hushy,
Bushy,
Thrushy,
Flitty, flushy,
Little thrush!



u

U was once a little urn,

Urny,
Burny,
Turny,
Urny,
Bubbly, burny,
Little urn!



v

V was once a little vine,

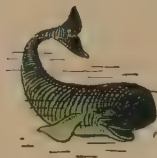
Viny,
Winy,
Twiny,
Viny,
Twisty-twiny,
Little vine!



w

W was once a whale,

Whaly,
Scaly,
Shaly,
Whaly,
Tumbly-taily,
Mighty whale!



x

X was once a great king Xerxes,

Xerxy,
Perxy,
Turxy,
Xerxy,
Linxy, luxxy,
Great King Xerxes!



y

Y was once a little yew.

Yewdy,
 Fewdy,
 Crudy,
 Yewdy,
 Growdy, grewdy,
 Little yew!



z

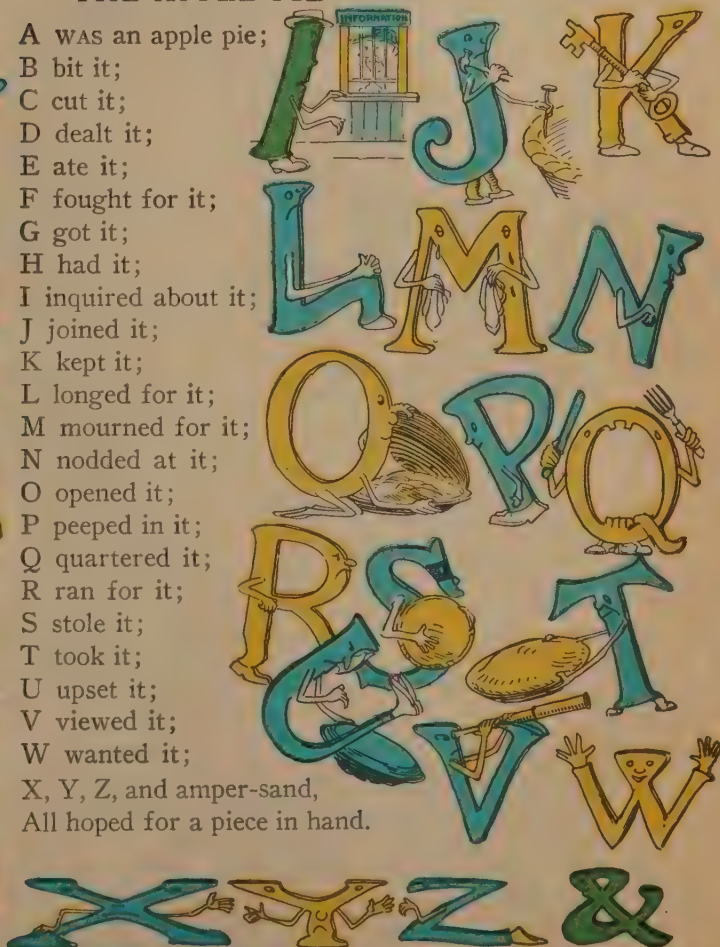
Z was once a piece of zinc,

Tinky,
 Winky,
 Blinky,
 Tinky,
 Tinkly minky,
 Piece of zinc!



THE APPLE PIE

A was an apple pie;
 B bit it;
 C cut it;
 D dealt it;
 E ate it;
 F fought for it;
 G got it;
 H had it;
 I inquired about it;
 J joined it;
 K kept it;
 L longed for it;
 M mourned for it;
 N nodded at it;
 O opened it;
 P peeped in it;
 Q quartered it;
 R ran for it;
 S stole it;
 T took it;
 U upset it;
 V viewed it;
 W wanted it;
 X, Y, Z, and amper-sand,
 All hoped for a piece in hand.



WHO 'S WHO IN THE ZOO?

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

A is for the Antelope,
A beast that I have never met;
They say he jumps the skipping-rope
And makes a charming household pet.

Well, as to that I cannot say;
But A is for him, anyway.



B stands for Bajerkeit; maybe
You've never chanced this beast to see;
So I'll describe him to you. Well,
There is n't very much to tell.
One day I idly chanced to look
Within a Natural History book,
And there I saw his funny name,
And thought I'd hand him down to fame.



C is for Codfish. He must be
The saltiest fish that swims the sea.

And, oh!

He has a secret woe!
You see, he thinks it's all his fault
The ocean is so very salt!

And so,

In hopeless grief and woe,
The Codfish has, for many years,
Shed quarts of salty, briny tears!

And, oh!

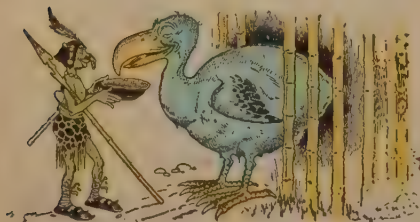
His tears still flow —
So great his grief and woe!

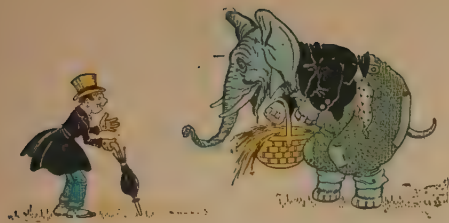


D stands for Dodo. He's a bird

That is n't known to many;
And this the reason, I have heard —
Because there are n't any!

The Dodo, who once blithely blinked,
Is now exceedingly extinct;
And does n't it seem rather nice
To think that D stands for him twice?





F is Flamingo. All please note
 His wondrous height and girth;
 He has the longest legs and throat
 Of anything on earth.
 Such throats are trying, are they not?
 In case one catches cold;
 Ah, yes!—but just think what a lot
 His Christmas stockings hold!



H is for Hippopotamus.
 If you desire a pet,
 He is, it really seems to us,
 The best that you can get.
 Train him to follow at your heels
 Whene'er you walk abroad,
 And note with what delighted squeals
 The lookers-on applaud!



J stands for Jay. This little fellow
 Is blue. Sometimes I think
 I'd like him better were he yellow,
 Or even reddish pink.
 I know, of course, it is absurd
 To mind the color of a bird;
 And, now I think of it, I've seen
 Some Jays that were exceeding green.

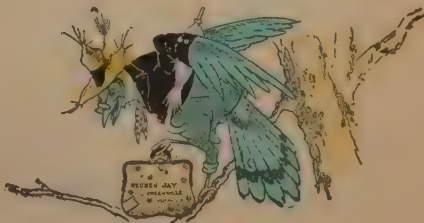
E is for Elephant. I know
 He is n't natty, trim, or trig;
 His eyes are rather small, and, oh,
 I fear his ears are far too big!
 But there 's a well-attested rumor
 That he has quite a sense of humor;
 So crack a joke whene'er you meet
 An Elephant upon the street.



G stands for Gnu. Of course that 's right,
 but then,
 It seems as if it *should* begin with N.
 I could select some other beast as well—
 Say, Goose or Grampus, Gadfly or Gazelle;
 But seems to me the Gnu is more attractive,
 He is so merry, frivolous, and active.



I is for Ibex. This fine creature
 Is favored well in form and feature.
 And I is for Ichneumon, too—
 But what is that to me or you?
 But Ibex answers just as well,
 And is n't near so hard to spell.



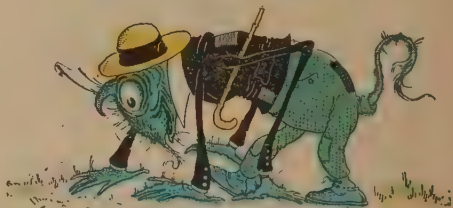
K stands for Kangaroo. I've looked all round:

A better beast for K cannot be found.
The Kangaroo can hop and hop and hop;
Somehow he never seems to want to stop.
What more could one desire of him, I pray,
Than just to hop around and stand for K?



L is for Leopard. Do you know
He's very, very vain?
And sometimes quite dejectedly
He mopes along the plain.
At these sad times the Leopard's heart
Is filled with angry passion,
Because his spots are out of date,
And Zebra stripes in fashion!
But other years, when fashion-books
Say spots are all the style,
The Leopard proudly stalks abroad
With most complacent smile.

M is for Microbe. This bad beast
Is very, very small;
Some people say — or think, at least —
He is n't there at all!
He's smaller than the mitiest mite;
The only way he comes in sight
Is when he's pictured in a book,
Or through a microscope you look.



N is for Nautilus, and he's
A pirate, bold and gay;
He dashes madly through the seas,
A-searching of his prey.
He's just a sort of silvery mass,
All spotted blue and pink;
And with his eye, which looks like glass,
He winks a wicked wink.

O stands for the obsequious Ounce,
Who weighs full many a pound;
At you he playfully would bounce,
If you were walking round.
Approach him and the Ounce you'll see
Spring like a catapult;
Just try it once, and you will be
Surprised at the result.





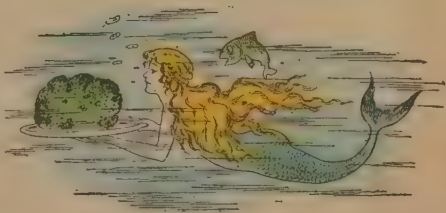
P stands for Puma. His sleek paws
Go softly pit-a-pat;
His teeth are sharp, and sharp his claws;
He's just a great big cat.
There were some Pumas in the ark;
There are some also in the park:
But, strange to say, in Montezuma
They do not raise a single Puma!

Q stands for Quagga. We've been taught
Nothing was ever made in vain;
But even after serious thought
The Quagga's use is not quite plain.
Though, stay! — ah, yes! at last I see
Why the queer Quagga has to be:
Were there no Quaggas, how would you
Find any beast to stand for Q?



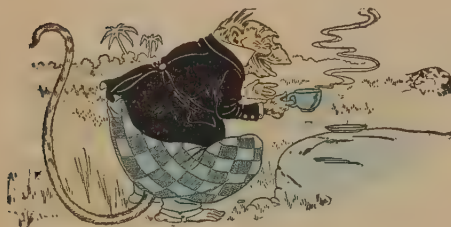
R's for Rhinoceros. You see
His clothing does not fit;
Yet so indifferent is he,
He does n't care a bit.
Although it does not seem to us
The unconcerned Rhinoceros
Has any claim to wit or grace,
We must admire his earnest face.

S stands for Sponge. You'd scarce suppose
This could be called a creature;
It has n't any eyes or nose —
Indeed, it has no feature.
And, though this may cause some surprise,
The mermaids, I dare say,
Will set a Sponge at night to rise,
'And make sponge-cake next day.

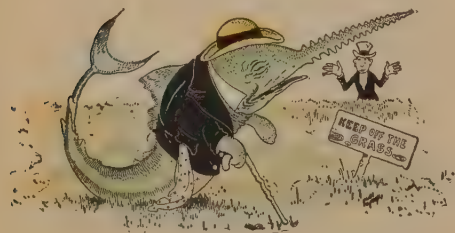


T stands for Tiger. In the south
He roams his native heath.
He has a wide, capacious mouth,
And long and glistening teeth.
'T is not worth while your time to spend
To cultivate him as a friend;
But to your house, so warm and snug,
Invite the Tiger as a rug.

U is for the Unicorn,
 The dearest little thing;
 Though he has but a single horn,
 And not a single wing.
 A Unicorn of any age
 Is nicer, so I've heard,
 To keep within a gilded cage
 Than a canary-bird.



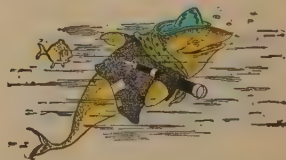
W is for Whale. He's in
 The oceans, north and south.
 He does n't have a dimpled chin,
 Nor yet a rosebud mouth.
 Yet he is very fond of fun,
 And has wide smiles for every one.



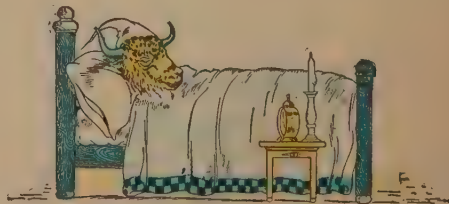
Y is for Yak,
 Who is not very tidy;
 And he's lazy, alack!
 He sleeps all day Friday.
 About a yard wide
 The Yak is, precisely;
 With fringe on each side
 He's trimmed very nicely.



V is for Vervet. From his name
 You'd be inclined to think
 This creature rather mild and tame,
 In color somewhat pink.
 But not at all; the Vervet's green,
 And very cross and spunky;
 In fact, it's plainly to be seen
 The Vervet's just a monkey!



X stands for Xiphias; he's a fish.
 If you a Xiphias should wish,
 Don't let him roam around the grass,
 But keep him in a globe of glass.
 His name, as everybody knows,
 Is *Xiphias Gladius*. I suppose
 That means the Xiphias is glad
 Because he was n't born a Shad.



Z stands for Zibet. I've been told
 This beast was much esteemed of old;
 But, latterly, most people think
 They'd rather have a moose or mink.
 In a museum that's in Tibet
 They have one stuffed—he's an Ex-Zibet!

A WAS AN ARCHER



A was an Archer, who shot at a frog;
B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.



C was a Captain, all covered with lace;
D was a drunkard, and had a red face.



E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow;
F was a Farmer, and followed the plough.



G was a gamester, who had but ill-luck;
H was a Hunter, who hunted a buck.



I was an Innkeeper, who loved to carouse;
J was a Joiner, and built up a house.



K is the King, who governs England;
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.



M was a Miser, and hoarded up gold;
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.



O was an Oyster-Girl, who went about town;
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.



Q was a Queen, who wore a silk slip;
R was a Robber, and wanted a whip.



S was a Sailor, and spent all he got;
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.



U was an Usurer, a miserable elf;
V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.



W was a Watchman, and guarded the door;
X was expensive, and so became poor.



Y was a Youth, that did not love school;
Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool.



CHILD HEALTH ALPHABET *

BY MRS. FREDERICK PETERSON



is for *Apples*
and also for *Air*;
Children need both
and we have them to spare.



is for *Butter* spread
thick on *Brown Bread*,
Also for *Baths*
before Breakfast or Bed.



is for *Cereals*
and *Cocoa* too;
Consider the *Calories*
coming to You.



is for *Dates*,
the kind that You eat,
Deliciously sweet
and far cheaper than Meat.



is the Excellent
Edible *Egg*,
One daily at least,
dear Children, we beg.



is for *Fruits*, whether
fresh, dried or stewed;
Dried, at the Grocer's,
you'll buy them, if shrewd.



is for *Gaining*,
as every Child could;
A half pound a Month
is the least that he should.

*Used by permission of the author and of the publishers, The Child Health Organization.



is for *Height*,
be as tall as you can,
Weight up to *Height*
makes a healthy strong Man.



is for *Iron*
in Spinach and Eggs,
Builds Red Blood and Sinews
for strong Arms and Legs.



is for *Jam*
and also for *Joy*,
Which spread on his Bread
it brings to a Boy.



is for *Kitchen*
so spick and so span,
We all like our Food
from a shining clean Pan.



is for *Luncheon*
served hot in the School;
We wish all the Teachers
could follow this Rule.



is for *Milk* which
makes *Muscle* and Bone;
One pint a day
would be best till you're grown.



is for *News*
of habits you need,
To grow up so healthy
you're bound to succeed.



is for *Oatmeal*,
the finest of Food;
With Milk for your Breakfast
there's nothing so good.



is for *Prunes*,
Potatoes and *Peas*.
And *Patriots* who will
be glad to eat these.



is for *Quiet*,
we frequently need;
After Meals don't run
at the top of your speed.



is for *Rest*
and *Round Rosy Faces*;
Rest is a thing
which nothing replaces.



is important
and therefore I hope
You'll pardon my specially
mentioning *Soap*.



is a *Topic*
which *Trouble* begins;
Both *Tea* and *Coffee*
for Children are Sins.



Understanding
the best way to live,
United for Service
our Country to give.



is for *Vegetables*;
if you're too slim,
These *Victuals* are full
of *Vigor* and *Vim*.



is for *Water*,
the best thing to drink
Between Meals
as often as ever we think.



is for *Xtras*
of Soup or of Milk
For a thin little Girl
till she's finer than Silk.



is for *You*,
and I tell you the Truth,
Learn to be Healthy
and Strong in your *Youth*.



Now march for it, Children,
with Drum and with Fife.
is the *Zest*
which Health gives to Life.

HERE'S A, B, C, D

HERE'S A, B, C, D,
E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K,
L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T,
U, V, W,
X, Y, and Z,
And oh, dear me,
When shall I learn
My A, B, C.

OUR STORIES

A	is	Aladdin
B	is	Little Boy Blue
C	is	Cinderella
D	is	The Dog and his Image
E	is	The Elf of the Woodlands
F	is	The Fox and the Grapes
G	is	The Gingerbread Boy
H	is	The House that Jack Built
I	is	Indian Legends
J	is	The Jackal and the Lion
K	is	The King of the Golden River
L	is	The Lion and the Mouse
M	is	Mary and her Lamb
N	is	Naughty Peter
O	is	Old Mother Hubbard
P	is	Prince Darling
Q	is	The Queen of Hearts
R	is	Little Red Hen
S	is	Simple Simon
T	is	Tiny Hare and the Red Fire
U	is	Una and the Lion
V	is	Viggo and Beate
W	is	The Wake-Up Story
At the last you will see		
X, Y, and Z		



A PRIMER *for* LITTLE FOLKS

A B C COMPANY

GUESS what wonder I have heard,—
It is true, upon my word,—
Twenty-one men, I understand,
Marching up and down the land,
Fair and handsome to behold,
But no two alike, I'm told;
Free are all from fault or stain,
But not one can speak out plain,
And for this they've taken thought,—
Five interpreters they've brought:
Deeply learned men are they.
The first is wonderment all day,
Opens his mouth and says, "A! A!"
The second like a mouse you see,
He goes on squeaking, "E! E! E!"
The third's a selfish man,—and why?
He always talks of "I! I! I!"
The fourth comes forward, hobbling slow,
As if in pain, with "O! O! O!"
The fifth, I don't think speaks quite true:
He says he's not himself, but "U!"
And all together—they're so strong—
They go on talking all day long.

TO THE MOTHER :

This little Primer is intended to help any mother, after the reading-interest has developed, to show her child how to gain real reading-power.

The mother should begin by encouraging the child to print single words in type, and then, as she reads some of the stories in this volume, to pick out the words with which he has become familiar. This will immensely help reading-interest, but interest alone is not power, though it leads to power.

The first step in the use of the Primer is to take the first picture, and print on a card the name of the object illustrated in it. It is a dog. Find other pictures of dogs, and place the printed name under it wherever it is found, to associate the symbol with the picture. Do this to two or three pictures. Shuffle the cards containing these different nouns and rearrange them, until the child never makes a mistake.

Print a few action-words the same way, such as "like," "see," "find," "jump," etc., and use them likewise.

Make little booklets, with cut-out pictures found about the house, and help the child to print such illustrative phrases as "jump," "dog," "run," "cat," etc. Leave room under each picture on a page for other phrases to be added as the child masters them.

Tell the simplest possible stories, giving the substance of the first page in the Primer, and review it by having the child point out the words.

A Primer is of course not in itself inspiring as literature. It is just a convenient storehouse of the simplest words and phrases. The mother will not necessarily use these in turn. She will devise and print little stories of her own, with the child's help. For example, just after she has helped the child read the stories about dogs and cats she will print some more cat-and-dog stories, and then go on to the next group. The stories given are simply suggestive to the mother, being useful chiefly for their pictures and their hints as to incidents, words, and phrases.

The best Primer is the one that mother and child make together, and the home-made cards and booklets are better than any Primer can possibly be.

Some of the later pieces are not arranged in cycles, in order that the mother may build up her own arrangement. About such themes as "calf," "brother," "school," "book," "work," it will be easy, with the aid of other pictures of these objects in these volumes and around the house, to gather simple stories, which the mother and child will print in their own Primer-booklet.

This is not the only Primer in THE BOOKSHELF. The Mother Goose rhymes and many of the simpler stories in the first volume will yield abundant material for the beginning reader. Children soon cease to be satisfied with the "I see the Cat" kind of literature, and crave stories containing action, humor, and result. Just as soon as they have, with careful practice in card-reading and book-making, learned the technique of the art, their vocabulary begins to grow by leaps and bounds, and they are ready for our First Reader.



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THE LITTLE ROGUE
FROM A PAINTING BY VON BREWEL

I LOVE MY DOGS

I love my dogs.

My dogs like me.

See my big dog.

See my little dog.

See the mother dog.

See the baby dog.

The mother dog loves the baby dog.

Do you like my dogs?

Do you like me?

SEE MY DOGS

See my dogs.

I like my dogs.

See! I have two dogs.

I have a mother dog.

I have a baby dog.

The mother dog is Jane.

The baby dog is Joe.

Jane likes Joe.

Joe likes Jane.

Do you like Joe and Jane?

See Jane run.



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"DON'T BE AFRAID!"

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

I LIKE MY CAT

I like my cat.

My cat likes me.

My mother loves me.

My mother likes my cat.

My cat likes milk.

Do you like my cat?

DO YOU LIKE CATS?

Do you like cats?

Do you like black cats?

Do you like white cats?

See my black cat.

See my white cat.

My white cat likes my black cat.

Cats do not like dogs.

My cats do not like Jane and Joe.

My dogs run.

My cats run when they see my dogs.

I like to see my cats eat milk.



Copyright by Frost & Reed, Bristol, England.

"MAKE HASTE!"

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEV.

FOX AND DOG AND CAT

The fox does not like the cat.
The cat does not like the fox.
The fox likes the cat's milk.
The dog does not like the cat.
The cat does not like the dog.
The dog likes the cat's milk.
The fox cannot get the cat's milk.
The dog cannot get the cat's milk.
Do you like the fox?
Do you like the dog?
Do you like the cat?

CAT AND KITTENS

See the mother cat.
See the baby cats.
The mother cat loves the baby cats.
The baby cats like milk.
The baby cats do not like the dog.
Do you like the baby cats?



"IF MASTER FOX'S CHAIN WERE LONGER HE COULD GET SOME OF PUSSY'S MILK, TOO!"



FIDO: "IF MY MISTRESS WOULD ONLY TAKE OFF THIS MUZZLE I COULD HAVE SOME, TOO!"



FIVE LITTLE BIRDS

One, two, three, four, five.

We are five little birds.

Where is the mother bird?

The mother bird has gone for a worm.

The worm is for the little birds.

Who wants a worm?

"Peep, peep!" the little birds say.

"We want a worm."

Come, mother bird, come.



THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER SHEEP

See the sheep.

One, two, sheep.

The little girl has two sheep.

Sheep like milk.

The sheep like the little girl's milk.

"Drink my milk," the little girl says.

Will the sheep drink the little girl's milk?



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE DONKEY

See the little boy.

See the little girl.

See the donkey.

The little boy and the little girl like the donkey.

The little boy and the little girl ride on the donkey.

Can the donkey run?

Yes, the donkey can run fast.

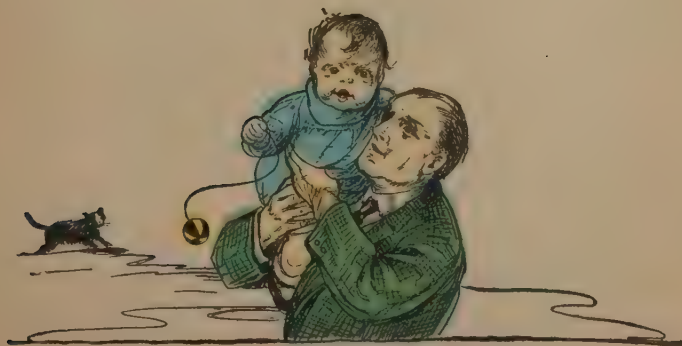
The donkey likes the little boy and the little girl.

WHERE?

Where is Mother?
Where is Dolly?
Where is my Ball?
Where is Father?



Where is my Cat?
Where is Baby?
Where, oh, where, is my Ball?
Where, oh, where, is my Cat?



GOOD-NIGHT



Good-night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright,
In the morning light,
To do the right,
With all your might.

n ight
t ight
br ight
l ight
r ight
m ight

bright
right

night
might

tight
light

STAR LIGHT

Star light, star bright,
First star I see to-night;
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.

br ight
n ight
m ight
n ight



POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all take tea.



Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
We've all had tea.



SOME THINGS TO GUESS

It is little.
It is round.
It is red.
It is not good to eat.
I can catch it.
What is it?



It is little.
It is round.
It is red.
It is good to eat.
I can eat it.
What is it?



It is little.
It can play.
It likes to play with baby.
It likes to play with me.
It says "Bow! bow!"
What is it?



SOME THINGS TO FIND

Find a girl.

Find a boy.

Find a dolly.

Find a kitten.

Find a dog.



Find a ball.

Find a book.

Did you find it?

I did.



THE DANCING CLASS

By
Esther H. Staples

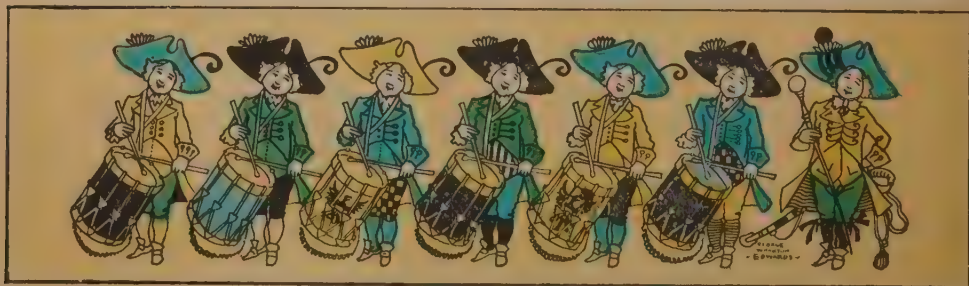


"One, two," the professor said.
"And again, a one two three.
One, two, and a one two three,
Is the polka time" said he.



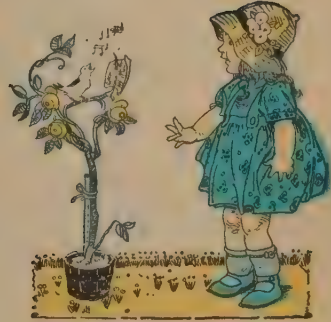


"One, two, three", professor said,
 "And again a one, two, three.
 One, two, three, and one, two, three,
 Is the waltzing time" said he.

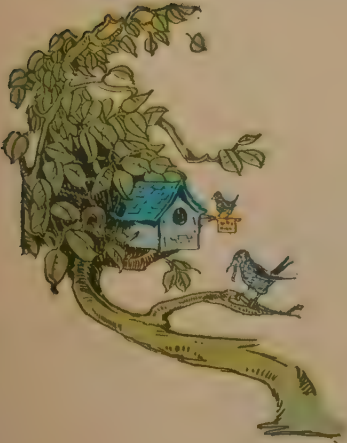


FLY, LITTLE BIRD

Fly, little bird,
Fly to the tree;
Sing, little bird,
Sing to me.



GUESS WHO I AM



I am little.
I am brown.
I live in a tree.
I can fly.
I like worms to eat.
Who am I?

BIRDS

See the blue bird.
It is a jay.
See the gray bird.
It is a dove.
See the little bird.
It is a wren.
Do you like the jay?
I like the jay.
Do you like the dove?
I like the dove.
Do you like the wren?
I like the wren best.

THE JAY AND THE DOVE

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?
From the land of play.
From the land of play.
Where is that, Mr. Jay?
Far away. Far away.

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
From the land of love.
From the land of love.
How do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
Look above. Look above.

THE BIRD IN THE TREE



See the bird up in the tree.

The bird lives in the tree.

The bird has a nest in the tree.

Can you see the nest?

What is in the nest?

Eggs are in the nest.

One, two, three, four eggs.

The mother bird sets on the eggs.

The eggs will be baby birds some day.

The bird is a wren.

Do you like birds?

Do you like the little wren?

I would like to see the baby birds.



**"WE'LL GO TO THE WOOD," SAYS
RICHARD TO ROBIN**

"We'll go to the wood," says Richard to Robin,

"We'll go to the wood," says Robin to Bobin,

"We'll go to the wood," says John, all alone,

"We'll go to the wood," says every one.

“What to do there?” says Richard to Robin,
“What to do there?” says Robin to Bobin,
“What to do there?” says John, all alone,
“What to do there?” says every one.

“We ’ll look for a wren,” says Richard to Robin,
“We ’ll look for a wren,” says Robin to Bobin,
“We ’ll look for a wren,” says John, all alone,
“We ’ll look for a wren,” says every one.

“Oh, here is the wren,” says Richard to Robin,
“Oh, here is the wren,” says Robin to Bobin,
“Oh, here is the wren,” says John, all alone,
“Oh, here is the wren,” says every one.

“Here are three pretty eggs,” says Richard to Robin,
“Here are three pretty eggs,” says Robin to Bobin,
“Here are three pretty eggs,” says John, all alone,
“Here are three pretty eggs,” says every one.

“They ’ll soon be singing birds,” says Richard to Robin,
“They ’ll soon be singing birds,” says Robin to Bobin,
“They ’ll soon be singing birds,” says John, all alone,
“They ’ll soon be singing birds,” says every one.

Then merrily home went Richard and Robin,
And merrily home went Robin and Bobin,
And merrily home went every one,
And left the mother bird all safe and alone.



THE CLOUDS

WHITE sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still.
You walk far away,
When the winds blow;
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?



A STORY

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And tied him to the wall,
And that's all.

ANOTHER STORY

I'LL tell you a story
About Mary Morey,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story's done.



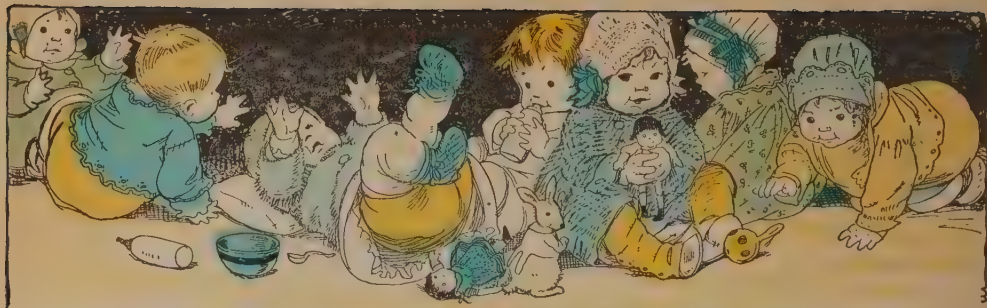
THE CROOKED FAMILY

THERE was a crooked man,
 And he went a crooked mile,
 He found a crooked sixpence
 Upon a crooked stile:
 He bought a crooked cat,
 That caught a crooked mouse---
 And they all lived together
 In a little crooked house.

MARY'S CAT

Mew! mew! mew!
 How do you do?
 I am Mary's cat.
 Mew! mew! mew!





BABY-LAND

"How many miles to Baby-land?"

"Any one can tell:

Up one flight,

To the right;

Please to ring the bell."

"What can you see in Baby-land?"

"Little folks in white—

Downy heads,

Cradle-beds,

Faces pure and bright!"

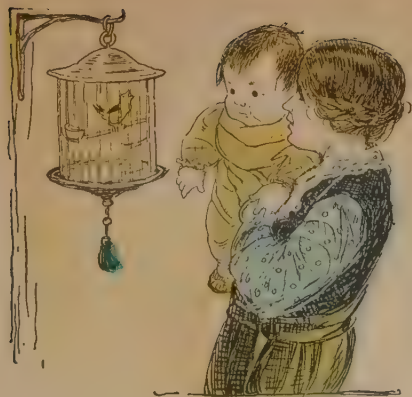
"What do they do in Baby-land?"

"Dream and wake and play,

Laugh and crow,

Shout and grow;

Jolly times have they!"



“What do they say in Baby-land?”

“Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings!”

“Who is the Queen of Baby-land?”

“Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.”



THIS IS THE WAY



THIS is the way

I go to school,

Go to school,

Go to school;

This is the way

I go to school,

So early in the morning.

This is the way

I read my book,

Read my book,

Read my book;

This is the way

I read my book,

So early in the morning.



This is the way

I do my work,

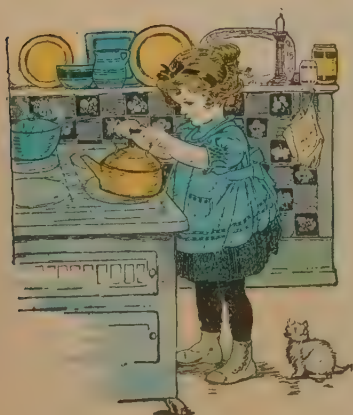
Do my work,

Do my work;

This is the way

I do my work,

So early in the morning.



THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

THE Little Red Hen found a grain of wheat.

“Ho,” said the Little Red Hen. “Here is food for winter’s store. Now who will plant the grain of wheat?”

“Not I!” said the Cat.

“Not I!” said the Cock.

“Not I!” said the Duck.

“Not I!” said the Drake.

“Not I!” said the Dog.

“Not I!” said the Goose.

“Then I will!” said the Little Red Hen.



So the Little Red Hen scratched about in the garden and planted the grain of wheat. By and by tiny green blades began to come through the ground, and the Little Red Hen saw it and cried: “Now have we a wheat field of our own! Who will tend the field of wheat?”

“Not I!” said the Cat.

“Not I!” said the Cock.

"Not I!" said the Duck.

"Not I!" said the Drake.

"Not I!" said the Dog.

"Not I!" said the Goose.

"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen.

So she scratched about the blades of wheat and tended them for long months, and they grew, and flourished, and blossomed, and at last the wheat was ripe for cutting.

"Now who will cut the field of wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the Cat.

"Not I!" said the Cock.

"Not I!" said the Duck.

"Not I!" said the Drake.

"Not I!" said the Goose.

"Not I!" said the Dog.

"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen. So she used her sharp bill and cut down all the stalks of wheat and stacked them neatly in the corner of the garden.

"Now who will take the wheat to the thrasher?" asked the Little Red Hen, for she was very busy and her chickens were calling her.

"Not I!" said the Cat.

“Not I!” said the Cock.

“Not I!” said the Duck.

“Not I!” said the Drake.

“Not I!” said the Goose.

“Not I!” said the Dog.

“Then I will!” said the Little Red Hen. So she left her chickens in the garden and carried off the stack of wheat to the thrasher.

The next day the wheat was to be taken to the miller to be made into flour.

“Now who will carry the wheat to the mill?” asked the Little Red Hen.

“Not I!” said the Cat.

“Not I!” said the Cock.

“Not I!” said the Duck.

“Not I!” said the Drake.

“Not I!” said the Goose.

“Not I!” said the Dog.



“Then I will!” said the Little Red Hen. So she left her chickens again in the garden and took the stack of wheat and carried it to the miller, and when it was made into flour she brought it home again.

“Now here is fine white flour to be made into bread,”



said the Little Red Hen.
“Who will set and bake the bread?”

“Not I!” said the Cat.

“Not I!” said the Cock.

“Not I!” said the Duck.

“Not I!” said the Drake.

“Not I!” said the Goose.

“Not I!” said the Dog.

“Then I will!” said the Little

Red Hen. So she set the bread,

and made a fire, and baked the loaf, and brought it all nice and white and light out of the oven.

“Now here is fine white bread to eat,” said the Little Red Hen. “Who will eat this loaf?”

“Mew, mew,” said the Cat, “I will!”

“Cock-a-doodle-do,” said the Cock, “I will!”

“Quack, quack,” said the Duck, “I will!”

“Quock, quock,” said the Drake, “I will!”

“Gwo, gwo,” said the Goose, “I will!”

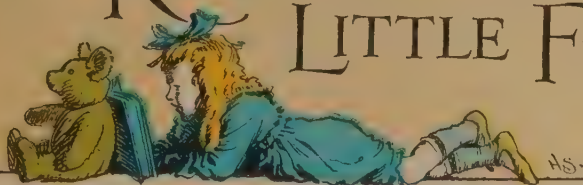
“Bow, wow,” said the Dog, “I will!”

“Cluck, cluck,” said the Little Red Hen. “No, you won’t! I will!” And she called all of her chickens together and they ate up the loaf, even to the very last crumb.



There was once a youthful Undine
In the kingdom of ultramarine.
Often week after week
She would play hide and seek,
In the weeds with an ugly sardine.

FIRST READER FOR LITTLE FOLKS



IF ALL WERE ONE

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be!

THE DOG AND HIS IMAGE

ONCE a big dog stole a piece of meat from a little dog.

“You shall not have this meat,” said the big dog.

So the big dog ran to the brook.

He looked down into the water. He thought he saw another dog there.

When he moved, the other dog moved.

When he stood still, the other dog stood still.

The other dog had a piece of meat, too.

“I will have that piece of meat, also,” said the big dog.

He opened his mouth and snapped at the other dog’s meat.

Then his own meat fell out of his mouth into the brook.

So the big dog did not have any meat at all.

And the little dog laughed.

THE LOST KITTY

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

“WHERE is my little basket gone?”

Said Charlie boy one day.

“I think some little boy or girl

Has taken it away.



THE DOG AND HIS IMAGE
FROM A DRAWING BY BESS BRUCE CLEVELAND

"And kitty, too; I can't find her.

Oh, dear! what shall I do?

I wish I could my basket find,

And little kitty, too.

"I'll go to mother's room and look,

I think I'll find her there;

For kitty likes to take a nap

In mother's easy chair.

"Oh, mother, mother, come and see!

My kitty's gone to sleep.

She's in my little basket, here,

All cuddled in a heap."

BILLY BOBS

ONCE upon a time a boy named Billy went out to seek his fortune.

He had not gone far on the road when he met a cow.

"Moo, moo, moo!" said the cow, as she looked at him.

"Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune," said Billy.

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the cow followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way and met a dog.

"Bow, wow, wow!" said the dog. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the dog followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way farther and met a pussy cat.

"Meow, meow, meow!" said the cat. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

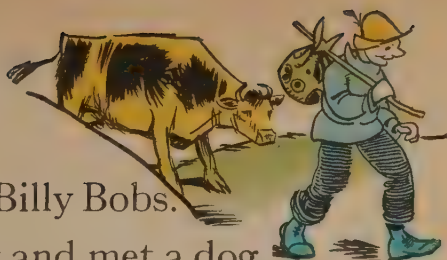
"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the cat followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way farther and met a turkey.



"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the turkey. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."



So the turkey followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way farther and met a hen.

"Cackle, cackle, cackle!" said the hen. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."



So the hen followed on after Billy Bobs.

All day long they walked together through the fields and meadows.

And that evening, just as it was growing dark, they came to some woods.

"I am not afraid of the dark," said Billy. "If anything should frighten me I will just begin to whistle."

"And I will begin to moo," said the cow.

"And I will begin to bark," said the dog.

"And I will begin to mew," said the cat.

"And I will begin to gobble," said the turkey.

"And I will begin to cackle," said the hen.

"Very well," said Billy. "We need not be afraid."

So on they went into the woods.

They had not gone far when they heard a great noise.

Billy thought it was a bear.

Then he began to whistle.

The cow began to moo.

The dog began to bark.

The cat began to mew.

The turkey began to gobble.

The hen began to cackle.



And they all made such a noise that the bear, or whatever it was, ran away as fast as it could go.

By and by Billy and his friends came to a hill in the woods; and on the hill there stood a house.

"What a fine place to stay all night!" said Billy Bobs.

"But what if there should be some people living in the house?" said the cow.

"I will go and peep in at the window," said the cat.

"With my green eyes I can see in the dark."

So the cat went up to the window and peeped in.

Soon she came back and said, "There is no one at home, and it does n't look as if any one had lived there for a long, long time."

So Billy and his friends went into the house.

They were all so tired that soon they were fast asleep.

When Billy awoke the next morning he found a nice garden at the side of the house.

Then he said, "Here is everything I need. This is my fortune. I am not going any farther to seek it."

So Billy and his friends lived in the house for many years.

And there they live to this day.

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS*

THERE was once an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him:

"Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently along came a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said:

* From "English Fairy Tales," collected by Joseph Jacobs; used by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.



"THEN I' LL HUFF, AND I' LL PUFF, AND I 'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN."

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

To which the little pig answered:

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

The wolf then answered to that:

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said:

“Please, man, give me that furze to build a house.”

Which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said:

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said:

“Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with.”

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. Then the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said:

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed; but he could *not* get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said:

“Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips.”

“Where?” said the little pig.

“Oh, in Mr. Smith’s home field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner.”

“Very well,” said the little pig, “I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?”

“Oh, at six o’clock.”

Well, the little pig got up at five and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six), when he said:

“Little pig, are you ready?”

The little pig said: “Ready! I have been there and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner.”

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said:

“Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree.”

“Where?” said the pig.

“Down at Merry-garden,” replied the wolf, “and if you will not deceive me I will come for you at five o’clock to-morrow and get some apples.”

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o’clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had farther to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was scrambling down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said:

“Little pig, what! Are you here before me? Are they nice apples?”

“Yes, very,” said the little pig. “I will throw you down one.”

And he threw it so far that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home.



THE LITTLE PIG JUMPED DOWN AND RAN HOME

The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig:

“Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?”

“Oh, yes,” said the pig, “I will go; what time shall you be ready?”

“At three,” said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time, as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing it

turned round, and it rolled down the hill with him inside, which frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said:

“Hah, I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into it, and rolled down the hill.”

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterward.



FROGS AT SCHOOL

BY GEORGE COOPER

TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests so white and clean.

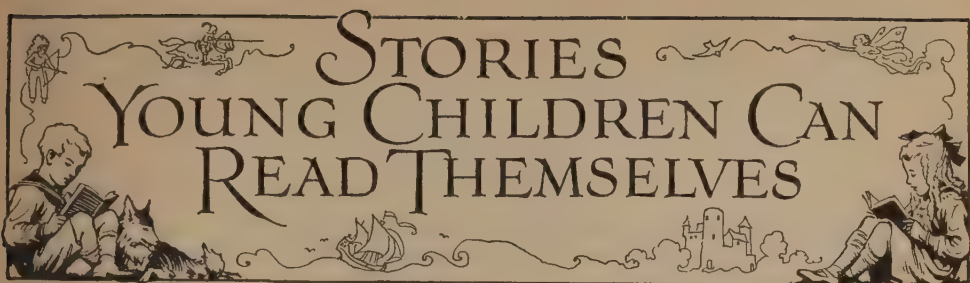
"We must be in time," said they,
"First in study and then in play;
That's the way we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Taught the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log
Taught them how to say "Kerchog";
Also how to dodge the blows
From the stones the bad boy throws.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.



THE BOY AND THE SEA-SHELL

THERE was once a little boy who lived in a great town, and once a year he went with his mother and father to the seaside.

At the seaside he ran about to pick up the pretty things which he saw lie here and there.

One day he was just going to put his foot on a pretty shell that looked like a tiny curl on the beach.

But he heard a noise like the hum of a bee, and he could not tell at first where it came from.

He stopped and looked round; then he found that the sound came from the shell, and soon he could hear a weak little voice.

"Do not crush me," said the voice; "I am a fairy king shut up in a wee shell by a cruel witch. Throw me into the water, please, where I live.

"When you come back here once more, you will find a gift which I shall

leave for you, and which will make you rich and good for ever and ever."

The little boy did as he was bid, and at once threw the shell as far as he could into the waves.

Next day he got out of bed as soon as the sun was up, and went to the beach.

When he got to the place where he had found the shell before, he looked hard, and there he saw the same shell once more.

He was sad not to find something nicer, but he put the shell in his pocket and went home.

He did not like to tell his mother where he had been so early in the day; and when she said, "Where have you been, Jack?" he nearly said that he did not know.

But he felt the shell burn in his pocket, and he then knew that the fairy king meant to warn him to tell the truth.

So he told his mother where he had been, and the shell sang to him a little

song as sweet as silver and as soft as the whisper of a brook.

And for long after that, if ever he thought he would do something wrong, the shell told him not to do it.

And if he did something which the

fairy king thought very good, the shell sang a little song as sweet as silver and as soft as the whisper of a brook.

So he grew up good and strong, and when he was a man he did not need the shell any more.

JOHNNY'S BEST DAY

JOHNNY had been ill all winter, and had not been able to go out of the house. He had a bad cough, and he grew very thin, and could not eat much.

Most of the time he was in bed, and he lay there from morning to night quite still, with nothing to amuse him.

When his sister came home from school she would go up and sit by the bedside, and tell him all about their lessons and their play.

"I wish I could play with you," said Johnny, "but I am too tired."

"Perhaps you will have rested by summer," said Patty. "I heard father

say that the sunshine was good for sick people."

"I don't know," said Johnny; "but I often think of summer, and the bees, and the birds and the butterflies. And yesterday a robin came to the window and sang a song, and the words were: 'Make haste and get well, Johnny, for summer is coming!'"

"Yes, so it is," said Patty. "The snow has all gone, and the grass looks so green, and father says that the hedges will be budding soon. And then the butterflies will be here."

So Johnny and Patty talked for many



days, and the sun began to shine brighter and brighter, and Johnny could sit up in his chair and look out of the window.

How nice it looked outside!

"It gets warmer and warmer," said Patty; "and the swallows have come."

And one fine morning his mother said:

"I think I shall wrap you up well and carry you into the garden, Johnny, and then you can sit and look all about you."

So Johnny was put on the sofa, and he felt so happy that he said—

"This is the best day I ever had."

And a great white butterfly flew by, and Johnny thought he heard him say—

"A pleasant summer, Johnny."

And before long a bee came by, humming and singing: "There will be plenty of honey this year."

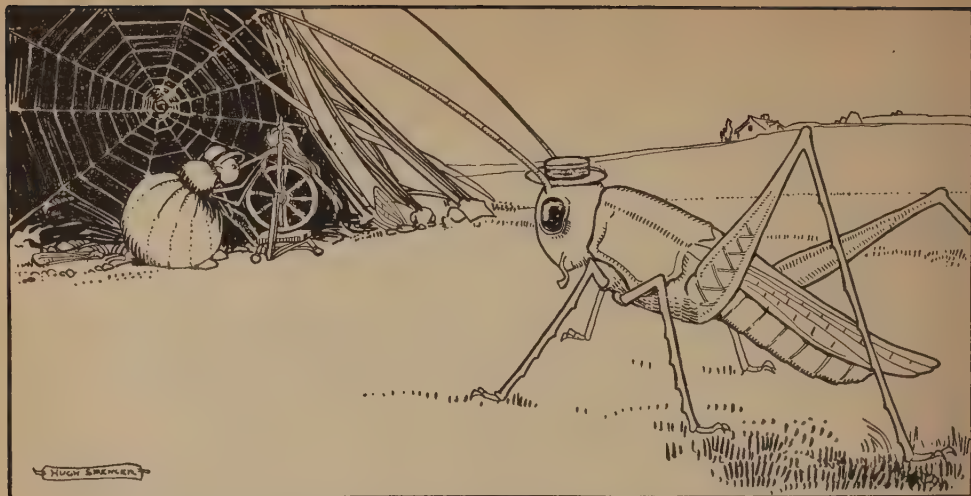
And the birds sang songs to him.

And when his mother took him into the house again, he said to her—

"Mother, everything has been talking to me!"



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL
FROM A PAINTING BY LOUISE COX



GRASSHOPPER GREEN

GRASSHOPPER green is a comical chap;

He lives on the best of fare.

Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,

These are his summer wear.

Out in the meadow he loves to go,

Playing away in the sun;

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,

Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper green has a dozen wee boys;

And as soon as their legs grow strong,

Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,

Singing his merry song.

Under the hedge in a happy row,

Soon as the day is begun,

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,

Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper green has a quaint little house;

It's under the hedge so gay.

Grandmother spider, as still as a mouse,

Watches him over the way.

Gladly he's calling the children, I know,

Out in the beautiful sun;

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,

Summer's the time for fun.

THE GOOD KING'S FEAST

A good and great king once sent letters to all parts of his kingdom to say that on his birthday he was going to give a feast and a purse full of money to all the poorest persons who would come.

So from all parts came poor folk who wanted to share in the king's good gifts; they came from east, and west, and north, and south.

One poor blind man was going slowly along the road, feeling his way—tap! tap! tap!—with his stick; but, of course, as he could not see, he could not go fast, and he feared that he would not reach the palace in time.

At last he fell against a lame man, who could only creep a step or two at a time, and who also was trying to get to the palace to share in the good king's gifts.

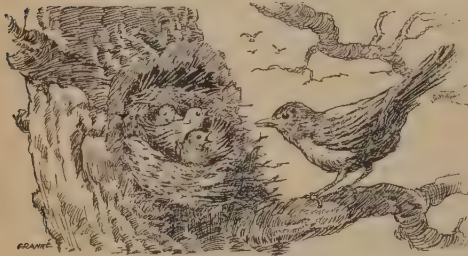
So the blind man said to the lame one, "If you will climb on to my back, you can tell me which way to walk, because you can see, and I can walk fast, so that we may both be in time after all."

And so they did. And the king was so much pleased when he heard how they had come, that he gave each of them twice as much as he gave to any one else.



THE TWO ROBINS

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
"Twee, twee; twee, twee; twee, twee."



One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)—
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learnt to fly";
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by-and-by;
When mother says, "Do this" or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

BY JANE TAYLOR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

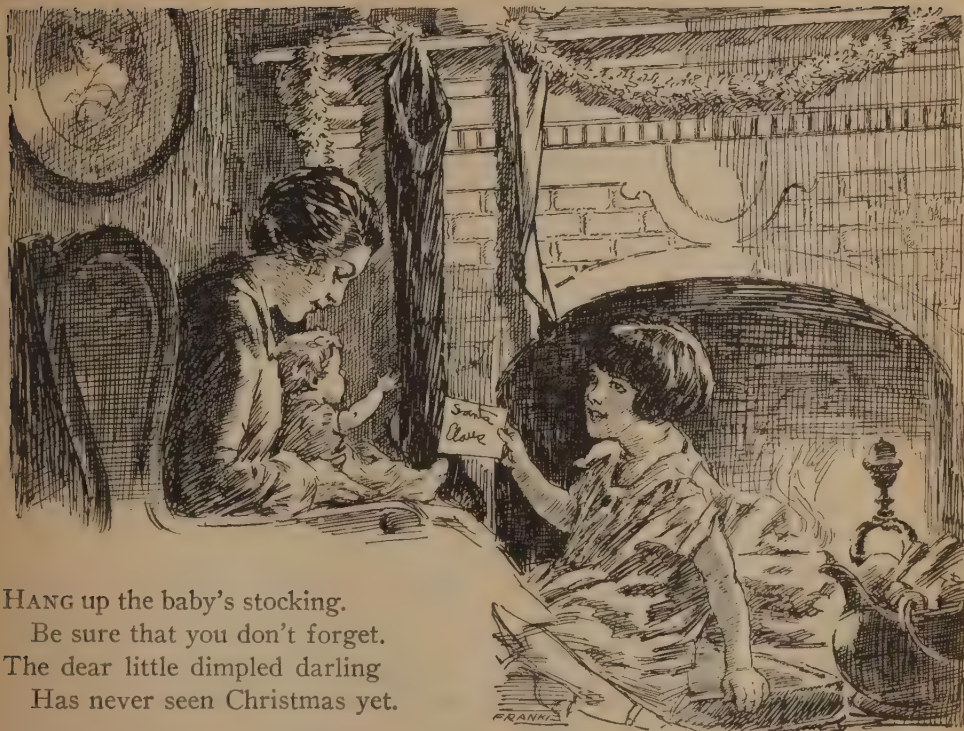
Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see where to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
While you through my curtains peep,
And you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.



BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER



HANG up the baby's stocking.
Be sure that you don't forget.
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.

But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure that she understood me,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, 'dear! What a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.

But then for the baby's Christmas
It never would do at all.
Why Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for baby.
I've thought of the very best plan.
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can.

And you'll hang it by mine, dear
mamma,
Right here on the corner—so.
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it onto the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner here.

You have never seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.

"But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

WHY THE BEAR HAS A STUMPY TAIL

ONE winter's day the bear met the fox,
who came slinking along with a string
of fish he had stolen.

"Hi! stop a minute! Where did you
get those from?" demanded the bear.

"Oh, my Lord Bruin, I've been out
fishing and caught them," said the fox.

So the bear had a mind to learn to
fish, too, and bade the fox tell him how
he was to set about it.

"Oh, it is quite easy," answered the
fox, "and soon learned. You've only
got to go upon the ice, and cut a hole
and stick your tail down through it, and
hold it there as long as you can. You're
not to mind if it smarts a little; that's
when the fish bite. The longer you
hold it there, the more fish you'll get;
and then all at once out with it, with a
cross pull sideways and a strong pull,
too."

Well, the bear did as the fox said,
and though he felt very cold, and his
tail smarted very much, he kept it a
long, long time down in the hole, till at
last it was frozen in, though of course he
did not know that. Then he pulled it out
with a strong pull, and it snapped short
off, and that's why Bruin goes about
with a stumpy tail to this day!



SWANS

JOCK AND I AND THE OTHERS

FIRST of all, I must tell you who I am.

My name is PE-NEL-O-PE, but Jock always calls me Pen.

I am eight years old; Jock is half-past six.

We live with mother and father and Rover and Tibby in a house not very far from a large city.

Mother is the nicest person I know in all the world.

Father is a very big man. He always has lots of money in his pocket. He goes to business in a train every day.

We have a real farm, quite near to our house, where they keep cows, chickens, pigs, horses, and geese. Jock and I often go to see them all.

One day in summer we went to see the farmer. I had my blue dress on, so that the cows would not be angry when they saw me.

We met the farmer near the stable. "Come," he said; "I have something to show you to-day."

"What is it?" we said both at the same time.

"Come and see," was all that he would say.

Then he took us into the stable where he keeps Nobby, the big brown horse, who likes sugar.

Now Nobby was not there, but in the straw were seven little puppy dogs—oh, so sweet and cuddly!

Jock danced round and round the farmer. "May we have one?" he said.

"Ask mother," said the farmer, and off we ran at once.

Mother was at the garden gate.

We ran up to her. Jock was first, but it was nearly a dead heat. Mother opened the gate and said,—

"Well, what have you seen to-day?"

"O mother," said Jock, out of breath.

"O mother dear," I said, out of breath also.

"Farmer has such lovely puppies," we both said at once. "May we have one to keep?"

By this time we both had our arms round mother's waist, and she was laughing.

"Yes, we can," I said, for I *knew*.

"If father says yes," said mother. "You must ask him when he comes home."

So we went to the station to meet him. Jock took his bag, and I took his paper parcel to carry it home for him.

On the way home I asked him if he liked dogs, and he said, "Of course."

Then Jock said, "Little dogs?"

"Oh, yes."

"Puppy dogs?"

"One at a time is all right."

"One puppy dog with brown spots on white?" Jock went on.

"Where is it?" asked father, and his eyes were laughing; you could not see his mouth for his beard.

Then we told him, and he said "Yes," just at the garden gate. So that was how we got Rover.

* * * * *

Rover was very soft and downy when he first came to us. But he soon grew to be a big dog.

We put sugar on his nose, and he waits until we count One, Two, THREE.

Then he throws the sugar into the air and catches it.

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO*

BY HELEN BANNERMAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo.

And his Mother was called Black Mumbo.

And his father was called Black Jumbo.

And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red Coat, and a pair of beautiful little Blue Trousers.

And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar, and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella, and a lovely little pair of Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings. And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went

out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Lit-

* From the authorized edition, published by F. A. Stokes Company, and used with their knowledge.

tle Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two; you haven't enough shoes for me."

But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger: "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"

"You could tie a knot in your tail and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo. "So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time." So he got poor little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor little Black Sambo went away crying, because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got louder and louder. "Oh! dear!" said Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and

disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each others' tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then, when the Tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh! Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered "Gr-r-rrrrr!"

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Tigers would not let go of each others' tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each others' tails. And they were so angry, that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "O! what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big brass pot, and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.

And then they all sat down to supper. And



"HE SAW ALL THE TIGERS DISPUTING"

Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes, and Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he
 Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five, but Little Black was so hungry.



HANGING MAY BASKETS*

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

VIOLET and Maiden Hair,
 Once in sunny weather,
 Went to hang a May basket,
 Straying off together.

Up the street and down the lane
 They wandered, east and west,
 But brought it back to mother's door,
 Because they loved her best.

* Used by permission of the author and of the Frederick
 A. Stokes Company.

FIVE PEAS IN A POD

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE were once five peas in one shell; they were green, and the shell was green, so they believed the whole world must be green.

The shell grew, and the peas grew, and the peas all sat in a row. The sun shone and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent; it was mild and agreeable in broad daylight, and dark at night; and the peas as they sat there grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful, for they felt there must be something for them to do.

"Are we to sit here for ever?" asked one; "shall we not become hard by sitting so long? It seems to me there must be something outside, and I feel sure of it."

And as weeks passed by the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow, I suppose," said they—and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off, and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened," said one—just what they all wanted.

"I should like to know which of us will travel farthest," said the smallest of the five; "we shall soon see now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack," went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them tightly, and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter. And immediately he put one in and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world," said the pea; "catch me if you can;" and he was gone in a moment.

"I," said the second, "intend to fly straight to the sun; that is a shell that lets itself be seen, and it will suit me exactly;" and away he went.

"We will go to sleep wherever we find ourselves," said the two next, "we shall still be rolling onwards;" and they did certainly fall on the floor and roll about before they got into the pea-shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farther than the others," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea-shooter; and as he spoke he flew up against an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crevice, which was almost filled up with moss and soft earth. The moss closed itself around him, and there he lay, a captive indeed, but noticed by God.

"What is to happen will happen," said he to himself.

Within the garret lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, chop wood into small pieces, and perform other hard work, for she was strong and industrious. Yet she remained always poor; and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed. Quietly and patiently she lay all day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

Spring came, and one morning early the sun shone brightly through the little window and threw his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick girl fixed her gaze on the lowest pane of the window. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and half opened it. "Oh!" she said, "there is actually a little pea which has taken root and is putting on its green leaves. How could it have got into this crack! Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant; and the mother went out to her work.



"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening, "the sun has shone in here so brightly and warmly to-day, and the little pea is thriving so well; I shall get on better, too, and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother, though she did not believe it would be so. But she propped up with a little stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds; she tied the piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea-tendrils might twine around it when it shot up. And it did shoot up; indeed it might almost be seen to grow from day to day.

"Really, here is a flower coming," said the old woman one morning, and now at last she began to encourage the hope that her little sick daughter might really recover. She remembered that for some time the child had spoken more cheerfully,

and during the last few days had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden which contained only a single pea-plant. A week after, the invalid sat up for the first time a whole hour, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea-blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was to her like a festival.

"Our Heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother, and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been an angel sent from God.

And when the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, she folded her hands over the pea-blossom and thanked God for what He had done.

A STORY FROM THE DESERT

"WHAT are you looking for?" said an Arab to a man who was walking fast across the desert, looking this way and that way and seeming to be in great trouble.

"I'm looking for my friend," the man replied. "We were traveling together, but this morning I slept too long and he started without me. All day long I have sought for him, but in vain. I can see him nowhere. And I am almost in despair."

"Was your friend," said the Arab, "a lame man and heavy?"

"Yes," said the stranger eagerly. "Have you seen him? When? Where? Oh, tell me, that I may find him!"

"Since sunset last night," said the Arab, "I have seen no man till I saw you. But your friend—was he lame on the right leg? and did he carry a stick in his left hand?"

"You must have seen him!" cried the stranger; "he limped badly, for he had hurt his foot. Which way did he go? Tell me, for without him I will die."

"Your friend," said the Arab, "I have not seen. But three hours ago such a man as you describe, clad in blue raiment, was leading a light-colored camel that was blind in one eye, and was laden with a burden of dates. He passed this spot on his way to Damascus. There, if you hasten, you will find him."

"Are you a wizard that you know all this?" cried the stranger. "You describe my friend, but

you have never seen him. You tell me all about his old camel, and where he has gone. How do you know all about him?"

"Stranger," said the Arab, "God has given all men eyes, but only to a few has He given the power to use them. All that I have told you you might have seen for yourself if you had but used your eyes."

"Say not so," replied the other, "for I have looked everywhere, and could see nothing."

The Arab said nothing, but with a sign he motioned the stranger to follow him. As they walked a little way they came to the fresh track of a camel, and on the right-hand side the track of a man.

"See," said the Arab, "there are the foot-marks of your friend and his beast."

"Of a man and a camel truly," replied the other; "but how do I know that the man was my friend?"

The Arab trod on the sand by the footprints. "Look," he said; "do you see any difference between my footprints and his?"

The other looked for a time. "Your feet," he said, "sink equally into the sand, but the other's not equally. One foot sinks more deeply, much more deeply, than either of yours, the other less deeply."

Then said the Arab, "We all tread lightly on a lame foot, and a heavy man sinks deeper into the ground on one leg than a spare man on two."

"True," said the other; "but how do you know

the color of his camel, and the color of his garment, or the burden with which the beast was laden?"

"Is it so difficult, then," replied he, "to see the color of the fragment of apparel caught by the thorns, or the hairs that were left on the sand where the camel rested?" And as he spoke he pointed to where the traveler had left behind him a shred of his raiment.

"Yes, I see," said the other; "but how do you know the camel bore a burden of dates, and was blind in one eye?"

"Can you," replied the Arab, "not see the flies feasting on the date juice that dropped on the sand by the side of the camel's track? And

wherever the camel browsed, it only grazed on one side, the side on which it could see."

"Verily I perceive thou art a man of wonderful discernment," said the stranger; "but answer me this also: How couldst thou tell that it is but three hours since my friend passed this particular spot?"

"Hast thou, then, eyes and seest not?" said the other scornfully. "Mark the spot where they lay in the shade of this spreading palm. The shadow of the palm tree is as the hand of the dial. It was three hours since any shade was possible on that spot. Farewell. Hasten along the road that leadeth to Damascus. There thou wilt find thy friend."

THE LITTLE DOVES

High on the top of an old pine-tree,
Broods a mother dove with her young ones three;
Warm over them is her soft downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest:
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

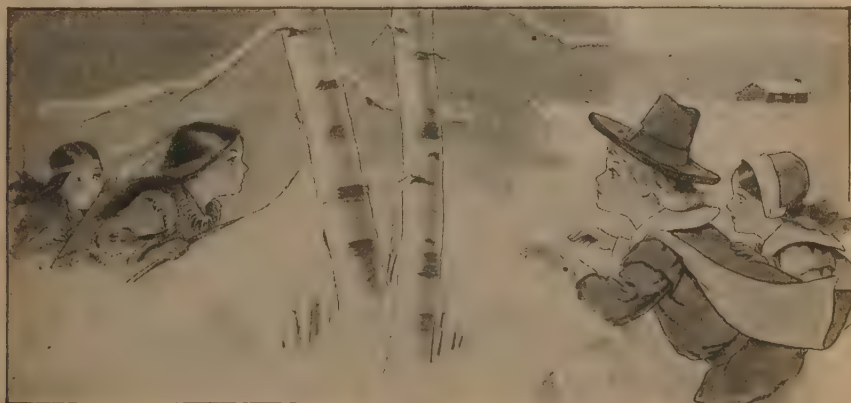
Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one covered and tucked in tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might:
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother dear for their food has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,

Till their mother they see come home again:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never will push nor crowd another:
Each opens widely his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;
Till unto them at the last draws nigh
The time when they all must say good-by:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
And away they fly from the old pine-tree.



FRIENDS OR FOES?
Trials of the Early Settlers in Massachusetts



Station.

The Fairies' Trolley

By

Anna K. Almy.

The Fairies laugh at mortals' folly
For boasting of their wondrous trolley,
For they were first, I know it well,
To run a line from dell to dell.

The spider spins, of course, the wire,
The fire-flies make the sparks of fire;
The line is hung from tree to tree,
And the motor-man is a Bumble Bee,



Wasp
Hornet
Whizzing

For he can hum and buzz, as well
As clang the gong, a big blue-bell:
His uniform is black and yellow,
He really is a handsome fellow.

The conductor's place the Wasp must take
For he can stinging speeches make.

"All aboard! Don't take all night!"
"Step lively, please. Go ahead! All right!"



So if you find the Fairy Dell,
Listen for the big blue-bell;
You'll hear the train go whizzing by,
But it's hidden, of course, from mortal eye



THE LOST LAMB

BY THOMAS WESTWOOD

STORM upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne!
And the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone!
Storm upon the mountain,
Rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb,
Bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd
Drives his flock afar;
Through the mirky mist and cloud,
Shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son;
Sees the sheep come trooping home,
Counts them one by one;
Counts them full and fairly,—
Trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Up the glen he races,
Breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain and leaves
Wood and wold behind;—
Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne,—
There he finds the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Struggling, panting, sobbing,
Kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck
Both his arms are wound;
Soon within his bosom,
All its bleatings done,
Home he bears the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Oh! the happy faces,
By the shepherd's fire!
High without the tempest roars,
But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
Make that joy their own,—
In their midst the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

BEN IN BEASTLAND

BEN was a naughty boy who was cruel to animals. He liked to hurt them and to see them in pain. It is hard to believe that this could be true of any one, yet it was true of Ben.

Ben had no brothers, but he had two little sisters younger than he. They were dear, merry little things. Many boys would have found it pleasant to play with them, but Ben did not.

One of his sisters said: "Ben does not care for us because we are only girls. So we have taken Nox for our playmate."

Nox was a big black dog. He liked to play with the little girls, but he liked best of all to swim about in the river near their home.

It was his delight to go into the water and bring out everything which he thought ought not to be there. He put all these things under an old willow tree by the side of the river.

I must tell you that Ben did not like Nox. This bad boy had tied stones around the necks of cats and dogs, and dropped them into the river. Nox had brought them out and put them under the willow tree, and so Ben had been found out and punished.

There was another dog at Ben's home. This was a little brown dog named Mr. Rough. He was used to blows. His eyes had been almost scratched out by cats, and his bark sounded as if he had a bad cold.

If Ben liked any dog, it was Mr. Rough. Yet he treated him worse than he did Nox. Mr. Rough was small, and Nox was too big to be ill-used.

But one day Ben did play a trick on Nox. The big dog was asleep. Ben crept near, so as to prick his lip with a fine needle. This hurt poor Nox sadly, and he jumped up with a start. Ben laughed and ran away.

Then Ben went out and began to throw stones at a little dog. At last one of the stones killed the dog, and the bad boy threw it into the river.

That night Ben could not sleep. He thought about the little dog, and wished he had not thrown it into the river. That was not because he was sorry he had killed it, but he felt sure that Nox would bring it out. Then he would be punished.

Nox would be sure to be out early in the

morning to get things from the river. Ben did not always wake up early, so he thought it would be best to go out that night, and get the dog out of the water and hide it. So he got up and went down to the river.

He looked up through the branches of the willow tree. The moon was shining down at him. It seemed very large and very near. Ben thought if he were in the top of the tree he could touch it with his hand.

Then he thought of a story book in which he had read that all animals went to the moon when they died.

"I wonder if the dog I killed is up there," said Ben.

The Man in the Moon looked down, and, much to Ben's surprise, said: "This is Beastland. Won't you come up and see it? But perhaps you can't climb."

"Yes, I can," said Ben, and he climbed into the tree.

He went from one branch to another. The moon grew larger and larger as he climbed, but when he was on the topmost branch, he could see nothing but a white light all around him.

"Walk in," said the Man in the Moon. "Put out your feet and don't be frightened."

So Ben put his feet down and dropped. He thought he was falling into the river. But all at once he found himself in Beastland.

It was a very queer place. There were many animals there, and they were all kind and polite to Ben.

A great elephant took Ben on his back for a ride. The wasp showed him her nest. The ants took him to see their great earth cities. The prairie-dogs showed him the houses they had made for themselves. A spider wanted to teach him to make a web.

"When you are ready to begin," the spider said, "find a place where you can tie your first line. Of course you have a ball of thread inside you."

"I can't say that I have," said Ben, "but I have some string in my pocket."

"That's all right," said the spider. "I call it thread; you call it string. Whether it's in your pocket or body is all the same."

As this lesson was going on, a little bird flew in and told all the animals who and what Ben was.

Dear me! What a change that made. The beasts were no longer friendly and kind to him. They called him "boy." In Beastland "boy" is as bad a name as "beast" is with us.

The animals took Ben to the lion, the king of beasts, and asked what should be done with him.

The lion said: "First let us hear what Ben has to say for himself."

So the beasts placed themselves in a circle around Ben.

"What has this boy done?" asked the lion.

"He stoness dogs! He hunts and kills cats!" cried all the animals.

"No; Mr. Rough kills the cats," said Ben, who was beginning to be frightened.

"Send for Mr. Rough," said the lion.

Soon Mr. Rough trotted into the circle, with his short tail standing straight up.

"Mr. Rough," the lion said, "Ben says it is you and not he who kills the cats."

"Bow-wow-wow!" cried Mr. Rough. "Am I to blame? Bow-wow! Who taught me to do it? That bad boy there. Bow-wow!"

Ben was not only cruel, but he had taught the poor little dog to be cruel. The beasts were angry when they heard this, and they made up their minds to punish Ben.

"Gentle beasts, birds, and fishes," said the lion, "you know how this boy has treated us. He must be punished. Do not let us be unkind to him as he has been to us. But he is not good enough to stay with us. Let us tie a tin can to him and chase him from Beastland. Mr. Rough shall be our leader."

This was done at once. The lion gave a great roar as a sign for the chase to begin. Ben was chased out of Beastland with the tin can fastened to him, and with the dog at his heels. When he got to the edge of the moon, he jumped off, and Mr. Rough jumped after him.

Down, down they went till they fell into the river. Mr. Rough swam ashore, but Ben could not swim.

As he sank in the water, he thought of the many unkind things he had done. He thought of the dogs and cats he had drowned, and of how cruel he had been to Nox. Then he came to the top of the water, and saw the big dog standing on the bank above him.

He thought: "Now Nox has come to hurt me because I hurt him."

As he sank again, a black nose came close to his face. The soft mouth he had hurt took hold of Ben. Then the good dog carried him to the shore, and laid him under the willow tree by the side of two dead dogs, a kitten, and an old hat.

Ben's father found him there and took him home. He was sick a long time. When he grew better, he told about his visit to Beastland.

His friends did not believe him. They said he had fallen into the river while dreaming.

His little sisters were very kind while he was

in bed. Ben learned to like to play with them. He learned to love their pets, and he grew much kinder and gentler.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse! We'll see about that!"
"I *will* have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You *won't* have that mouse," said the little one.

As I told you before, 'twas a stormy night,
When these two little kittens began to fight;
Then the old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid themselves down on a mat by the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

A SCHOOL-TIME WISH

I'LL tell you what I'd like to do;
I'd like to live next door to a zoo!
The animals I'd have for chums;
I'd get the adder to do my sums;
And when I'd a task in geography,
The kangaroo would bound for me.
The seal would seal my letters, you see,
And the monkey steal dates from the history;
The elephant would lend me his trunk, I know,
When off on my travels I wished to go.
I'd spend the eagles and fly the kites,
And the tapir would light my room o' nights.
I should have great fun, I think, don't you?
If I only lived next door to a zoo!



MAKING THE BEST OF IT*

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

"WHAT a dreary day this is!" said the old gray goose to the brown hen, as they stood at the hen-house window and watched the falling snow which covered every nook and corner of the farmyard.

"Yes, indeed," said the brown hen; "I would be almost willing to be made into chicken pie on such a day."

be cross and discontented. Since the farmer's boy fed them, early in the morning, they had been given nothing to eat or drink, and, as hour after hour went by, and the cold winter wind howled around their house, it is no wonder they felt deserted.

The handsome white rooster, how-



"WE'RE ALL LIVELY ENOUGH WHEN OUR CROPS ARE FULL"

She had scarcely stopped talking, when the Pekin duck said, fretfully: "I am dreadfully hungry," and a little flock of speckled chickens all huddled together wailed in sad chorus: "And we're so thirsty!"

In fact, the feathered folks in the hen-house were very much inclined to

ever, appeared quite as happy as usual, and that is saying a great deal, for a jollier, better-natured old fellow than he never graced a farmyard. Sunshine, rain, or snow were all the same to him, and he crowed quite as lustily in stormy as fair weather.

"Well," he said, laughing heartily, as

*From *The Outlook*; used by permission of the author.

his bright eyes glanced about the hen-house, "you all seem to be having a fit of the dumps."

Nobody answered the white rooster, but a faint cluck or two came from some hens who immediately put their heads back under their wings, as if ashamed of having spoken at all.

This was quite too much for the white rooster, who, standing first on one yellow foot and then on the other, turning his head from side to side said: "Well, we are a lively set! Anyone would think, to look in here, that we were surrounded by a band of hungry foxes."

Just then a daring little white bantam rooster hopped down from his perch, and, strutting pompously over to the big rooster, created quite a stir among the feathered folk by saying:

"We're all lively enough when our crops are full, but when we're starving the wonder is that we can hold our heads up at all. If I ever see that farmer's boy again, I'll—I'll peck his foot!"

"You won't see him until he feeds us," said the white rooster, "and then I guess you will peck his corn."

"Oh, 'oh!" moaned the brown hen, "don't mention a peck of corn."

"Madam," remarked the white rooster, bowing politely, "your trouble is my own—that is, I'm hungry, too. But we might be worse off; we might be on our way to market in a box. Then, too, suppose we haven't had enough to eat to-day, at least we have room enough to stretch our wings."

"Why, that is a fact," answered the

brown hen; and all the feathered family—the smallest chickens included—stretched their wings, preened their feathers and looked a trifle more animated.

"Now, then," went on the rooster, "suppose we have a little music to cheer us and help pass the hours until roosting time. We will all crow—there, I beg your pardon, ladies; I am sorry you can't crow—we will sing a merry song. Will you be kind enough to start a lively tune, Mrs. Brown Hen?"

The brown hen shook herself proudly, tossed her head back, and began: "Cut-cut-cut-ca-dak-cut," and in less than two minutes every one in the hen-house had joined her.

Now the horses, cows, and sheep were not far away, and, hearing the happy voices in the hen-house, they too joined in the grand chorus, while the pigs did their best to sing louder than all the rest. Higher and higher, stronger and stronger, rose the chorus; louder and louder quacked the ducks, and shriller and shriller squeaked the pigs.

They were all so happy that they quite forgot their hunger until the door of the hen-house burst open, and in came three chubby children, each carrying a dish full of steaming chicken food.

"Don't stop your music, Mr. Rooster," said the little girl, who was so snugly bundled up that you could scarcely see her dear little face. "You see, we were so lonesome that we didn't know what to do; but when we heard all you folks singing out here in your house, we laughed and laughed until we



THE BROWN HEN BEGAN, AND IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES ALL THE OTHERS HAD JOINED HER

pretty near cried. Then we went to tell Jack about you; he was lonesome, too—poor Jack's sick with a sore throat—and he said: 'Why those poor hens; they haven't been fed since morning!'

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the white rooster. "This comes of making the best of things. Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and nobody asked him to stop his crowing.

THE DISCONTENTED PIG*

BY CATHARINE DUNLAP CATHER

EVER so long ago, in the time when there were fairies, and men and animals talked together, there was a curly-tailed pig. He lived by himself in a house at the edge of the village, and every day he worked in his garden. Whether the sun shone or the rain fell he hoed and dug and weeded, turning the earth around his tomato vines and loosening the soil of the carrot plot, until word of his fine vegetables traveled through seven

counties, and each year he won the royal prize at the fair.

But after a time that Little Pig grew tired of the endless toil.

"What matters it if I do have the finest vegetables in the kingdom," he thought, "since I must work myself to death getting them to grow? I mean to go out and see the world and find an easier way of making a living."

So he locked the door of his house and

*From "Educating by Story Telling," by Catherine Dunlap Cather, copyright by World Book Company; used by permission of the publishers.



EVERY DAY HE WORKED IN HIS GARDEN

shut the gate of his garden and started down the road.

A good three miles he traveled, till he came to a cottage almost hidden in a grove of trees. Lovely music sounded around him and Little Pig smiled, for he had an ear for sweet sounds.

"I will go look for it," he said, following in the direction from which it seemed to come.

Now it happened that in that house dwelt Thomas, a cat, who made his living playing on the violin. Little Pig saw him standing in the door pushing the bow up and down across the strings. It put a thought into his head. Surely this must be easier and far more pleasant than digging in a garden!

"Will you teach me to play the violin, friend cat?" he asked.

Thomas looked up from his bow and nodded his head.

"To be sure," he answered; "just do as I am doing."

And he gave him the bow and fiddle.

Little Pig took them and began to saw, but squeak! quang! No music fell upon his ear. The sounds he heard were like the squealing of his baby brother pigs when a wolf came near them.

"Oh!" he cried; "this isn't music!"

Thomas, the cat, nodded his head.

"Of course not," he said. "You haven't tried long enough. He who would play the violin must work."

"Then I think I'll look for something else," Piggywig answered, "because this is quite as hard as weeding my garden."

And he gave back the bow and fiddle and started down the road.

He walked on and on, until he came to a hut where lived a dog who made cheese. He was kneading and molding



THOMAS MADE HIS LIVING PLAYING THE FIDDLE



NO, NO! YOU WILL SPOIL THE CHEESE

the curd into cakes, and Little Pig thought it looked quite easy.

"I think I'd like to go into the cheese business myself," he said to himself. So he asked the dog if he would teach him.

This the dog was quite willing to do, and a moment later Little Pig was working beside him.

Soon he grew hot and tired and stopped to rest and fan himself.

"No, no!" exclaimed the dog, "you will spoil the cheese. There can be no rest time until the work is done."

Little Pig opened his eyes in amazement.

"Indeed!" he replied. "Then this is just as hard as growing vegetables or learning to play a violin. I mean to look for something easier."

And he started down the road.

On the other side of the river, in a sweet green field, a man was taking honey out of beehives. Little Pig saw

him as he crossed the bridge and thought that of all the trades he had seen, this suited him best. It must be lovely there in the meadow among the flowers. Honey was not heavy to lift, and once in a while he could have a mouthful of it. He ran as fast as he could go to ask the man if he would take him into his employ.

This plan pleased the bee man as much as it pleased the pig.

"I've been looking for a helper for a year and a day," he said. "Begin work at once."

He gave the Pig a veil and a pair of gloves, telling him to fasten them on well. Then he told him to lift the honeycomb out of a hive.

The little Pig ran to do it, twisting his curly tail in the joy of having at last found a business that suited him. But, *buzz, buzz!* The bees crept under his veil and inside his gloves. They stung



THE LITTLE PIG RAN TO DO IT



AND SOMETIMES THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE BEE MAN CAME TO SEE HIM

him on his fingers, his snout, his ears, and his tail until he squealed, dropped the honey, and ran.

"Come back!" called the bee man.

"No, indeed," called back the little Pig, "the bees sting too hard."

The man nodded his head. "Of course they do," he said. "That is part of the work. You cannot keep bees without being stung once in a while at least."

Little Pig blinked his eyes and began to think hard. "One must practice until one's arm aches before learning to play the violin," he said to himself. "When one makes cheese, one dares not stop a

moment until the work is done. In taking honey from a hive the bees sting you until your head is on fire. Working in my garden is not so bad after all. I am going back to it."

So the little pig went down the road toward home, and was soon at work in his carrot plot. He raked, and hoed, and weeded, singing all the time, and there was no more contented pig in all the kingdom. Every autumn he took his vegetables to the royal fair and never failed to bring home a prize. And sometimes, on holidays, the Cat, Thomas, and the Dog who made cheese, and the bee man came to visit him.

A DILLER, A DOLLAR

A DILLER, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o'clock,

But now you come at noon,

STORIES FROM CLOVERFIELD FARM*

BY HELEN FULLER ORTON

BOBBY BECOMES A KNIGHT

ONE summer afternoon Bobby Hill sat on the back steps of the house on Cloverfield Farm looking discontented.

"What is the trouble?" asked Mother.

"I wish I had lived in the olden time," said he.

"Why, what is the matter with these times?" asked Mother.

"There aren't any knights," he replied, "nor any brave deeds to be done. I'd like to see a knight come riding up the road."

At bedtime Mother always told Bobby a story. Sometimes it was about fairies and elves; sometimes about history or Bible folk; sometimes about animals; sometimes about knights in shining armor.

Mother put down her sewing and sat thinking a moment. "How would you like to play being a knight?" she asked.

Bobby jumped up. "I'd like that," he replied. "Only there wouldn't be anyone in distress to rescue."

"You can make believe," Mother suggested.

"All right," said he. "I'll take my sword, but I haven't any shining armor. I can't be a knight in these clothes." Bobby looked down at his everyday suit.

"I don't know how to make armor," she replied, "but I think I can make you something fine to wear."

Mother was skillful at making things. She went to a big chest and found a piece of beautiful red satin, which she fastened to his shoulders with silver buckles, so that it looked like a cape. She made a helmet of silver paper for his head.

Touching him on the shoulder with the sword, she said, "I dub thee knight."

Very straight stood Bobby as he took the sword, very straight as he walked out the door.

"Who knows?" said Mother. "Perhaps you will find something brave to do even in these times."

First he went to the road and walked

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up and down, with sword a-swinging.

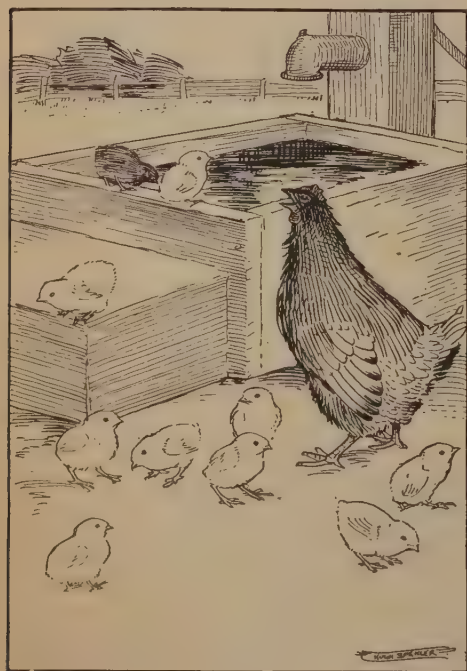
After a time he came into the yard. "Come, Betty," he said to his little sister, "let's play that a giant comes to carry you off. You shall be Lady Betty."

Lady Betty would go a-walking along the gravel driveway. Suddenly she would call, "Help! help!" Bobby would come running up, fight the giant and drive him away.

Six times he fought the giant. The next time he said, "I'll drive you clear out of the land." So he chased the giant down the lane.

Near the horse barn stood the big watering trough, where the horses came to drink.

Just then the Old Brown Hen came past the trough with her ten chickens.



She climbed upon the trough and, reaching down with her long neck, drank from the water, which was about three inches deep in the bottom of the trough.

Some of her chickens tried to climb up, too. After climbing and tumbling back three times, Little Yellow Chick finally got up on the edge of the trough. Then Little Black Chick climbed up.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck! Come away quick, you naughty chicks," said the Old Brown Hen, as she jumped to the ground.

"Peep, peep, peep! We want a drink, too," said the little chicks.

In trying to reach the water, Little Black Chick fell into the trough. Little Yellow Chick soon lost his balance and fell in, too.

"Peep, peep, peep!" cried the two little chicks.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" cried the Old Brown Hen. "Do get out quick."

But the little chicks could not get out, though they tried very hard; and all the Old Brown Hen could do was to walk back and forth and ruffle her feathers and keep saying, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!"

Betty heard the noise and went to see what the trouble was.

"I'll get the little chickens out of the water," she thought.

But hens are often very cross when anyone goes near their chickens. As Betty reached down toward the chicks, Old Brown Hen flew at her.

Betty screamed and ran toward the house.



Bobby had chased the giant clear out of the land and was coming back up the lane when he saw Old Brown Hen drive Betty away from the trough.

"What can be the matter?" he wondered. He put up his sword and ran as fast as he could.

"I can get them out," he said, as he saw the two chicks splashing in the water.

One would think that Old Brown Hen would have been glad to have him help her chicks out of the water. But she thought he was going to hurt them when he put out his hand to get them.

So she made a terrible fuss and flew at him just as she had flown at Betty. She pecked his arm with her sharp bill and flapped her wings against his face.

Bobby ran off without getting either of the chicks.

"I'll go to the house and leave them," he thought. Then he heard the sad "peep, peep" of the little chicks.

"I must get them out," he said; but the old hen stood savagely in the way.

Suddenly Bobby shouted, "I know what you are. You're a giant and I must fight you with my sword."

He snatched the sword from his belt

and made a dash for the Old Brown Hen.

So fiercely did he rush at her that she turned and ran down the lane.

After chasing her a little way, Bobby hurried back to the trough.

With one hand he grabbed Little Yellow Chick, and with the other hand he grabbed Little Black Chick, both nearly drowned, and put them safe on the grass.

Old Brown Hen came running back.

Bobby exclaimed, "Old Brown Hen, you're the worst giant I've had to fight to-day."

He picked up the helmet, which the hen had knocked off with her flapping wings. He was trying to brush the dirt from his red satin cape, when he saw Mother coming from the house to help him.

"You are truly a knight, for you rescued two creatures in distress," said Mother.

"If only I had some shining armor!" sighed Bobby, as she dressed the scratches on his face and arm.

"Not shining armor, but a heart of love and courage, makes a knight," said Mother.

BRINGING IN THE WOOD

One forenoon the sun was shining bright on Cloverfield Farm.

"Bobby! Bob-by!" It was Mother calling.

Bobby jumped up from the grass under the maple tree in the front yard, where he and Rover were playing. They ran around the house to the back door.

"Here I am," Bobby announced.

"The woodbox is empty," said Mrs. Hill.

"I forgot to fill it this morning," said Bobby, as he turned and went slowly out to the woodpile.

Rover walked along beside him.

"I'd like to be a dog," said Bobby. "You don't have to remember any chores, do you, Rover?"



For answer, Rover looked up into Bobby's face. Then he followed, back and forth, while Bobby carried four armfuls of wood and a basket of chips to the woodbox beside the kitchen stove.

The next morning Bobby was so eager to go to the barn to play that he again forgot to bring in the wood. When Mrs. Hill was ready to bake the cookies she found the woodbox nearly empty.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "What a forgetful boy Bobby is!"

Going to the back door, she called "Bobby! Bob-by!"

Bobby was so far away in the barn, watching the men cut feed for the cows, that he did not hear her call.

Rover was lying on the green grass near the pump. When he heard Mrs. Hill call, he pricked up his ears, opened his eyes wide and jumped to his feet.

He ran to the barn, trotted in through the open door, looked up at Bobby and barked.

Bobby was so busy watching the wheels of the feed-cutter go around that he paid no attention to Rover.

After standing there a few moments, Rover went out of the barn and dug up the bone he had buried in the garden the day before.

When Mother had used all but the last stick of wood, she said, "I wonder where Bobby can be."

She went to the back door and again called, "Bobby! Bob-by-y!"

By this time Bobby was turning somersaults in the haymow. The noise of the feed-cutter was so loud that he still did not hear her; and he could not have heard her anyway, for his ears were half buried in the soft hay as he turned over and over.

When Rover heard Mrs. Hill call the second time, he stood very still, looking toward the house. Then he went into the barn again.

"Bow-wow-wow!" said Rover. Bobby heard him, but kept on turning somersaults in the hay.

Rover trotted out and lay down on the grass near the barn door.

It was not long before Mother went to the woodbox and took out the very last stick of wood.

"If Bobby does not come soon, I'll have to bring some wood myself," she said. "Such a forgetful boy! He'll have to go without dessert at dinner for this."

Bobby had come down from the haymow and gone to the stable to watch Hobson harness the horses.

Mrs. Hill called a third time, "Bobby! Bob-by-y-y!"

Rover jumped up, dashed into the barn and barked again and again. All was quiet up in the haymow, but somewhere in the barn he could hear Bobby's voice.

Rover bounded off to the stable. Going straight to Bobby, he looked up and barked very loud.

"I believe Rover is trying to tell you

something," said Hobson. "That makes three times that he has come to the barn and barked."

"What do you want, Rover?" asked Bobby.

Rover was running toward the door.



ROVER CALLS BOBBY

Bobby followed, and together they went to the house.

"Why didn't you come when I called?" asked Mother. "I needed some wood."

"So that is what Rover was trying to tell me," exclaimed Bobby, as he patted Rover's neck.

"It will mean no pie to-day," said Mother. "This is the second time you forgot."

Bobby could think of nothing to say.

Thoughtfully he walked toward the woodpile. Rover followed.

Back and forth they went, until Bobby had carried six armfuls of wood and put them in the woodbox by the kitchen stove.

"Here is a cooky for you, Rover," said Mrs. Hill.

Rover took it, but waited, as if surprised when Bobby did not get any.

"Yes, Bobby may have a cooky," laughed Mrs. Hill, "but no pie."



BOBBY DRIVES PRINCE

One morning Farmer Hill drove up to the back door.

"Whoa, Prince," he said, as he stepped out of the buggy.

"Would you like to go to the village with me?" he asked Bobby.

"Of course I would," answered Bobby, jumping down from the apple tree, where he had climbed to see a bird's nest.

"Will you come back soon?" asked Mrs. Hill. "I need some groceries."

"We'll be back in an hour," answered Mr. Hill. "Let me have a list of what you need."

First they went to the Post Office and got the mail. Then they went to Mr. Brown's store and bought the groceries;

then to the harness shop to order a new harness; then to the railroad station.

"We'll wait till the train comes, so as to get the paper," said Father, as he tied Prince to the hitching post.

When they went into the station, the ticket agent said, "Here is a telegram for you, Mr. Hill."

Father read it. Then he said to Bobby, "You'll have to drive Prince home. I must go to the city."

Drive Prince home all alone! Could Bobby believe his ears?

"Do you think he can manage it? Such a little chap!" said the agent.

"Prince will take him home all safe," said Mr. Hill.

Going out to the street, Father un-

tied Prince while Bobby climbed into the buggy.

Putting the reins into Bobby's hands, Father said, "You know how to guide Prince, don't you?"

"Of course," answered Bobby. "If I want him to go to the right, I pull on this rein. If I want him to go to the left, I pull on that rein."

"That is right," said Father. Then, going to Prince's head, he stroked his neck and said, "Prince, I trust you to take Bobby safe home. Don't you go fast, and don't you tip the buggy into the ditch."

"Get-up, Prince," said Bobby.

Father stood watching as they started. Then he went to his train.

When they came to the first corner, Bobby forgot to pull on the rein, but Prince knew the way home and turned to the left. When they came to the second corner, Bobby remembered to pull on the right rein, and Prince turned to the right.

Once they met a load of hay. Prince turned out for it.

A man who was a stranger in the village, stood on the steps of the Post Office as Bobby drove along. He watched Prince turn out for the load of hay. Then the railroad train went whizzing past, only a few rods away. Prince pricked up his ears and looked, but went steadily on.

"A fine horse, and not afraid of the cars!" the stranger said to the men who were standing about.

"Yes," said one of the men. "That horse isn't afraid of anything."

"He must be a very dependable horse, for a small boy to be allowed to drive him," said the stranger.

"Oh, yes," said the man; "Prince



PRINCE WAS TRUSTWORTHY

would not run away, no matter what came along."

"A woman or a child can drive him," said another man.

"He saved his owner's life once," said a third man.

"How did he do that?" inquired the stranger.

"He saw a big hole in the road on a very dark night and turned out for it," said the man.

"And that wasn't all," said the first man. "He saw that a bridge was down and stopped just in time."

The stranger was silent a while.

"Will you tell me who owns that horse?" he asked, as he followed one of the men into the Post Office.

Meanwhile Bobby and Prince had turned the second corner, and they soon reached home. Mother heard the wheels on the gravel driveway and came to the door.

"Here are the groceries," said Bobby proudly.

"Where is Father?" she asked.

"He had to go to the city," answered Bobby.

"And so you drove home all alone!" exclaimed Mother.

"Oh, yes," said Bobby. "I'm big enough now to drive Prince anywhere."

"I don't know what we would do without Prince," said Mother.

THE STRANGER'S OFFER

The next morning a stranger drove into the yard.

"Is this Cloverfield Farm?" he asked when Mrs. Hill came to the door.

"Yes, this is Cloverfield Farm," she replied.

"I am Mr. Young," said the stranger, "and I should like to see Mr. Hill if he is at home."

"He is not here just now," said Mrs. Hill. "He is in the hay field, half way down the lane."

"May I drive down there?" asked Mr. Young.

"Yes; Bobby will open the gate for you."

"Good morning," was Mr. Hill's greeting, when he saw a stranger coming toward him in the field.

"Good morning," said Mr. Young. "I noticed one of your horses at the village yesterday, the one there on the right."

"Yes, that is Prince," said Mr. Hill, looking over that way.

"A gentle horse, he seems to be," remarked Mr. Young.

"Oh, yes, Prince is always gentle."

"Is he quite safe for a carriage horse?" asked Mr. Young.

"Safe? Why, anybody can drive Prince. He never runs away."

Mr. Young went around in front of the horses and carefully looked Prince over.

As he came back to Mr. Hill, he said, "I'll give you two hundred dollars for that horse."

"But Prince is not for sale," replied Mr. Hill.

"Of course he is not worth as much as that in the market," said Mr. Young; "but I want a gentle horse for my wife and daughter to drive. I'll make it two hundred and fifty."

"But I cannot sell Prince," repeated Mr. Hill. "We are all fond of him."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Young.

"And Prince is a good farm horse as well as a good driving horse," Mr. Hill went on.

"No doubt," said Mr. Young. "But you could get a horse for less money that would do just as much farm work."



"Yes, I presume I could."

"I'll give you three hundred dollars for him," said Mr. Young.

Farmer Hill looked thoughtful. That was a big price for a horse. He went over to Prince and stroked his neck.

At length he said, "No, I will not sell Prince."

"Very well," replied Mr. Young, as he turned to go. Then he added, "When you think it over and talk it over with your family, you may change your mind. You may let me know at this address."

He handed Mr. Hill a paper and went up the lane.

Farmer Hill kept thinking as he worked, "I wonder what Mother and John and Sue and Bobby would say."

When they were all seated at dinner, Father said, "The man who was here this morning was Mr. Young. He wants to buy Prince."

"Wants to buy Prince!" exclaimed Mother. "But we won't sell Prince."

"Of course we won't," said Bobby.

"He wants a gentle horse for his wife and daughter to drive," said Mr. Hill.

"He'll have to look somewhere else," declared Sue.

"He has offered me three hundred dollars," said Father.

"Three hundred dollars! Why, that is twice what you paid for him," Mother exclaimed.

"Yes," said Father. "That would buy us many things that we want, and we could get another horse for half the money."

They were all silent and thoughtful. After a few moments Mother began, "You must remember that Prince saved your life."

"And he was careful not to step on Bobby that time in the lane," Father added.

"And he is always gentle and faithful," continued Mother.

"It would not seem like Cloverfield Farm without Prince," said John.

"He is like one of the family," said Sue. "I would almost as soon think of selling Bobby or Betty."

When Father went to the barn that afternoon, Bobby went with him. Going up to Prince, he exclaimed, "You shall not be sold, Prince. You shall stay here always."

"I hope we'll never have to part with Prince," said Father.

CHERRY RIPE

There were many cherry trees on Cloverfield Farm. A beautiful sight they were in springtime, covered with white blossoms; a beautiful sight in summertime, covered with shining red cherries.

The cherry trees were all down in the orchard, quite far from the house, except one fine tree in the back yard. Bobby passed this tree every day, and he often looked to see how the cherries were growing.

He knew when the white petals fell off and the little green cherries ap-

peared. He knew when the cherries began to turn red.

Someone else was watching the cherries grow. Robin Redbreast, who lived in the lilac bush, came every day to get bugs and worms for the young birds in the nest. He was watching the cherries grow.

The cedar birds that lived in the tall evergreen in the front yard were watching the cherries grow.

One day, late in June, Bobby came bounding into the house.

"Cherries are ripe," he shouted.

"If you and Sue will pick some, I will make some cherry pies," said Mother.

Bobby took a little pail. Sue took a little basket. Bobby climbed the tree and hung his little pail on a small limb. Sue stood on a step-ladder and put her basket on the little shelf on the top of it.

While they were busy picking the cherries, Robin Redbreast came to the top rail of the fence near by and cheerily sang, "Cherry ripe! cheer up!" His mate answered from the lilac bush, "Cheer up! cherry ripe!"

"Oh, you robin, you can't have our cherries," Bobby called out.

The cedar birds from the tall evergreen flew over the cherry tree.

"I believe they want our cherries, too," said Bobby.





PICKING CHERRIES

"Oh, you cedar birds, you can't have our cherries," called out Sue.

After a while, Bobby's pail was nearly full and Sue's basket was quite full.

"I wish we could reach those in the top of the tree," said Bobby. "They are the biggest of all."

"John will have to put a ladder up and pick them for us," replied Sue.

Father came along just then.

"Oh, Father, just see those big cherries in the top of the tree," called Sue. "Have John put a long ladder up and pick them before the birds eat them all."

"We'll see," said Father.

Just then Robin Redbreast sang from the top of the rail fence, "Cherry ripe! cheer up!"

Father stood looking at the cherry

tree and thinking. Finally he spoke. "We'll not pick them at all. We'll leave them for our friends."

"What friends?" asked Bobby wonderingly.

"Our friends the birds," answered Father. "They have been busy all the spring keeping the bugs and worms off from the trees so the cherries could grow. We don't begrudge them a few cherries now."

"Of course we don't," agreed Bobby.

"Now we'll take your cherries to the house for Mother to make some pies with," said Father.

When they had gone a few rods away, Robin Redbreast flew up into the tree, the very top of the tree, where the big cherries were, and they heard him sing, "Cheer up! Cherry ripe!"



HUCKLEBERRY FINN AND TOM SAWYER
FROM A BRONZE STATUE BY FREDERICK C. HIRSHARD

The statue was presented to the City of Hannibal, Missouri, by George A. Mahan, his wife, and his son



GRANNY

(A True Story)

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

"Shoo, shoo, there! Ah, worse luck to yez! An' it's peckin' me tommaties ye'd be after, is it? Be off wid ye, the whole botherin' Granny's lot of ye!" And Mrs. Bridget O'Toole shook a dilapidated broom fiercely at Granny's innocent-looking flock of hens, and drove them into the little enclosure where they belonged.

Then she leaned against the side of the house to get her breath.

"Ah!" she continued sagely, wagging her head, "a quare world it is, and a quare family is the O'Tooles!"

Granny's hens were indeed a great trial to her daughter-in-law; but so wonderfully did they thrive and multiply under Granny's watchful care, that they were a source of considerable revenue to that dear old lady; and when Bridget would lose her patience Granny would hear her out, and then say with the slyest of winks, and the mellowest of brogues, "But I notice that ye liked the dress purty well, Bridget, me dear, that I bought ye with me egg-money, an' ye all seem to relish a roast of thim."

Which was true, and no doubt the reasons why the O'Tooles were so completely dominated by Granny's hens, that even the daily breakfast had come to consist, out of deference to them, almost invariably of "hasty pudding," a dish relished alike by both parties.

The serving up of the family breakfast earlier was almost as interesting as Granny's administration of the remainder to the hens. Mr. Dennis O'Toole, her son, had inherited the politest of manners from his father, who had been a butler in a great house over in the old country, and he waited upon his family with the utmost ceremony.

"An' what will the Granny take for her breakfast?" Mr. O'Toole was in the habit of inquiring,

as though the subject were a highly complicated one, and admitted of a variety of answers. At the same time he flourished his ladle, and regarded his mother with a smile of deferential interest.

"Mush an' milk, af it plaze ye, Dennis, me son," Granny would reply with her silvery brogue.

"Biddy, me love?"

"Mush an' milk in coorse!"

Biddy had little admiration for the grand ways of her husband.

"Terry, me boy, an' how is it with ye the mornin'?"

"Mush an' milk, sir, af ye plaze."

"An', Norah, honey, what will ye have?"

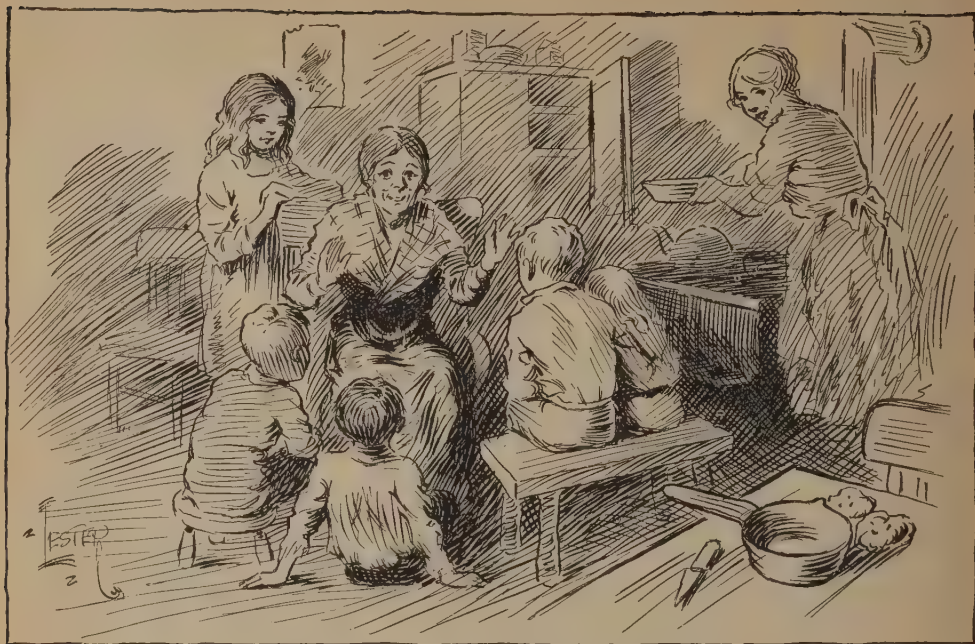
"Mush an' milk, sir, plaze ye."

And so on until all were helped in due order.

But "mold" as was the father, and "sinsible" as was the mother, it was to Granny's lap the culprit always fled who had just escaped from the scene of some gay roguery; and it was into Granny's ear that they poured daily a recital of the trials and adventures of each individual little O'Toole, which is saying a good deal, for there were eight of them.

And when the day was ended, and from the four quarters of the globe the eight little O'Tooles came trooping in for supper and bed, while Dennis rested by the fire, and Bridget bustled more softly than usual about the room, it was Granny's silver voice which related to them some marvelous story, giving them glimpses into beautiful paradises outside their own poor, besmirched little world.

Sometimes the story would be of the exquisite fairy Erina, who waved a wand and a green island rose from the depths and settled into the midst of the sea, "the same bein' called Ireland, me dears, at the prisent day"; sometimes it was of the noble giant Ap Tolladin, the founder of the kingly house



GRANNY'S SILVER VOICE RELATED SOME STORY

of O'Toole; but oftener the story was of the charming and unfortunate Princess of Kilmannel, who, after being hunted from her father's kingdom, and treated with exasperating cruelty, was finally rescued and restored to her possessions by a brave and handsome knight, in whose society she enjoyed all manner of blessings forever after. This story Granny related to one child or another almost every day of her life.

One afternoon when Terry was eight or ten years old, he was trudging along the highway in a doleful mood, because he could not go to school. A maiden lady, who kept house by herself in the village near Terry's home, had that day opened a "select school," and as there was no other in the place just then, nearly all of Terry's mates were going. Terry had begged hard to be allowed to go too; but Dennis had answered sadly:

"Spade it as hard as I can, me boy, it's little enough we get to ate, let alone the larnin'."

Terry knew that his father spoke the truth, so he had quite given up the idea, and was plodding homeward from the village with a package of nails, wherewith to make coops for some of Granny's expected broods, when he suddenly met the teacher face to face. Terry's eyes filled with tears the minute.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the teacher, who was odd, but kindly.

Terry paused to sob a bit, for the sympathizing tone had filled his heart full to overflowing; then added:

"Nothin' much, mum!"

"Tell me about it," said the teacher peremptorily.

"Nothin'" — with a great swallow of salt tears — "only—I can't go to school."

"Do you keep hens?" inquired the teacher with apparent irrelevance. She knew something about the O'Tooles.

Terry beamed all over with a vague sense of encouragement.

"Granny does."

"Well, bring me an egg a day, and you can come to school."

Terry went home hop-skip, sure of Granny's help; and every day he carried an egg to school, and learned far more than its worth, while Granny — Granny was the happiest little Irish woman in the world, to think that she could do something to make a "gentleman" of her pet.

Terry grew tall and strong very fast, and at sixteen could do a man's work, and earn almost a man's wages, and take care of his own schooling evenings. Granny's hens were housed now, thanks



AN ELM TREE FELL ACROSS THE BROOK

to Terry's skill, in a regular palace which stood on a knoll behind the house, and was surrounded by a village of ornamental coops. In fact, a good many improvements had been made all about the modest O'Toole dwelling. This had originally consisted of two rooms below and a "loft" above, which was roughly partitioned into two dusky chambers.

Granny had always slept in a curtained little bed in her own special corner of the western and larger room below, which served also for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen; but now an "ell" had been built on one end of the little house, and the lower of the two nice rooms thus added was fitted up by Terry for Granny, and Granny alone; for the bond between Terry and Granny, who had made a "gentleman" of him, waxed stronger year by year.

At a distance of only a few rods from the O'Toole cottage, though somewhat below it, ran a broad, deep brook, a mild, inoffensive little stream in ordinary weather, but quick to rise and overflow its banks whenever a steady rain saturated the neighboring hills. Still as a narrow meadow stretched a little below and on the other side, there was usually plenty of room for the water to spread, so that no damage had ever come from it to the O'Tooles.

Shortly after their house had been repaired and enlarged, however, and when they were beginning to regard it as a more precious possession than ever before, an elm tree of enormous size fell across the broad brook just above the little meadow, and was allowed to lie there; and more than once they had thought seriously of possible danger from the great bridge above, which was

old and very rickety. If the bridge should go down when the water was high, and lodge against the tree and thus dam the stream, the whole force of the current would be turned toward their own little house; and though it had a little meadow beyond it also, the worst results might follow.

One night, after it had been raining hard for twenty-four hours, the sunshiny, stalwart young Terry came in very wet, and looking uncommonly sober.

"The old bridge is a-shakin' like the ager," he said savagely.

Biddy began a sharp tirade about the "select men," but Granny knitted silently away as usual. Terry came and stood by her, and stroked her soft hair, still a satiny brown.

"If it's to coom, it'll coom, Terry, me boy," she said brightly. "I belave everythin's for the best, an I'll go to bed to-night as aisy as ever. Besides," smiling upon the pride of her heart, "what a stout boy is here to take care of the old Granny!"

Her reassuring words made Terry feel a great deal calmer, and indeed it affected all of them comfortably, for they relied much on Granny's sweet wisdom, believing her, in fact, to be under the special protection of the saints; and the family retired only a little later than usual.

As the rain poured harder and harder on the



GRANNY SMILED AT THE BOY

roof above his head, however, Terry could not help getting up and half-dressing himself. Then feeling a trifle ashamed of his fears, he threw himself back upon the bed, and lay there listening.

Suddenly he heard a distant cracking noise, and presently a swish of water different from the steady dashing and roar of a moment before. At that instant there was a loud knock at the door; a man shouted outside:

"One pier's gone from the bridge! It'll be down in ten minutes! Get over your meadow to high land, and be quick about it!"

Terry woke his brothers and sisters, and sprang downstairs at a bound. His mother met him, dressing as she spoke.

"Here's the babies," she said, running back to the bed and bringing the two youngest children to him.

With but a single blanket around them, he hurried out of the house, and across the meadow.

Crack, crack, thud! Into a whirlpool din of waters went the bridge; and just as Terry, with his frightened little brothers and sisters at his heels, reached "high land," they knew that the timbers had reached the old elm, and that the stream was dammed just as they had often foreboded; for it seemed as though the whole Atlantic Ocean had been suddenly let loose below and all about them. Ah! the dear cabin must go! Terry turned in silence, to meet the remainder of the family struggling up the knoll.

It was a chilly night in fall, and pitchy dark, though it was the time of the full moon. Dennis had caught up the lantern in his terrified flight, and had matches in his pockets, so that soon they were able to see a little, and to count up the shivering little group. Eight children, father and mother—so far, so good; but where—why, where was Granny?



WHERE WAS GRANNY!

"O father!" cried Terry, "how could you leave her asleep when you knew I had the babies?"

Dennis wrung his hands, and silently heaped maledictions upon his own head. The children wept and howled, for how could they live without Granny? And even Bidy broke into a high Irish lament.

Suddenly from the window which was toward them of their little home, the window of Granny's room, beamed a light.

Granny was awake, then, and so far safe and sound. They saw her raise the curtain, saw her moving about briskly and peering out, and then they all saw her sit down beside the window. They could not see her face, but they knew that it wore the same smilelike calm as ever.

"Take care of yerselves now," said Terry, pulling his hat down a little more firmly upon his head, and turning toward the seething flood that covered the acre and a half between him and the little house, "I'm off for Granny."

Biddy threw her arms up with a shrill cry. She was "shure he'd be did, stone-did, by the time he got safe there!"

But the children applauded. It seemed a simple enough thing to them for Terry to wade over to the house, and to bring Granny over on his shoulders. They did not know that the water was already as deep in many places as Terry was high, and that if a piece of the solid old bridge timbers, which were whirling down stream one by one, should strike him, he would float away as dead as the timbers themselves; and you may be sure Terry did not stop to tell them.

He simply shut his teeth tight, and waded in. By the light of the lantern they could see him out a little way; then the darkness took him in, and there were ten minutes of suspense, in which the howling of the tempest, and the thunder of the waters, sounded more terrible than ever; at least to Dennis and Bridget.

Then the wind brought them a faint "halloo!" Next, in front of the light that streamed from Granny's window, a dark figure was visible by Granny's side. Terry was safely over.

"Oh, but he'll never get the Granny safely across there!" groaned Dennis. "A plague on me ould rheumatism that I couldn't go with the b'y."

"Terry'll manage," said little Norah shrewdly. "Terry's as strong as a horse."

But in her heart even Norah was anxious, and they held their breaths, and shiveringly paced about on the knoll. The little ones, wet, and cold, and sleepy, at last began to cry vehemently, and to demand dry clothes. Bidy tried to hush them; but at last, feeling the babies shiver

in her arms, she decided to get them to the nearest neighbor's, a mile on to the north, put them to bed, and then return herself. As she hurried away, she and they all heard from the house the sound of rapid and vigorous pounding. In a moment it had stopped. What was Terry doing?

In fact, Terry was taking down the front door for a raft. The water was already up to the doorstep, and rising every instant. So while Granny, wrapped up and ready for flight, with all the valuables that she could carry fastened firmly to her clothes, sat placidly in her chair crooning an old Irish song, Terry with a few stout strokes had the door off, and soon Granny was balancing on it out on the water; the clothes-line was wound around it, and over her lap, with plenty of it in her hands to hold on by. She gathered together a pile of blankets and clothing, and Terry heaped them up around her.

"Ah, me hins!" groaned Granny tenderly. "Don't ye belave, Terry dear, that one coop could get on behint me here?"

Terry, the boy that Granny had educated with "an egg a day," couldn't resist such an appeal as that. He waded around to the hen-coops, securing Granny's craft meanwhile to a window casement, brought back the best coop of hens, established it as Granny had suggested—with a bend of the clothes-line—and then set out on the perilous return voyage, pushing his unwieldy craft before him when he could, pulling it by the clothes-line when he couldn't push it, and when he came to a deep place, swimming with it against his "upper" side.

The water grew deeper. Suddenly the lantern unaccountably disappeared from the knoll—it had gone with Bridget and the babies—and Terry had no longer any idea whither they were tending. The loud, steady rush of the broad river, into which the brook emptied in full view from the O'Toole cottage, sounded ominously near.

Before ten minutes had passed, it seemed to Terry as though he had been wading for a whole day, and as though he might as well give it up altogether, excepting for Granny's courage and calmness.

"Let the raft go, Terry, me boy!" she had said, observing his exhaustion, and pausing in telling a story with which she was beguiling the way. "The-old Granny has lived her day, an' she's ready to go."

"Not without yer boy, Granny," said Terry, between hard breaths.

At that instant the dim star of light in the little cabin which had been drifting very fast to the south of them, went out, and their last beacon

was gone. They knew then—Granny as well as Terry—that the water had crept in and overturned the little stand on which they had left it burning. Even Granny gave a long, quivering sigh. Terry tugged and tugged. He could not speak, for not only was he strained and tired, but he was very sick at heart.

Suddenly he felt that the rain was ceasing, and



TERRY TOOK DOWN THE FRONT DOOR FOR A RAFT

at the same instant the clouds broke a little, and it grew lighter. A knoll in the meadow scraped the raft, and Terry sprang upon the small but precious Ararat, keeping tight hold of his swaying charge meanwhile, and clinging to a stout young tree which perhaps a kind, foreseeing Providence had planted directly on top of the knoll.

Terry could almost have cried, great stout fellow that he was, sitting there in the shallows on the knoll, clinging to the tree, dripping wet from top to toe, sore and tired to the last degree, his home gone, and seeing nothing but a watery grave at last for the dear old Granny and himself, and the precious "hins."

But the moon began just then to make its presence known, and after a moment's struggle



"AN' IT'S A FOINE MOONLIT SAIL THE BOY HAS GIVEN THE OLD GRANNY!"

with the flying clouds, shone out clear, and full, and bright. The tempest was evidently over, and Terry's heart began to come back to him.

"Hooray, Granny!" he cried with a crazy laugh. "Here we are! We'll sail a few steps farther, and if we can't get on, we'll come back here. We can hold out here, if we can't anywhere else."

Granny's teeth were chattering with the cold, but she went on cheerfully with her discourse:

"And thus it was with the beautiful princess. 'Alack, me lord,' she said, with the tears streaming down her purty cheeks, 'I'm no' ungrateful to ye. I'll not forget how in the darkness an' the storm ye stood my me.'"

"An' I niver understood it so well before," said Terry, putting his face up close to the dear old story-teller's, to see just how she looked once more.

The wind blew her soft hair about her forehead, but the blue eyes were shining underneath, and the kind old lips were smiling, as they had always smiled on Terry ever since he could remember.

The rain having subsided, Terry struck out boldly for a shore. The family came running along the bank to meet him, and a great shout

burst from all the shivering group as Terry with his raft slowly made the land.

The hens were clucking, and the cocks were crowing; the blankets and wraps had mostly fallen off in the struggle with the waters, but Granny, with her soft locks blowing, and the water dripping from her soaked clothes, sat placid and unruffled amid the tumult, though she was shaking with the cold, and though she knew that they had lost everything.

"An' it's a foine moonlit sail the boy has given the old Granny!" she said with her own delightful brogue. "An' it's a foine house he'll build us again."

"Ah, but I never could have got through it all," rejoined Terry, dropping exhausted, and covering her thin smiling cheek with kisses, "if every time I could stop to listen, I hadn't heard the dear voice, for all the world as if we were sitting by the fireside yonder, telling me the old brave story of the Princess of Kilcannel."

"An' she did that, did she?" cried Bridget admiringly, who had just returned from escorting the little ones to a place of safety. "Well, a quare world it is, and a quare family is the O'Tooles!"

THE DOLL THAT WAS RICH

BY E. MARIA ALBANESI

IT HAD been a very tempestuous morning. Cosy had started the day badly by refusing to be dressed, and she had hit Marlie on the hand with a hair brush. Then Marlie had slapped her in return, and chaos had ensued, which brought the head housemaid running upstairs with her ladyship's compliments to inquire which of the young ladies was being murdered? Then, just by way of making everything very cheerful, it was a wet morning.

Had they been at home things might have been better, for there was always some form of entertainment forthcoming even if it went no further than turning out the toy cupboard and discovering lost treasures; but here in Grannie's house there was no nursery worthy of the name. The furniture was all so good and one had to be so careful not to shout too loudly, or otherwise enjoy one's self.

Nurse confessed to Bartram, Grannie's lady's maid, that she literally did not know what to do with the children this very wet morning.

"Of course, if I had my own way I'd put on their mackintoshes and turn them out of doors; their mother would not object, I know, but her ladyship would make a great fuss, I suppose."

"Oh! my lady would have a fit right away," replied Bartram promptly.

When the telegram had come from the War Office saying Daddy had been badly wounded, and when Mother flew about from one place to another and got passports and papers, and told Marlie she was going out to be with Daddy, she also told

the little girl that she and Cosy were to stay with Grannie till she came home again.

"And, of course, darling, I leave Cosy in your charge, and you'll look after everything just as I should, won't you?"

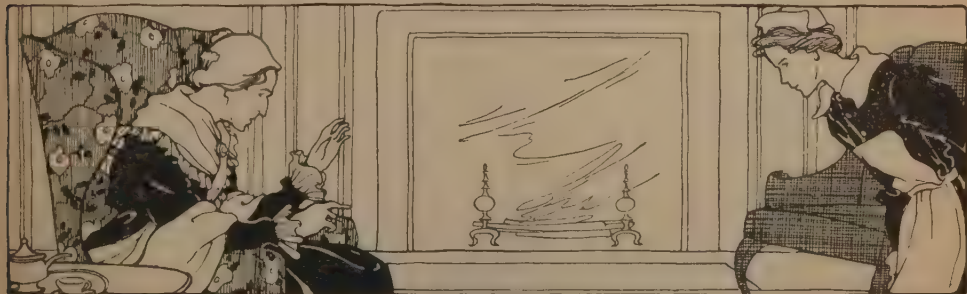
"Oh! of course," said Marlie, and she swallowed some big tears bravely but with a great effort. Cosy never pretended to be brave or to have a monopoly of virtues. She wailed loudly and clung to her mother just at the last.

"I don't want you to go, Mummy; and I want to see my Daddy. I want 'im 'orribly! I misbelieve that I shall enjoy myself with Grannie."

"I *don't* believe, you mean," Marlie had corrected her. Then she had made signs over Cosy's crop of flaxen curls to her mother. Mysterious signs, denoting that everything would be all right, and that there was not the least little need in the world to be worried about; and, indeed, when the taxi had flashed away, carrying mother, so white-faced, but always with a smile on her lips, Marlie had taken Cosy in her arms and had comforted her with words of tender affection and the gift of a much beloved pencil case.

So ably had she played her part that in a very little while her small sister was running about the nursery "packing up"; a proceeding which consisted in crowding her arms with toys which were dropped one by one on the floor, so that nurse had great difficulty in treading anywhere safely.

And just for a few days after they arrived in the country Cosy remained in the best of spirits.



HER LADYSHIP SENDS HER COMPLIMENTS

"Behaven herself quit wonderful," as Marlie wrote to her mother.

Unfortunately, however, good manners and good temper had a way of evaporating with Cosy, and on this day in particular she excelled herself in fractiousness and restlessness.

Marlie had felt it incumbent upon her to reprove her sister.

"My dear child," she said on one occasion (sometimes Marlie really did feel her full age—



MARLIE MADE SIGNS OVER COSY'S HEAD

she would be nine in December), "you really are the limit."

This was a phrase which she had caught from one of her boy cousins, and had treasured it, using it only on very special occasions.

Cosy's answer had been to fling a book at her sister's head.

It missed its mark, but Marlie felt none the less an injured person.

Curbing a desire to throw the book back again, she picked it up with dignity and smoothed its pages.

This was just about the period when nurse was confiding to Bartram, the lady's maid, that she really was so flustered, and that the children were altogether too much for her this morning.

"They're good enough as a general rule, I will say that for them," she said; "but Miss Cosy, ever since she woke up, she's been too naughty for words. I expect it was going out to that tea yesterday what's done it."

"Ah!" said Bartram. "You're about right there."

"Even Miss Marlie's a bit of a handful to-day," said nurse. "Usually she's so good and sensible. But she can talk of nothing but that little girl who danced yesterday. Why, the last thing she said to me last night, after she'd said her prayers, mind you, was as she didn't see why one little girl should make such a lot of money by her dancing for the wounded soldiers and the prisoners, and other little girls not be able to do a single thing. I am right sorry that her ladyship took the children to that entertainment yesterday—that I am!"

"Look here," said Bartram, "let me see what I can do with them. You go downstairs and sit with the others for a little while.

When Bartram entered the nursery she found Marlie crouched upon a chair by the table, her two elbows planted on the table supporting her little face, all puckered up with frowns. Cosy was crying noisily on the floor at her feet.

"Dear, dear, dear me!" said the maid. "Why, whatever has happened? Where's the sunshine?" She stood and looked about her in a wondering way. "There's always sunshine in a nursery, you know."

"Not when it's raining," said Marlie decisively.

"Oh, yes," said Bartram. "Rain has nothing to do with sunshine in a nursery. It comes from all sorts of unexpected corners. Now I shouldn't be one bit surprised if you were both of you to shut your eyes at this moment and keep them shut while I count ten, that when you open them again you'd find the sunshine just in front of you."

Cosy scrambled to her feet, her tears forgotten. She stood at attention like a little soldier.

"Shut eyes, Marlie!" she shouted. "Shut eyes!"

On the table in front of them were two dolls, one dressed and one partially dressed. Beside them was an open parcel, full of bits of bright-colored silk; and beside that again a work-basket.

"I wonder who wants to make some money for poor prisoners and the wounded soldiers?" asked Bartram.

Cosy screamed: "Me! me! me!" and clapped her hands and jumped up and down.

Marlie turned a little pale and caught her breath sharply.

"Oh, Bartram!" she said. "But *can* we? Do you suppose," very eagerly, "we could make as much money as Vera has made with her dancing? I've been trying so hard not to hate her! You see, it made us feel such little wormy things yesterday when she told us what *she* had done, and we had to tell her that we hadn't made a single penny. Of course, we've sent money out of our

money boxes, but that's not the same thing, you know."

Cosy solemnly repeated every word that Marlie said.

"Not the same thing, you know," she said, shaking her head.

"Why, of course it isn't," said Bartram. "But we're going to alter that. Now, then, let's get to work. Her ladyship's gone out to luncheon; she is in London to-day, so I've got a lot of time to myself; and we're going to be very busy."

"Very busy," said Cosy.

She dragged a chair to the table and climbed onto it, not without great difficulty.

Marlie heard the news about her grandmother with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Going out to luncheon again," she observed. "Grannie is so funny, always eating her food in other people's houses." Then she came back to the business of the moment. "But how are we going to get money when the dolls are ready, Bartram?"

Cosy repeated the sentence, putting her head on one side and looking adorably pretty.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," said Bartram. "There's going to be a sale in the village in aid of the fund that sends parcels out to the prisoners in Germany, and everybody is asked to send in something; so I want you and Miss Cosy to finish dressing these two dolls. You must make them look very beautiful, and then I'll see that they have a good and prominent place on the bazaar counter."

"What's the proment?" asked Cosy, from across the table.

"Hush!" said Marlie severely. "Don't get beginning with your questions, Cosy, or there'll never be no work done."

Bartram apportioned out the various bits of silk.

"You see, Miss Marlie," she said, "they've both of them got frocks, and some under things, but they've neither of them got petticoats. To be



ON THE TABLE WERE TWO DOLLS

really nice, well-behaved dolls they *must* have petticoats."

"Of course," said Marlie eagerly; "and this green silk will be just too lovely, won't it, Cosy?"

"Um!" said Cosy doubtfully; she had possessed herself of a large piece of pink silk. "I—ates green."

"You are always hating something!" said Marlie heatedly. "What you'll be like when you're grown up, goodness only knows."

"What's she grown up?" asked Cosy. "What's it for?"

Marlie's shoulders went up to her ears. She looked at Bartram as if to say: "Did you ever meet with such ignorance in all your life before?" Then she said: "It isn't for anything. Why, mother's grown up, stupid!"



A GREAT CALM FELL ON THE NURSERY

"Is she?" queried Cosy, as she tried to thread her needle to the great danger of stabbing her nose. "Is she very old?"

"Course she is," said Marlie; "years and years and years old!"

"Oh!" said Cosy, impressed but not satisfied. "Is she the oldest woman in the world?"

Bartram laughed and, stooping over the little speaker, kissed her.

"There, Miss Baby," she said. "Let me help you. This is too much silk for a petticoat; suppose we make a cloak with a hood? and you can have this other piece for a skirt. You see, the smarter the dolls are the more money they will bring."

"More money they will bring," said Cosy, nodding her head at her sister; but Marlie made no reply. A sudden and wonderful idea had flashed into her mind. She was beginning to hem the green silk petticoat with little fingers that trembled with excitement, and the same excitement quivered through her pretty little body and shone in her eyes.

"Oh, Bartram! I simply must make heaps of money," she said. "I want to send all I can to the poor men."

"The poor, poor men!" repeated Cosy, echoing her sister's eager voice. And then a great calm fell upon the nursery.

Bartram was so useful; she turned awkward corners; she showed how to sew gathers into a band; she kept needles threaded; she told all sorts of amusing stories; and by the time nurse came

back her little charges had quite forgotten the rain and the bad tempers of the early morning.

Even to break off work, to have hands washed, and hair brushed, and to eat luncheon was a great trial to Marlie.

Cosy fell asleep during the afternoon, but the elder little girl kept on steadily at her sewing till supper-time.

Her green silk petticoat was greatly admired, and when it was put on and fastened securely Marlie drew a deep breath of content.

"When are you going to take the dolls to Mrs. the minister's wife?" she asked Bartram eagerly.

"They shall go the moment they are finished," answered the maid.

The child nodded her head.

"If we don't make a hurry, Cosy may shout a lot when we take hers. It is a darling dollie, you know, Bartram." Then Marlie had a special request to make. "May I wrap them up myself and give them to you, Bartram?"

"Why, of course, my dear. I'll fetch you some paper and a cardboard box."

"I'm going to write a letter to put with them," said Marlie.

At supper-time she was very silent, but Cosy made up for this by being extremely hilarious. She banged the table with her teaspoon. She smeared herself with jam, she sang lustily, and she was just as delightfully good-tempered as a few hours before she had been naughty!

Of course Bartram had to finish dressing her doll; but Marlie had put in every stitch in the green silk petticoat herself; and while nurse had Cosy on her knee reading her a fairy story, the elder little girl slipped away into the bedroom.

On the chest of drawers near her bed there stood a small red leather case. It had a key, and when it was unlocked the child picked from its velvet cushions all her little bits of jewelry. There was her necklace of seed pearls, the little turquoise and diamond cross which Daddy had given her on her last birthday, the tiny bangle which she had worn when she had been a baby; the butterfly brooch that had been her gift when she had been a bridesmaid, and several other little things.

Marlie was trembling with excitement, but she was crying at the same time. She had carried the doll with her into the bedroom; and as she decked it now with all her worldly possessions, she kissed a farewell to each piece of jewelry as she put it on.

Then she wrapped the doll carefully in the large piece of tissue paper which Bartram had given her and outside this she pinned the letter she had written.



SHE DECKED THE DOLL WITH ALL HER WORLDLY POSSESSIONS

It was addressed "To the person who buys this dol"; and inside was inscribed in large letters: "Please give *plenty* of monney; it is a verry rich dol and oblige Yours respectfully M. B."

Her eyes were suspiciously red when she got back into the other room, but nurse fortunately did not notice this.

"Say good-bye to your doll, Cosy," Marlie said. "They're going now."

Cosy dropped a perfunctory kiss on top of the pink silk hood, and then she nestled down more closely into nurse's arms; with Cosy, at least, it was a case of the sunshine going and Mr. Dust-man arriving.

A little later, when her small sister was being put to bed, Marlie wrote another letter:

"My own darling precious most lovingly mother—I've got a tremenjou secret to tell you. Pleace *pleace* dosnent be cross with me. I hav gived away all my Julwary it is gon to be sold on a doll that I hav hellpped to dres. I made a grene silk petticoat al by myselff Bartram has just take it awaye. I cryed a lot sayng goodbuy to my dear darling julwary I want you and my Daddye to no that it made me a fearfull feeling for I love them so verry much but I have said a lot of little prers and now I am at piece again Nurs does not no yet but I shall tell her before I go to bed I expeck she will be very ankery but I must putt up with that as I do so dredfulley want to do some thin for my contrey and this was all I could do.—Your lovine little gurl MARLIE."

HINKS, SILENT PARTNER

BY HAPGOOD MOORE

"HEY, kid! Git off this lot."

"Oh, please."

"Run away, now. Don't you see that sign. 'Eagle Patrol, Boy Scouts?'"

"But let me be a Boy Scout, too."

The six giants of 12 looked down on the little shrimp of 8 scornfully.

"You a Scout? It takes men like us to be Scouts. You're nothing but a kid."

The "kid" turned as a last resort to the scout-master, who had just come up. "Please, teacher, let me dig, too. I've got a hoe."

The scoutmaster smiled into his hand. This was the spirit he liked. He had been talking about patriotic gardening all the spring, and here was a small defender who wanted to enlist. Suddenly a bright idea struck him.

"Say, boys, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know how you fellows feel about this garden patch. It's yours and you want to have the say-so about it, which is right. But in the business house I belong to we have a man whom we call the silent partner. Why not make the kid here—what's your name, boy?"

"Hinks, sir."

"Let's make Hinks our silent partner."

Boys usually fall in line behind someone who knows where he is going, and so after the Scouts had proven that Hinks knew what silence was, they agreed to let him in.

They went to work lustily till 11 o'clock, which, it seems, was the hour to go in swimming. Hinks looked wistfully toward them as they resumed

their blouses, but nobody invited him. So he kept on soberly with his little hoe. But when the others came back after dinner for another brief session among the beans they found that the wooden placard in front of the patch had been corrected to read:

EAGLE PATROL, BOY SCOUTS

And Hinks

Patriotism ran high during the month of June. The garden flourished. The scoutmaster was away, but Pilcher, patrol-leader, the boy who had first ordered Hinks off the lot, was in command, and he ruled like a despot, largely from the sidelines. Hinks was a merry little soul and bubbling with companionable conversation. But Pilcher had not forgotten the function of a silent partner and he always remembered promptly to shut him up. Nobody could stop his whistling, though, and whenever he reached the end of a long row he broke into song like a bird. Apparently he knew but one. Appropriately it was the line "There's a long, long trail a-winding."

The Scouts always camped out during July. "They hated to leave their garden," so they said, but duty was duty and so early one Monday they marched gaily by their lot, laden with rolls of blankets and skillets and toasters and fishing rods.



A SMALL FIGURE LYING IN THE SUN

Hinks bade them a cheerful good-by with a wave of his hoe.

It was an unmercifully hot month. The Scouts daily thanked their stars that they had rested from their labors. But there was little rest for Hinks. The early ambitions of the Scouts had laid out an enormous stretch of garden. Weeds grew apace, bugs made an early appearance, and crows flocked on the adjoining fences. The small back of the silent partner ached, and his little hands were sore.

The day before the Scouts got back their scoutmaster was in town. Going by the garden he spied a small figure lying in the sun. He ran over and picked him up. His eyes were closed and there was a white streak down either cheek. And his cheeks were very hot. But his hand was tightly clutched about his hoe handle. "Teacher?" he murmured when he recognized his

rescuer, and he put his arm around the scoutmaster's neck while he carried him home.

When the Scouts rushed back to their task a day or two after they were indignant to find that their placard had been rearranged. Now it reads:

HINKS
ASSISTED BY
EAGLE PATROL, BOY SCOUTS

Just then the scoutmaster came up. "If one of you fellows touches that sign," he said sternly, "I'll wipe his face in a bean patch."

Until Hinks fully recovered, his very silent partners hoed industriously.

FELLOW PASSENGERS

THE car was crowded, and several persons were standing up. As the car rounded a curve, one man lurched over to one side, and knocked his neighbor's hat over his eyes. The man thus accidentally struck turned around angrily and asked who hit him.

"I did. What are you going to do about it?" answered the other.

"I'd show you what I'd do about it, if I had you out of this car!"

"You would, eh?"

"Yes, I would!"

"Why don't you do it here?"

"I will, if you don't shut up."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you own this car."

"Perhaps I do. I don't take up more than my share of it, though."

"Well, I intend to have all the room I need. I don't mean to give up my personal rights to any man."

"Nobody asked you to. But you needn't push me out of my place."

"Who's pushing you out of your place?"

"You are."

At this point the conductor interfered, and threatened to put the disputants off the car. After a few more hard words, the man who had been the occasion of the dispute got out.

"Each man has made his enemy," thought more than one person in the car.

In a few minutes another passenger came in, and as it was cold near the door, he wedged his way slowly up to the front. In doing so, he stepped on the foot of the man who had already had his hat jammed over his face.

"Look out! What are you doing there? Can't you step somewhere else?"

"I beg your pardon! Very awkward of me, I'm sure. Hope it didn't hurt you much."

"Well—no—not very, very much."

"They don't make these cars big enough for men with big feet like mine and yours, eh?"

"That's so. Ought to put on platform-cars for us."

"Ha! ha! ha! Good! Glad you take it so good-naturedly. Fine frosty evening, isn't it?"

"You're right. Good Christmas weather."

"That's so. Do you celebrate?"

"Why, of course! Do you take me for a pagan?"

"You don't look like one, that's a fact. What's that in your overcoat pocket? A sled?"

"Not quite. A Noah's ark."

"Ah! That flood was a good thing for Noah's descendants, wasn't it?"

"First-rate. But I must get out here. Wish you a Merry Christmas, sir!"

"Same to you, and many of 'em!"

The second man got out two blocks further on, but to us who remained, it seemed as though he had breathed into the chilly air his own warm, hearty spirit. That man made more than one person happier that night.

THE STORY OF THE MAN IN THE MOON*

BY CATHARINE DUNLAP CATHER

THE man in the moon was once a merry peasant, who ever so long ago lived quite amicably with his good wife and children, and had a hut with a wooden floor and a roof whose thatch was as thick as any in the village. Always there was plenty of black bread and goat's milk, and sometimes on Sunday or holidays the family felt rich enough to afford a bit of pork. But one Holy Night that peasant turned dishonest, and then something happened.

"What shall we have for the Christmas feast?" asked his wife, who was fat and jolly. "Shall it be our good rye bread and a fine joint of meat?"

"To be sure," the merry husband answered, "but that is not enough. There shall be cabbage, too."

At his words the wife opened her mouth so wide that it looked like a big round window in her face.

"Cabbage!" she gasped. "Pray, how can that be, since we have not a leaf in the hut?"

The peasant nodded in a knowing way and answered, "To be sure, there is none here now, but there will be by and by."

Then he held his tongue as if he thought it unwise to talk too freely to a woman, took a basket, and went out of the door. His wife was

much excited. She was sure he had some secret message from the fairies, for it was in that far-away time when strange and marvelous things happened.

Down along the road the peasant hurried, smil-



*From "Educating by Story Telling," by Catherine Dunlap Cather, copyright by World Book Company; used by permission of the publishers.



UP HE STARTED AND NEVER STOPPED UNTIL HE
CAME TO THE MOON

ing like a village maiden on the way to meet her sweetheart at the fair. Everywhere lights gleamed from the windows, and he laughed at the

sight of them, for he knew people were inside, thinking of the feast and the Holy Night.

"Which makes it safe for me," he murmured. On and on he went, never stopping until he came to a cabbage patch, the largest and finest in the village. They grew bigger than his head, those cabbages, and every one of them belonged to the mayor.

"But some shall go into my good wife's pot," he laughed as he saw them, and climbing the fence he went into the patch and began to help himself.

Then suddenly along the road came a child on a snow-white horse. He rode as if nothing could halt him, but seeing the man in the patch, he stopped and shouted, "What are you doing?" The peasant looked to right and left and began to stammer, "Just b-b-b-borrowing some of the m-m-m-mayor cabbages," he replied, as he threw a plump one into his basket.

The clear, strong tones rang out again, "You steal, and on the Holy Night, too! So you and your basket shall go to the moon."

Then, whisk! Up the peasant started and never stopped until he came to the middle of the moon, and there he has stayed ever since. Whether or not he ate the cabbages, no one knows, but he and his basket are there to this day, and every night when the moon is full you may see them.

THE GOOD BEAR AND THE LOST BOY*

(Iroquois)

A boy went out to hunt and crawled into a great hole where porcupines lived. He wanted to get some of the young ones. The dirt fell into the hole behind him and shut him in with the porcupines.

The boy cried himself to sleep, for he knew his father could not find him. When he awoke he saw the mother porcupine as big as a squaw. She gave him some food, but he could not eat. The food was bitter.

The porcupine squaw said, "I will call a council, for I do not know what to feed you."

The council was held in the woods close by. Wolves, bears, foxes, and deer came. The mother sent her young porcupines to call these animals to the council. The boy was glad he had not hurt anyone in the porcupine's cave.

The mother porcupine stood in the council and said: "I have found this creature in the house I have made for my little ones. He is hungry, but

he cannot eat what my children eat. Tell me what to give him so that he may live."

A great gray fox rose then and answered: "I live on geese and the birds of the forest. He is the child of the redman. The redman has fire and clay. He cooks his food; I do not.

The council decided that the fox should not take the boy.

A wolf stood in the council: "I have many cubs in my den. They are always hungry. I am always hungry. It is better for the boy never to see the place where I sleep."

And the council agreed that the wolf mother should not take the boy.

The deer did not stand. His head was covered with tall antlers. He sat and looked with kind eyes at the man-child. He said: "I have hidden my family in the thick bushes. They are safe while I am in this council. We feed on wild grass and the tender leaves of the trees. We love

*From "Wigwam Stories," compiled by Mary Catherine Judd; used by permission of Miss Judd and the publishers, Ginn and Company, Boston, Mass.



THE COUNCIL

one another, but there are many who hunt us. The child could never run as we run. Our eyes see much. We see, we hear, and we run. The child has two feet; we have four. He could not follow us."

The council said that the deer should not take the boy.

The bear rose on his hind legs and said: "I feed on nuts. My little ones are warm and not hungry. I will take the boy."

The council said that the bear was wise. The boy should go with him, and all the other animals would help to gather the nuts for his feeding. The council fire was put out, and each one went home. The boy followed the bear to a hole in a

great tree. The mother bear and the cubs welcomed him, and the boy was happy.

He learned to talk as the bears talk and to walk like them. Nothing hurt him, and he was never hungry. Some Indians saw the father bear one day and chased him. Then they found the mother and her cubs, and all were killed.

The boy hid in the hollow tree. The Indians found him and took him away. He was very wild and did not love his people, for they had killed the bears.

The Indian boy was kept in the wigwam. He learned the ways of his people again, but never did he shoot or trap a bear.

A THANKSGIVING BASKET*

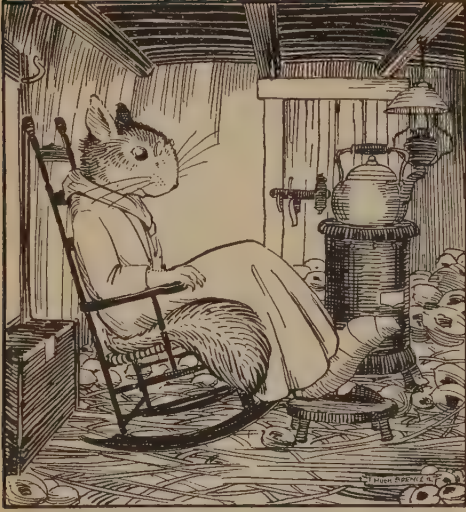
It was the day before Thanksgiving Day. Little Gray Squirrel was sitting all alone in her little house in the hollow oak tree.

Gray Squirrel could not run about like the other squirrels. One day, when she had been out gathering nuts for the winter-time, she had caught her foot in a trap that some bad boys had set in the woods.

She had pulled and pulled, and, at last, she had managed to get her foot out of the trap. But her foot was broken! Poor Gray Squirrel had hopped and jumped on one foot, and, somehow, she had managed to reach home.

That had happened more than a month ago. All that time Gray Squirrel could not move outside the door of her house. Before she had hurt

*From the Brownie Readers, edited by Mrs. Ruby Wrede Browne; used by permission of Mrs. Browne and the publishers, Ginn and Company, Boston, Mass.



LITTLE GRAY SQUIRREL WAS SITTING ALONE IN
HER HOUSE

her foot she had gathered a few nuts. She had eaten only a few each day to make them last. Now they were all gone and to-morrow was Thanksgiving Day! Poor little Gray Squirrel! She felt very sad sitting there all alone.

"I wonder how Gray Squirrel is getting along?" said Mrs. Red Squirrel to herself. "It's a shame! I haven't been to see her for days and days. I know what I'll do! I'll fix up a basket of good things and take them down to her for her Thanksgiving dinner."

Mrs. Red Squirrel took her biggest basket down from the hook. From the cupboard in her hollow-tree home she filled the basket with as many chestnuts as she thought she could carry. Then she started off for little Gray Squirrel's house.

Soon she came to Mrs. Brown Squirrel's house. Mrs. Brown Squirrel was out in her garden digging up some of the nuts she had put there for the winter.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. "Where are you going with your basket this lovely day?"

"I'm going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving dinner," answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Oh, do let me put some of these fine hickory nuts into your basket," said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. "I have plenty, and I shall feel so happy to think that I can give some of them to little Gray Squirrel."

Mrs. Brown Squirrel put so many hickory nuts into the basket that Mrs. Red Squirrel had all she could do to carry it.

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Brown Squirrel," said she, and off she started again.

Soon she came to Mr. Rabbit's bramble house. Mrs. Rabbit was standing at the door.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said she. "Where are you going this lovely day?"

"I'm going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving basket," answered kind Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Oh, just wait a minute!" said Mrs. Rabbit. "I have something that I can send, too. Some boys were having a picnic the other day, in the woods back of my house. When they went away I ran around there and found ever so many good things they had left. Wait just a minute and I will get them from my cupboard."

Mrs. Rabbit ran into her house and opened her cupboard in the dry grass and straw.

"Come in, Mrs. Red Squirrel," she called; "come in with your basket." And Mrs. Red Squirrel went into the little bramble house.

"Here are the peanuts I found," said Mrs. Rabbit. "I know Gray Squirrel will like them. I have plenty of cabbage and carrots stored away, and I really don't need the peanuts. You may take this red apple, too. Perhaps Gray Squirrel will eat it."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel. "You are very, very kind."

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Mrs. Rabbit. "It



MRS. BROWN SQUIRREL WAS IN HER GARDEN

makes me feel so happy to think that I can help little Gray Squirrel."

"Thank you, all the same," said Mrs. Red Squirrel; and once more she started off for little Gray Squirrel's house.

The basket was very heavy now, and it was all Mrs. Red Squirrel could do to carry it.

"Why, Mrs. Red Squirrel!" said a voice, "where are you going with that heavy basket?"

Mrs. Red Squirrel looked about and saw Mr. Rabbit sitting among the brambles by the roadside.

"I am going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving basket," answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Did you stop at our house?" Mr. Rabbit asked. "I think Mr. Rabbit may have something for your basket."

"Yes, I stopped at the house on my way," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, "and Mrs. Rabbit gave me some peanuts and a red apple for my basket."

"I am very glad she thought of them," said Mr. Rabbit. "Now, you must let me help you carry that heavy basket."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, "but I think I can manage it the rest of the way. I'm almost there now."

"Never mind," said Mr. Rabbit, "I can help



MRS. RED SQUIRREL WAS VERY GLAD TO HAVE MR. RABBIT'S HELP

you carry it for even a little way." And he took hold of the other side of the heavy basket.

Mrs. Red Squirrel was glad to have Mr. Rabbit's help, for the basket was indeed too much for her to carry alone.

They soon reached the hollow oak tree in which little Gray Squirrel lived. Mr. Rabbit knocked at the little door.

"Who's there?" called a sad little voice.

"How do you do, little Gray Squirrel?" answered Mr. Rabbit. "This is Mrs. Red Squirrel. She had brought you a Thanksgiving basket." And they opened the door and went in.

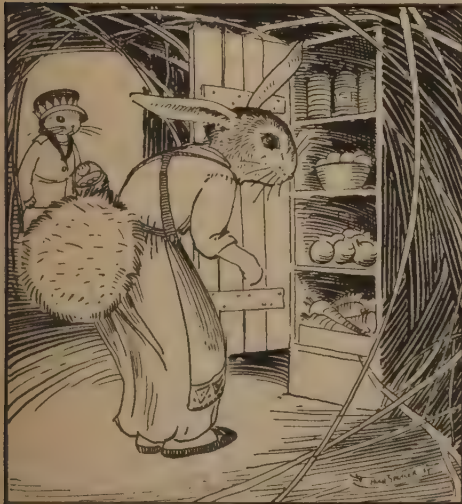
Little Gray Squirrel had been crying because she felt so lonely and hungry.

"Oh, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said she, "how can I thank you!"

Then Mrs. Red Squirrel told little Gray Squirrel about Mrs. Brown Squirrel and Mrs. Rabbit. "And Mr. Rabbit helped me carry the basket," said she.

Little Gray Squirrel felt very happy to know that she had so many friends. To-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day indeed!

The wonderful Thanksgiving basket lasted little Gray Squirrel all winter long, and that was all she needed, for, when the warm springtime came, her foot was quite well and she could run about again.



MRS. RABBIT OPENED HER CUPBOARD IN THE DRY GRASS



THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SENECAS*

(Iroquois)

Two Indians from the Seneca Reservation went hunting; they went on a long trail, but at last found a place where the deer come to eat the salt that is in the sand; it is called a "salt lick." The Indians waited in the trees until many deer came; they shot at the deer, which fell like wild ducks when the rice is ripe.

The Indians had to throw away much meat in order to save the skins for leather. There was more meat than the wolves could eat, but the hunters shot many deer every day, until no more came.

The hunters went on carrying great rolls of deerskin, which were very heavy. They were hungry, but found nothing but acorns to eat. They became very weak and said: "Our wigwams will see us no more. We shall starve, and the deerskins will never be used."

They sat by a great rock. One of the hunters hit the rock with a stick, and a little man appeared.

The little one said: "You are starving because you killed and did not eat. You fed the wolves; now the wolves will feed on you. We have driven the deer to another forest, where they may live and be found by other hunters. You were selfish.

You wanted all the deerskins in the forest. You were not wise."

"What shall we do to get food?" said the hunters.

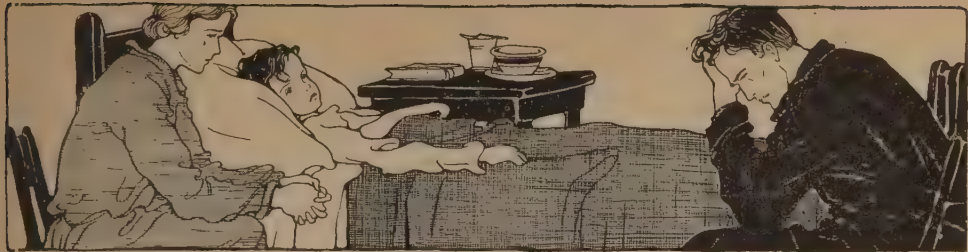
"You may have meat if you will give up all the deerskins. My people have said it," said the little one.

"We must have the skins, and we must have food. Ask your chief to let us have the skins for our wigwams. We will be wise when we see the deer again at the salt licks," said the older hunter.

"I will go to my chief. Hit on this rock again when you want me," said the little one.

The Indians rapped on the rock again when the sun was setting. The little one came and led the way to a great cave filled with food and furs. They ate and slept. At midnight they were awakened by many of the little people, who said that the hunters might take their packs of skins and all the food they wished from the cave if they would never again shoot the deer to feed the wolves. The hunters promised and soon were in a strange, sound sleep. When they awoke they were near their homes.

*From "Wigwam Stories," compiled by Mary Catherine Judd; used by permission of Miss Judd and the publishers, Ginn and Company, Boston, Mass.



BOUM-BOUM—A TALE*

BY JULES CLARETIE

(Translated by Edward Tuckerman Mason)

THE child, deathly pale, was lying stretched out in his little white bed, and his eyes, grown big from the fever, gazed fixedly in front of him, with that strange look of those who seem to see things invisible to others.

At the head of the bed the mother, biting her fingers to keep from crying, anxiously followed the progress of the disease upon the thin face of the poor little creature. The father, a good workman, forced back into his red eyes the tears which burned his eyelids.

The sun rose clear and sweet on a beautiful June morning, and the early light filled the room where little François, the child of Jacques and Marie Legrand, lay. He was seven years old, and only three weeks ago he had been fair and rosy, gay as a sparrow. But a fever had attacked him. One evening he came home from school with an aching head and hands as hot as fire.

That night the child had not been delirious, but for two days past he had made the doctor very anxious by a sort of strange prostration, which seemed like a giving up of everything, as if, at seven years old, the sick child had already grown weary of life. He was tired, silent, sorrowful, turning his head upon the pillow, not wanting to take anything, without a smile upon his poor shriveled lips, and his haggard eyes still searching, seeing one knew not what, very far off. When they wanted him to take his medicine or some soup he utterly refused.

"Do you want something, François?"

"No, I want nothing!"

The doctor said: "He must be roused out of this state. His torpor alarms me. You are his father and mother, and you know your own child per-

fectly. You must find something to bring back the life to this little body." And he left them.

They must find something! Yes, surely the good people knew all about their little François. They knew how he enjoyed plundering the hedges on Sunday, and coming back to Paris loaded with hawthorn blossoms, and seated upon his father's shoulders. They knew how he loved to go to see Punch and Judy.

Jacques Legrand had bought paper toys for the little one, gilded soldiers, queer Chinese figures. Now he cut them out, put them on the child's bed, made them dance before his eyes, and tried to make him laugh, though his own heart was full of grief.

"See, François! That is a broken bridge, and there is a general! Don't you remember? You saw a general one day in the park. If you take your medicine I'll buy you a bigger one, with a cloth uniform and gold epaulets. Tell me, do you want the general?"

"No!" the child answered, in his dull, feverish voice.

"Do you want a pistol, some marbles, a cross-bow?"

"No," repeated the little voice, clear and almost cruel. And to all that they said to him, to all their offers of balloons and jumping-jacks, there came the same monotonous answer, "No, no, no!" while the unhappy parents looked at each other despairingly.

"But what do you really want, my little François?" his mother asked. "Let us see, there surely must be something which you would like to have. Tell me, tell your own mamma!"

She laid her cheek upon the sick boy's pillow,

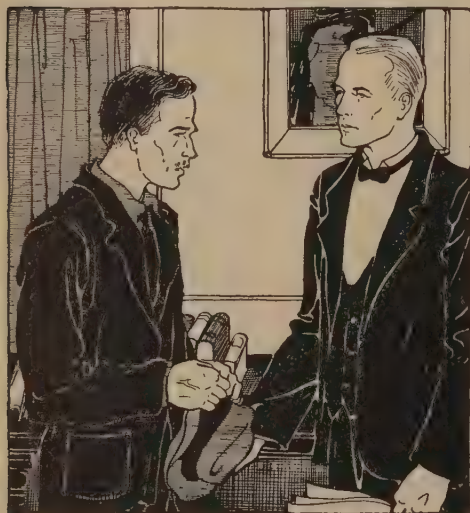
and whispered this into his ear as though it were a secret.

Then the child, in a strange tone, sitting up in bed, and stretching out his eager hand toward something invisible, answered all at once in a voice which was earnest, beseeching, imperative:

"I want Boum-boum!"

"Boum-boum!"

Poor Marie turned her frightened face toward



JACQUES TWIRLED HIS HAT

her husband. What was the little boy saying? Was this an attack of delirium?

"Boum-boum!"

She did not know what he meant, and she was frightened by these strange words which the child kept repeating, as if, not having dared until then to give any expression to his dream, he clung to it with an obstinacy nothing could change.

"Yes, Boum-boum! Boum-boum! I want Boum-boum!"

The mother seized her husband's hand, and said, "Oh, Jacques, what does he mean? He has lost his mind!"

But the father's rough face had an expression which was almost happy, although bewildered; the smile of a condemned man who has caught a glimpse of the possibility of freedom.

"Boum-boum!" How well he remembered the Easter Monday when he had taken François to the matinée at the circus. He still seemed to hear the boy's shouts of delight, his bursts of laughter when the clown, all covered with gold

spangles, and wearing a glittering butterfly on the back of his costume, frisked across the ring, tripped up a rider, stood upon his head in the sand, or threw the felt hats high up in the air, skilfully catching them on his head, where they formed a pyramid. And at every trick, at every joke, his broad mouth uttered the same cry, like a merry refrain, repeated the same word:

"Boum-boum!"

"And whenever he appeared the whole audience cried 'Bravo!' and the little boy laughed joyfully. It was this Boum-boum, the great clown, whom François wanted to see, and whom he could not see, because he lay there, without any strength, on his white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought the child a jointed clown, covered with spangles, which he had bought, very dearly, at a toy shop. It had cost him his wages for several days' work. But he would have given much more to bring back a smile to those pale lips.

The child looked for a moment at the toy glittering on the white sheets, then said sadly:

"This is not Boum-boum! I want to see Boum-boum!"

Ah, if Jacques could only have wrapped him up in the bedclothes, carried him off to the circus, and said to him, "See, there he is!"

Jacques did better than that. He went to the circus, asked for the clown's address, and timidly, with legs trembling from anxiety, he went up the steps which led to the artist's apartment. What he was doing seemed very rash; yet after all, the actors often went to the houses of rich people to sing or to recite monologues. Perhaps the clown would be willing to come to say "Good-day" to François. And then he wondered how Boum-boum would receive him.

But this was not Boum-boum! It was M. Moreno, a charming man who greeted Jacques in his beautiful home, full of rare books and choice paintings. Jacques looked at him, not able to recognize the clown, and stood helplessly twirling his felt hat between his fingers, while the other man patiently waited. Then the father made his excuses. He had come to ask a most astonishing thing. It was all about the poor little one. A pretty little boy, and so intelligent! Always at the head of his classes at school—except at arithmetic, which he could not understand. A dreamer, yes, a dreamer; and the proof of it is that he wants to see you, that he thinks of no one but you, and that you are before him, like a star which he longs to have, and at which he is always gazing.

When he had finished, Jacques was pale, and the big drops stood upon his forehead. He dared

not look at the clown, who stood with his eyes fixed upon the workman. What would Boum-boum say? Would he send him off roughly, would he take him for a crazy man?

"Where do you live?" Boum-boum asked.

"Oh, quite near!"

"All right," said the clown. "Does your boy want to see Boum-boum? He shall see him!"

When the door opened, Jacques Legrand called joyfully to his son:

"François, be happy, my boy! Here is Boum-boum!"

A gleam of joy lighted the child's face. He raised himself upon his mother's arm, and turned his head toward the two men who were coming to his bedside. He looked earnestly for a moment at the gentleman in the frock coat, smiling so gayly at him, and whom he did not know. But when they told him that this was Boum-boum, he slowly and sadly let his head fall back upon the pillow, and his eyes became fixed again, his beautiful, large blue eyes which looked beyond the walls of the little room, still searching, searching so anxiously for Boum-boum's make-up, his tinsel, spangles, and butterflies, even as a lover pursues his dream.

"No," the child said, and his voice was no longer dull, but sorrowful, "no, this is not Boum-boum!"

The clown, standing near the little bed, gazed upon the boy's face with an earnest look, very serious and infinitely tender. He shook his head, glanced at the anxious parents, and said, with a smile:

"He is quite right! This is not Boum-boum!"

And he went away.

"I shall never see him! I shall never see Boum-boum again!" said the child.

All at once—it was not half an hour since the clown had gone—the door was suddenly thrown open, and there stood the real Boum-boum, in his black spangled tights, with the little yellow tuft on his head, the golden butterflies upon his breast and his back, and a broad smile like a slot in a monkey-box, spreading across his jolly powdered face. Yes, it was the real Boum-boum of the circus, little François' Boum-boum!

The joy of life shone in the child's laughing, weeping, happy eyes. He clasped his thin hands, and cried "Bravo!" and exclaimed, with all his old gayety:

"That is he! That is he this time! There is Boum-boum! Good-day, Boum-boum!"

When the doctor came back that day he found, seated on the foot of little François' bed, a white-

faced clown, who was making the boy laugh and laugh again, and who said, as he stirred a lump of sugar at the bottom of a cup of herb tea:

"You know, if you don't drink this, François, Boum-boum won't come back any more!"

And the child drank.

"Isn't it good?"

"Very good! Thanks, Boum-boum!"

"Doctor," said the clown, "don't be jealous!"



BOUM-BOUM, ACROBATIC DOCTOR

But it really seems to me that my grimaces have done him as much good as your prescriptions!"

The father and mother were weeping, but this time it was from joy.

And until little François was on his legs again, every day a carriage stopped before the workman's door, and a man got out of it, wrapped in a cloak, with the collar turned up, and underneath it he wore the circus costume, and his merry face was powdered.

"What do I owe you, Monsieur?" said Jacques Legrand to the great clown, when the child went out of doors for the first time.

The clown stretched out his big hands to the parents, like a gentle Hercules, and said:

"Only the clasp of your hands!"

Then kissing the rosy cheeks of the child, he added laughingly:

"And you must permit me to put upon my visiting cards:

BOUM-BOUM

ACROBATIC DOCTOR

Physician-in-ordinary to Little François



THE FOUR-DOLLAR SERVANT

A Russian Folk Story

A RICH man, whose name was Mr. Seidman, employed many servants. He treated them all kindly, and they were fond of him and often told him their troubles and asked his advice. Among these servants were two men, named John and Joseph. John was paid four dollars a week as wages, and Joseph ten dollars a week.

The two men often saw each other at their tasks. John's work was nearly always hard. He had to move heavy furniture about, and carry large boxes and packages up and down stairs. Joseph's work was much easier. He ran errands for his master, worked for him among his books, and wrote letters for him.

John often wondered why Joseph received so large a wage for light work, while he himself worked much harder for less money. He determined to ask Mr. Seidman the reason. He knew that his master was his friend and would be willing to answer his questions.

"There is something that puzzles me," he said to Mr. Seidman one day. "I wish you would explain to me." And he told him his trouble.

Mr. Seidman listened, and then answered, "Yes, I will explain to you the reason for the difference between your wages and Joseph's. But first, do you see that loaded wagon that has stopped in the street? Ask the driver, please, what he has in his load."

John went out to the street and returned at once, saying that the wagon was loaded with wheat.

"Where is the wheat going?" asked Mr. Seidman.

Again John went out to the wagon.

"The wheat is to be delivered in Brod," he reported.

"And from where does it come?" Mr. Seidman asked.

Once more John was obliged to go out to the street and speak to the driver of the wagon.

Then Mr. Seidman wished to know how much grain there was in the load.

As soon as John had learned this, his master asked what the price was per bushel. Again John ran out to the wagon.

Altogether he made five trips in order to answer his master's questions.

Then Mr. Seidman sent for Joseph, who was busy at his work in another room.

"Joseph," he said, "run out to that driver and ask him what he has in his wagon. I want to know."

Joseph quickly ran out to the street; and it was not very long—in fact, only as long as it took John to ask his first question—before he came back.

"Well?" asked his master.

"The driver comes from the town of Sinyava," answered Joseph, "but his load of wheat comes from Svod, and he says he is taking it to Brod. Since early morning he has been on the road, but expects to get to Brod before night. He has more than one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat in the load, and it is worth seventy-five cents a bushel. He tells me that the wheat crop

has been large this year, and that we may expect a fall in the price before long. Is that all, Mr. Seidman?"

"Yes, that is all, Joseph. Now, John," said Mr. Seidman, "do you understand why Joseph is worth a larger wage than you are?"

John nodded. "Yes," he replied, "he thinks while he works."

PRINCE HARWEDA AND THE MAGIC PRISON

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON

LITTLE Harweda was born a Prince. His father was King over all the land and his mother was the most beautiful Queen the world had ever seen and Prince Harweda was their only child. From the day of his birth everything that love or money could do for him had been done. The very wind of heaven was made to fan over an æolian harp that it might enter his room, not as a strong fresh breeze, but as a breath of music. Reflectors were so arranged in the windows that twice as much moonlight fell on his crib as on that of any ordinary child. The pillow on which his head rested was made out of the down from humming birds' breasts and the water in which his face and hands were washed was always steeped in rose leaves before being brought to the nursery. Everything that could be done was done, and nothing which could add to his ease or comfort was left undone.

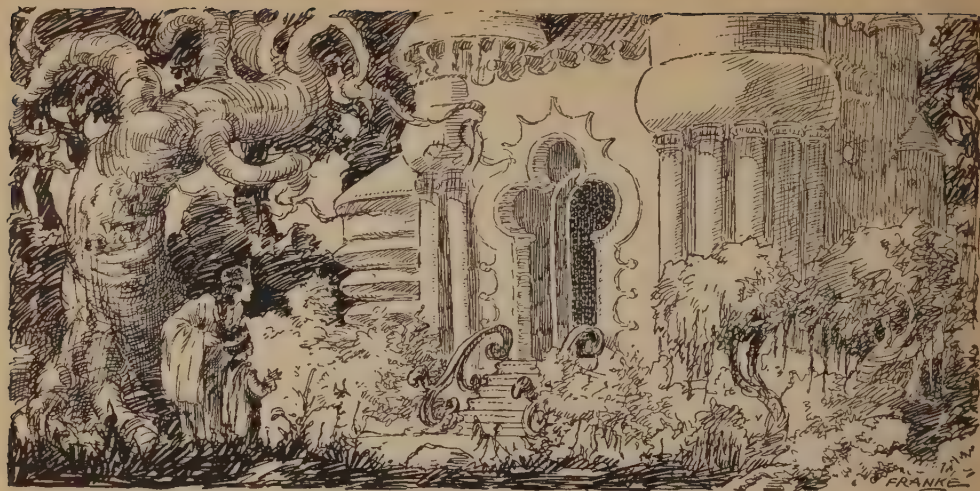
But his parents, although they were King and Queen, were not very wise, for they never thought of making the young Prince think of anybody but himself and he had never in all his life given up any one of his comforts that somebody else might have a pleasure. So, of course, he grew to be selfish and peevish, and by the time he was five years old he was so disagreeable that nobody loved him. "Dear, dear! what shall we do?" said the poor Queen mother and the King only sighed and answered "Ah, what indeed!" They were both very much grieved at heart for they well knew that little Harweda, although he was a Prince, would never grow up to be a really great King unless he could make his people love him.

At last they decided to send for his fairy god-mother and see if she could suggest anything which would cure Prince Harweda of always thinking of himself. "Well, well, well!" exclaimed the god-mother when they had laid the case before her—"This is a pretty state of affairs! and I his

god-mother too! Why wasn't I called in sooner?" She then told them that she would have to think a day and a night and a day again before she could offer them any assistance. "But," added she, "if I take the child in charge you must promise not to interfere for a whole year." The King and Queen gladly promised that they would not speak



to or even see their son for the required time if the fairy god-mother would only cure him of his selfishness. "We'll see about that," said the god-mother. "Humph, expecting to be a King some day and not caring for anybody but himself—a fine King he'll make!" With that off she flew and the King and Queen saw nothing more of her for a day and a night and another day. Then back she came in a great hurry. "Give me the Prince," she said; "I have his house all ready for him. One month from to-day I'll bring him back to you. Perhaps he'll be cured and perhaps he



SHE TOLD HIM IT WAS HIS HOUSE

won't. If he is not cured then we shall try two months next time. We'll see, we'll see." Without any more ado she picked up the astonished young Prince and flew away with him as lightly as if he were nothing but a feather or a straw. In vain the poor Queen wept and begged for a last kiss. Before she had wiped her eyes, the fairy god-mother and Prince Harweda were out of sight.

They flew a long distance until they reached a great forest. When they had come to the middle of it, down flew the fairy, and in a minute more the young Prince was standing on the green grass beside a beautiful pink marble palace that looked something like a good sized summer house.

"This is your home," said the god-mother, "in it you will find everything you need and you can do just as you choose with your time." Little Harweda was delighted at this for there was nothing in the world he liked better than to do as he pleased, so he tossed his cap into the air and ran into the lovely little house without so much as saying, "Thank you" to his god-mother. "Humph," said she as he disappeared, "you'll have enough of it before you are through with it, my fine Prince." With that off she flew.

Prince Harweda had no sooner set his foot inside the small rose-colored palace than the iron door shut with a bang and locked itself. For you must know by this time that it was an enchanted house, as of course, all houses are that are built by fairies.

Prince Harweda did not mind being locked in, as he cared very little for the great beautiful out-

side world, and the new home which was to be *all his own* was very fine, and he was eager and impatient to examine it. Then, too, he thought that when he was tired of it, all he would have to do would be to kick on the door and a servant from somewhere would come and open it—he had always had a servant ready to obey his slightest command.

His fairy god-mother had told him that it was *his* house, therefore he was interested in looking at everything in it.

The floor was made of a beautiful red copper that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold and seemed almost a dark red in the shadow. He had never seen anything half so fine before. The ceiling was of mother-of-pearl and showed a constant changing of tints of red and blue and yellow and green, all blending into the gleaming white, as only mother-of-pearl can. From the middle of this handsome ceiling hung a large gilded bird cage containing a beautiful bird, which just at this moment was singing a glad song of welcome to the Prince. Harweda, however, cared very little about birds, so he took no notice of the songster.

Around on every side were costly divans with richly embroidered coverings and on which were many sizes of soft down pillows. "Ah," thought the Prince, "here I can lounge at my ease with no one to call me to stupid lessons!" Wonderfully carved jars and vases of wrought gold and silver stood about on the floor and each was filled with a different kind of perfume. "This is delicious," said Prince Harweda. "Now I can have all the

sweet odors I want without the trouble of going out into the garden for roses or lilies."

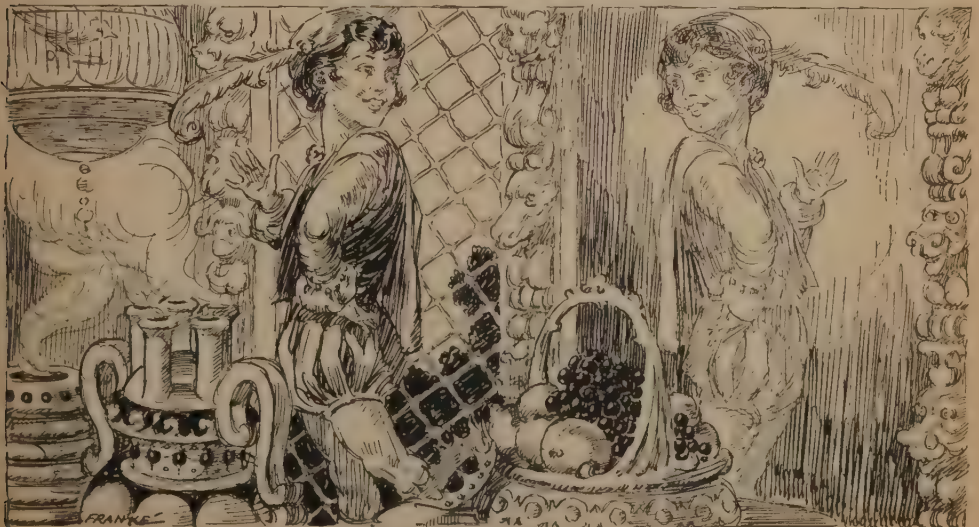
In the center of the room was a fountain of sparkling water which leaped up and fell back into its marble basin with a kind of rhythmical sound that made a faint, dreamy music very pleasant to listen to.

On a table near at hand were various baskets of the most tempting pears and grapes and peaches, and near them were dishes of all kinds of sweetmeats. "Good," said the greedy young Prince, "that is what I like best of all," and therewith he fell to eating the fruit and sweetmeats as fast as he could cram them into his mouth. He ate so much he had a pain in his stomach, but strange to say, the table was just as full as when he began, for no sooner did he reach his hand out and take a soft mellow pear or a rich, juicy peach than another pear or peach took its place in the basket. The same thing occurred when he helped himself to chocolate drops or marshmallows or any of the other confectionery upon the table. For, of course, if the little palace were enchanted, everything in it was enchanted also.

When Prince Harweda had eaten until he could eat no more he threw himself down upon one of the couches and an invisible hand gently stroked his hair until he fell asleep. When he awoke he noticed for the first time the walls which, by the way, were really the strangest part of his new home. They had in them twelve long, checkered windows which reached from the ceiling to the floor. The spaces between the windows were

filled in with mirrors exactly the same size as the windows, so that the whole room was walled in with windows and looking-glasses. Through the three windows that looked to the north could be seen the far distant mountains Beautiful, as they were called, towering high above the surrounding country; sometimes their snow-covered tops were pink or creamy yellow as they caught the rays of the sunrise; sometimes they were dark purple or blue as they reflected the storm cloud. From the three windows that faced the south could be seen the great ocean, tossing and moving, constantly catching a thousand gleams of silver from the moonlight. Again and again, each little wave would be capped with white from its romp with the wind. Yet, as the huge mountains seemed to reach higher than man could climb, so the vast ocean seemed to stretch out farther than any ship could possibly carry him. The eastern windows gave each morning a glorious vision of sky as the darkness of the night slowly melted into the still gray dawn, and that changed into a golden glow and that in turn became a tender pink. It was really the most beautiful as well as the most mysterious sight on earth if one watched it closely. The windows on the west looked out upon a great forest of tall fir trees and at the time of sunset the glorious colors of the sky could be seen between the dark green branches.

But little Prince Harweda cared for none of these beautiful views. In fact, he scarcely glanced out of the windows at all, he was so taken up with the broad handsome mirrors, for in each of them



HE WAS VERY FOND OF LOOKING AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRRORS

he could see himself reflected and he was very fond of looking at himself in a looking glass. He was much pleased when he noticed that the mirrors were so arranged that each one not only reflected his whole body, head, arms, feet and all, but that it also reflected his image as seen in several of the other mirrors. He could thus see his front and back and each side all at the same time. As he was a handsome boy he enjoyed these many views of himself immensely and would stand and sit and lie down just for the fun of seeing the many images of himself do the same thing.

He spent so much time looking at and admiring himself in the wonderful looking glasses that he had very little time for the books and games which had been provided for his amusement. Hours were spent each day first before one mirror and then another, and he did not notice that the windows were growing narrower and the mirrors wider until the former had become so small that they hardly admitted light enough for him to see himself in the looking glass. Still, this did not alarm him very much as he cared nothing whatever for the outside world. It only made him spend more time before the mirror, as it was now getting quite difficult for him to see himself at all. The windows at last became mere slits in the wall and the mirrors grew so large that they not only reflected little Harweda, but all of the room besides in a dim, indistinct kind of way.

Finally, however, Prince Harweda awoke one morning and found himself in total darkness. Not a ray of light came from the outside and, of course, not an object in the room could be seen. He rubbed his eyes and sat up to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then he called loudly for someone to come and open a window for him, but no one came. He got up and groped his way to the iron door and tried to open it, but it was, as you know, locked. He kicked it and beat upon it, but he only bruised his fists and hurt his toes. He grew quite angry now. How dare anyone shut him, a Prince, up in a dark prison like this! He abused his fairy god-mother, calling her all sorts of horrid names. Then he upbraided his father and mother, the King and Queen, for letting him go away with such a god-mother. In fact, he blamed everybody and everything but himself for his present condition, but it was of no use. The sound of his own voice was his only answer. The whole of the outside world seemed to have forgotten him.

As he felt his way back to his couch he knocked over one of the golden jars which had held the liquid perfume, but the perfume was all gone now and only an empty jar rolled over the

floor. He laid himself down on the divan, but its soft pillows had been removed and a hard iron framework received him. He was dismayed and lay for a long time thinking of what he had best do with himself. All before him was blank darkness, as black as the darkest night you ever saw. He reached out his hand to get some fruit to eat, but only one or two withered apples remained on the table—was he to starve to death? Suddenly he noticed that the tinkling music of the fountain had ceased. He hastily groped his way over to it and he found in place of the dancing, running stream stood a silent pool of water. A hush had fallen upon everything about him, a dead silence was in the room. He threw himself down upon the floor and wished that he were dead also. He lay there for a long, long time.

At last he heard, or thought he heard, a faint sound. He listened eagerly. It seemed to be some tiny creature not far from him, trying to move about. For the first time for nearly a month he remembered the bird in its gilded cage. "Poor little thing," he cried as he sprang up, "you too are shut within this terrible prison. This thick darkness must be as hard for you to bear as it is for me." He went towards the cage and as he approached it the bird gave a sad little chirp.

"That's better than nothing," said the boy. "You must need some water to drink, poor thing," continued he as he filled its drinking cup. "This is all I have to give you."

Just then he heard a harsh, grating sound, as of rusty bolts sliding with difficulty out of their sockets, and then faint rays of light not wider than a hair began to shine between the heavy plate mirrors. Prince Harweda was filled with joy. "Perhaps, perhaps," said he softly, "I may yet see the light again. Ah, how beautiful the outside world would look to me now!"

The next day he was so hungry that he began to eat one of the old withered apples, and as he bit it he thought of the bird, his fellow-prisoner. "You must be hungry, too, poor little thing," said he as he divided his miserable food and put part of it into the bird's cage. Again came the harsh, grating sound, and the boy noticed that the cracks of light were growing larger. Still they were only cracks, nothing of the outside world could be seen. Still it was a comfort not to have to grope about in total darkness. Prince Harweda felt quite sure that the cracks of light were a little wider, and on going up to one and putting his eye close to it as he would to a pinhole in a paper, he was rejoiced to find that he could tell the greenness of the grass from the blue of the sky. "Ah, my pretty bird, my pretty bird!" he cried joyfully, "I have had a glimpse of the great

beautiful outside world and you shall have it too."

With these words he climbed up into a chair and loosening the cage from the golden chain by which it hung, he carried it carefully to the nearest crack of light and placed it close to the narrow opening. Again was heard the harsh, grating sound and the walls moved a bit and the windows were now at least an inch wide. At this the poor Prince clasped his hands with delight. He sat himself down near the bird cage and gazed out of the narrow opening. Never before had the trees looked so tall and stately, or the white clouds floating through the sky so lovely. The next day as he was carefully cleaning the bird's cage so that the little creature might be somewhat more comfortable, the wall again creaked and groaned and the mirrors grew narrower by just as many inches as the windows widened. But Prince Harweda saw only the flood of sunshine that poured in, and the added beauty of the larger landscape. He cared nothing whatever now for the stupid mirrors which could only reflect what was placed before them. Each day he found something new and beautiful in the view from the narrow windows. Now it was a squirrel frisking about and running up some tall tree trunk so rapidly that Prince Harweda could not follow it with his eyes; again it was a mother bird feeding her young. By this time the windows were a foot wide or more. One day as two white doves suddenly soared aloft in the blue sky the poor little canary who had now become the tenderly rared for comrade of the young Prince, gave a pitiful little trill. "Dear little fellow," cried Prince Harweda, "do you also long for your freedom? You shall at least be as free as I am." So saying, he opened the cage door and the bird flew out.

The Prince laughed as he watched it flutter about from chair to table and back to chair again. He was so much occupied with the bird that he did not notice that the walls had again shaken and the windows were now their full size, until

the added light caused him to look around. He turned and saw the room looking almost exactly as it did the day he entered it with so much pride because it was all his own. Now it seemed close and stuffy and he would gladly have exchanged it for the humblest home in his father's kingdom where he could meet people and hear them talk and see them smile at each other, even if they should take no notice of him. One day soon after this the little bird fluttered up against the window-pane and beat his wings against it in a vain effort to get out. A new idea seized the young Prince, and taking up one of the golden jars he went to the window and struck on one of its checkered panes of glass with all his force. "You shall be free, even if I cannot," said he to the bird. Two or three strong blows shattered the small pane and the bird swept out into the free open air beyond. "Ah, my pretty one, how glad I am that you are free at last," exclaimed the Prince as he stood watching the flight of his fellow-prisoner. His face was bright with the glad, unselfish joy over the bird's liberty. The small, pink marble palace shook from top to bottom, the iron door flew open and the fresh wind from the sea rushed in and seemed to catch the boy in its invisible arms. Prince Harweda could hardly believe his eyes as he sprang to the door. There stood his fairy god-mother smiling and with her hand reached out toward him. "Come, my god-child," said she gently, "we shall now go back to your father and mother, the King and Queen, and they will rejoice with us that you have been cured of your terrible disease of selfishness."

Great indeed was the rejoicing in the palace when Prince Harweda was returned to them a sweet, loving boy, kind and thoughtful to all about him. Many a struggle he had with himself and many a conquest over the old habit of selfishness, but as time passed by he grew to be a great was wise King, loving and tenderly caring for all his people and loved by them in return.



THE PRINCE STOOD WATCHING THE BIRD



THE PRINCE WHO WASN'T HUNGRY

BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

ONCE upon a time there was a little Prince who had very little to do, and so he thought a great deal about eating. All the grown-up people in the castle were most anxious to have the little Prince grow up to be a fine, strong King. So they, too, thought a great deal about what the Prince should eat. The Queen made out long lists of good things for his meals. The Court Chancellor bought food himself in town so as to be sure that it would be fresh. The Court Cook was busy boiling, and broiling, and simmering, and-tasting for the little Prince almost all day long. While the Court Ladies in Waiting served the little Prince's meals in the most dainty ways: sometimes on rosebud china, and sometimes in gold bowls, and always with silver spoons.

Such delicious foods as they were! No child, but a Prince, had ever tasted them.

There were wheat cakes made from only golden wheat, and served with honey from the wild bees' combs. There were eggs that a tiny bantam hen had laid, made into an omelette with very rare herbs from the castle kitchen garden. There were tarts filled with wild strawberries or blackberries, which every one knows are the nicest strawberries and blackberries of all. There were such strange, sweet dishes as violet jelly, and rose-leaf jam, and

clover preserve, very good indeed for supper, spread on sugar wafers.

At first the little Prince had an excellent appetite for all these good things. He looked forward so to his meals that he thought very little about running and playing with the castle pages. Instead, he spent ever so much time watching the clock, and he made up a new timetable for himself.

"Half past breakfast, it is now!" the little Prince would say, or, "A quarter before dinner," or, "Ten minutes of supper." And the Prince grew so fat that he looked like a little stuffed pig.

But after a while the Prince lost his appetite. None of the rare foods that they gave him tasted as delicious as they had before. He began asking for things to eat that no one could give him; a blue apple, or a mug of dew, or a pat of butter made of buttercups.

"What shall we do about it?" all the people in the castle said, and the Queen cried, and the Court Cook wrung his hands. The little Prince would eat nothing else.

Then the little Prince asked them for the best food in the world, and would have no other. He had eaten what everyone thought was the best, so they did not know what to do. One day

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they missed the little Prince. He had gone down into the village to try and find for himself the best food in the world.

He asked everyone whom he met about it. Everyone knew, from his velvet suit and his buckled shoes that he was the Prince, so they all tried to feed him.

"Now, I have the best food in the world, a nicely roasted chicken," said the innkeeper.

"Oh, no, I have eaten roasted chicken and I am tired of it, thank you," said the Prince.

"I am sure that I have the best food in the world," said the baker, "a frosted plum cake."

"Oh, no, I have eaten frosted plum cake, and I am tired of it, thank you," said the Prince.

"Of course I have the best food in the world, chocolate ice cream," said the sweets man.

"Oh, no, I have eaten chocolate ice cream and I am tired of it, thank you," said the Prince.

So he went this way and that way, but he could not find anything that he wanted to eat.

When it was late in the afternoon he came to the woods and there he met a little boy of his own age chopping down small trees. The boy's cheeks were rosy, and his eyes were bright. His arms, swinging the shiny hatchet, were tough with strong muscles. He looked as if he had eaten good food all his life, so the little Prince spoke to him.

"Have you any of the best food in the world?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; right here in my pocket," said the boy.

"May I have some?" begged the little Prince.

"Yes, indeed," said the boy, "if you will help me with my chopping first. I am not going to eat my supper until I have finished my work."

So the little Prince took the hatchet and chopped, while the boy tied the wood into bundles and gathered up the chips. The air was crisp and sweet, and the work made the little Prince's blood flow fast and warm. He liked it very much indeed, so he kept on chopping until his arms ached and he had to sit down on a stump to rest.

"Now we will eat," said the boy, and he pulled a piece of strange, dark food from his pocket. He broke it in two and gave half to the Prince who ate it in hungry mouthfuls.

It tasted better than anything he had ever eaten before!

"It is the best food in the world. Thank you," said the little Prince. "I shall see that you are made a page, and I will take back part of this food to share with my mother, the Queen."

But the Queen and all the other people were very much surprised at what the little Prince brought them.

It was a piece of brown bread and butter!

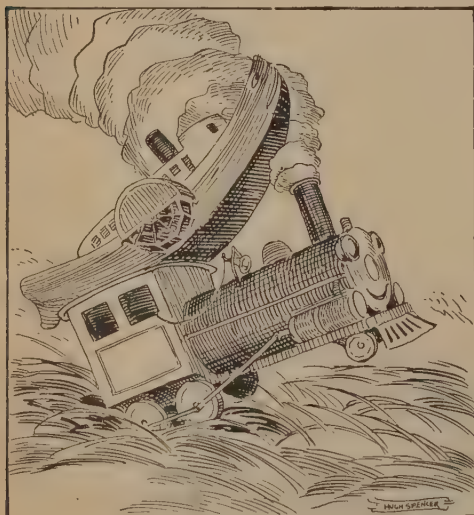


THE STEAMBOAT AND THE LOCOMOTIVE*

BY GELETT BURGESS

ON THE railway that ran through the City o' Ligg there was once an English-made locomotive who was always discontented and grumbling. Nothing in the world was good enough for him; or, at least, nothing in the City o' Ligg.

His coal was too hard or too soft; it was never just right. He hated to pull passenger trains because he had to go so fast, and he didn't like to pull freight trains because they were too heavy. He was always complaining that he was out of order, so that he might stay in the Round House, and not work. He would shunt himself on sidings



THEY RAN AWAY

in hopes he might be forgotten; he was afraid to go over bridges for fear they would break down; and he hated tunnels because they were so dark and cold. He thought iron rails were too soft to get good hold on, and he said that steel rails were altogether too slippery. Sometimes he declared that he wouldn't run where there were not modern metal ties, and at other times he asserted that the old-fashioned wooden sleepers made a much better road-bed. He quarrelled with his

tender, and he refused to be coupled up to one that he didn't fancy. He snorted and hissed at the semaphores and point signals, and he was a nuisance to the railway in more ways than can be told.

But if he were bad, there was a young steamboat on the river who was worse. She was a very pretty craft, but that was no reason why she should insist on having a new set of paddle-wheels *every* year. She was absurdly particular about her funnel, and if it were not painted the exact color that she fancied, she would declare that she would scuttle herself. She would roll and pitch with anger if they tried to back her. She would dig up the muddy bottom of the river with her paddles, and she gave a deal of trouble about steering.

When these two ill-natured creatures came together at the dock in the river, below the fortifications, they used to complain to each other till the cannon above them would cry, "Oh, I say!" and the bridge told them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

One day, after the steamboat had been carrying a load of noisy excursionists up from the harbor, she found the locomotive on the pier in a very gloomy state of mind.

"I'm not going to stand this any longer!" he said. "They've put me to hauling coal, and it's no work for a machine like me, especially when I can't burn any of it myself. I'm going to run away!"

"Well, that's a good idea; suppose I go with you, and we'll set out together to seek our fortunes!" said the steamer.

They talked it all over, and finally decided to start that very night. The steamboat was to help the locomotive on the water, and the locomotive was to help the steamboat on the land. They were to share their wood and coal and water together, and have a jolly good time as long as they could.

At midnight the locomotive got on board the boat, and she steamed softly up the river. "This is fun!" said the locomotive.

"It's all right for you," said the boat; "but I must say you're heavier than I thought. Wait

*From "The Lively City o' Ligg," copyright by the author, Gelett Burgess, and published by F. A. Stokes Company; used by permission of the author.

till it's *your* turn to give *me* a ride. I can't go very much farther, anyway, the water is getting shallow. There's a dam up above here, so I think we'd better go ashore now."

She climbed up the bank with the locomotive's assistance, and he then hoisted her up on top of his cab, and set out across the fields. She was a little boat, but she was heavy, and the locomotive puffed away with all his might through the grass, stopping to rest once in a while. So they went on for several days, turn and turn about, for they had to cross several lakes on their way.

After a while they began to approach a line of hills, and the ground grew steeper and steeper, till at last the locomotive could go no farther with the steamboat on his back. So she got off and scrambled along for a few miles with her paddle-wheels while the locomotive pushed her from behind. But the time came when they could neither of them go a step farther, and they lay on the ground exhausted. To make matters worse, they grew short of water and fuel. They cut down their rations to a ton of coal and a barrel of water a day, and even then they didn't have enough to take them back to either a forest or a lake.

It seemed likely that they would have to perish there on the hillside, and they quarrelled with each other peevishly, each accusing the other of being at fault for suggesting this terrible journey. The old river Wob and the railway of the City o' Ligg had never seemed so pleasant before, but, alas! it was many days' journey away.

Just as they had begun to think that all hope was gone, one of them espied a dot in the sky. It grew slowly larger and larger.

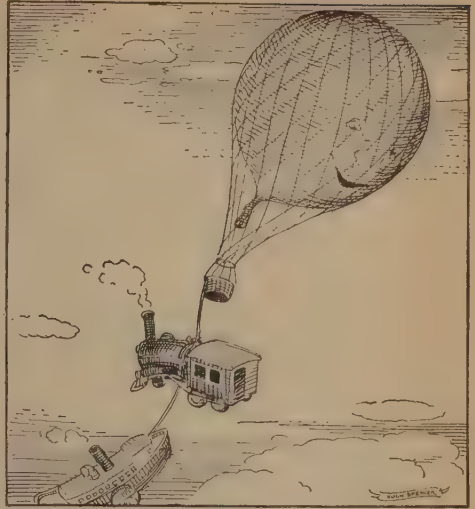
"It is a *balloon*!" they cried together, and they both began to blow their whistles with all the strength of the little steam that was left in their boilers.

The balloon came nearer and nearer, till it had got within hailing distance, and then they saw it was laughing almost hard enough to split its sides. It was a very fat, pink, round balloon, and it shook with merriment, its basket swung wildly above them.

"Well, I *declare*!" it cried out, "this is the queerest thing I ever saw! What in the world are you two doing away up in these mountains? I never saw a locomotive or a steamboat on top of a hill before!"

"For heaven's sake, please don't laugh like that," cried the steamer; "but come and help us, before we perish!"

The balloon finally consented to give them assistance over the mountains, and let down a rope, which the two tied around their waists. The



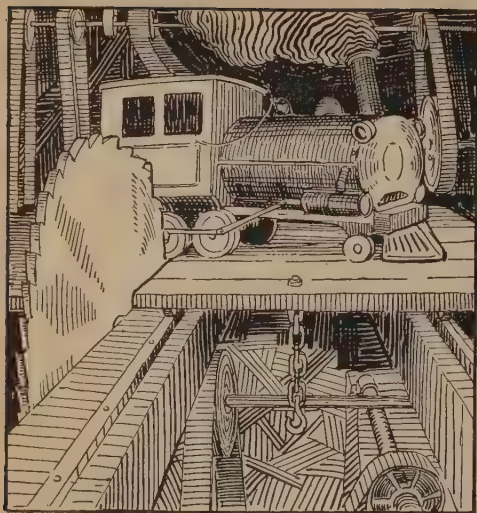
THE BALLOON HELPS THEM

balloon then rose, and the locomotive and steamboat were hoisted high in the air, and they all sailed away toward the east, across the range of mountains. They had floated for half a day in this way, when the balloon gave a pull up, a little harder than usual, and the rope suddenly broke!

Down went the two, falling faster and faster through the air, and they both thought that their



THE ROPE BROKE!



THE LOCOMOTIVE WAS AWAKENED BY A
TERRIBLE PAIN

last moment had come. But by good luck they happened to fall in the middle of a large forest, and landed safely in a great oak tree, without breaking a piece of machinery.

Yet they had, after all, escaped one danger only to fall into another. They were lost in an immense wilderness, and did not know in which direction to turn. The locomotive finally succeeded in climbing a tall tree, and made out smoke rising in the distance.

To this they painfully made their way, and, after a terrible struggle, they drew near—rusty, scratched, and smoky—and came to an old saw-mill by the side of a little stream. It was a hideous old mill, of a villainous aspect, that alarmed them both. But here was their only hope, and though they were far from any assistance in case of danger, the two unfortunate machines found themselves obliged to apply to the mill for shelter and fuel.

The mill welcomed them very hospitably, but there was something in his dusty, oily manner that the locomotive did not trust, and he resolved to stay awake and watch. The little, delicate steamboat was, by this time, too exhausted to notice anything. After they had drunk many barrels of water each, they revived a little, and the mill offered them a few tons of sawdust, which, he said, was the only fuel he could give them. At first trial the steamer whispered to the locomotive that it tasted queerly, but they decided that it

was only the oil in which it was soaked. At any rate, they had to eat that or nothing, and they made a meal of it without much ado.

Hardly had they burned the last mouthful, however, before they both fell into a heavy sleep, and knew nothing for many hours. The locomotive was awakened by a sudden horrible pain, and he was terrified to find the teeth of a buzz-saw cutting through his side. He sprang up with a roar of agony, but it was too late; his left hind wheel had been bitten off! He charged furiously at the sides of the mill, and tore open a great hole, then dragged out the steamboat, and ran her into the forest as fast as his five wheels could carry him. The mill screamed and shrieked after them as they hurried away.

As they stood trembling in the forest, and thanked their stars for such a narrow escape, a sudden glare of light attracted their attention. The mill was on fire, set, no doubt, from some sparks dropped by the locomotive in its terrible struggle for escape.

By the light of the burning mill they made their way through the forest all night. With new fuel and water their strength had been partially renewed, and terror increased their efforts.

In the morning, after a short sleep, they awoke to find themselves by the side of a wide river, to which they had hobbled during the night, but had not seen in the dark. Along side the bank of the stream ran a beautiful, level railway line. They looked and looked, hardly able to believe their windows. It was too good to be true!

It did not take them long to decide what to



THEY HOBBLLED ALONG DURING THE NIGHT

do. The little steamboat gave one leap into the river, and whistled long and merrily. The locomotive crawled on to the line, and rang its bell in a joyous peal. For they knew by the looks of the country they had been travelling in a huge semicircle, and that the river and the railway led directly into the City o' Ligg.

So they steamed along, side by side, together, the lame locomotive and the sorrowful, shameful steamboat. That day one laid her head at last alongside the dock, and one puffed timidly into the station; both decided never to complain of any work that they should have to do in the future.

GOODY TWO SHOES

Illustrations by Walter Crane

IN THE reign of good Queen Bess there was an honest, industrious countryman named Meanwell, who, living under a hard landlord, was cruelly turned out of his little farm, which had enabled him to support a wife and two children, called Tommy and Margery. Care and misfortune soon shortened his days; and his wife, not long after, followed him to the grave. At her death the two poor children were left in a sad plight, and had to make all sorts of shifts to keep themselves from starving. They were also without proper clothes to keep them warm; and as for shoes, they had not even two pairs between them: Tommy, who had to go about more than his sister, had a pair to himself, but little Margery for a long time wore but one shoe.

But God had heard their dying mother's prayers, and had watched over and protected them. Relief was at hand, and better things were in store for them. It happened that Mr. Goodall, the clergyman of the parish, heard of their sad wandering sort of life, and so he sent for the two children, and kindly offered to shelter them until they could get regular work to do. Soon after this, a gentleman came from London on a visit, and no sooner did he hear the story of the orphans, that he resolved to be their friend. The very first thing he did was to order a pair of shoes to be made for Margery. And he offered to take Tommy to London, promising to put him in a way to do well by going abroad.

As these two children loved each other very dearly, Margery was in great trouble when the time came for her brother to start, and wept bitterly. But Tommy, in order to comfort her, promised he would not fail to come back to see her, when he should return from foreign countries.

After he was gone Margery began to recover her usual cheerfulness: but what helped greatly to put her into good spirits was the pleasure she took in her new shoes. As soon as the old shoemaker brought them, she put them on, and ran at

once to the clergyman's wife, crying out with glee, as she pointed to them, "Two shoes, ma'am! See, two shoes!" These words she kept on repeating to everybody she met, and so came to be called Goody Two Shoes.

Now Margery was a thoughtful little girl, and was most anxious to learn to read and write. When Mr. Goodall saw this, he kindly taught her what she most wished to know, and in a short time she became a better scholar than any of the children who went to the village school. As soon as she found that this was the case, she thought she would try to teach such poor children as could not go to school. Now, as very few books were then printed, she thought she could get over the difficulty by cutting, out of wood, six sets of capital letters like these:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R





S T U V W X Y Z. And ten sets of these common letters: a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

When, after much pains and trouble, she had finished all these wooden letters, she managed to borrow an old spelling-book, and, with the help of this, she made her playmates set up the words she wished to spell.

One day, as Margery was coming home from

the next village, she met with some wicked, idle boys, who had tied a young raven to a staff, and was just going to throw stones at it. She offered at once to buy the raven for a penny, and this they agreed to. She then brought him home to the parsonage, and gave him the name of Ralph, and a fine bird he was. Madge soon taught him to speak several words, and also to pick up letters, and even to spell a word or two.

Some years before Margery began to teach the poor cottagers' children, Sir Walter Welldon, a wealthy knight, had set up an elderly widow lady in a small school in the village. This gentlewoman was at length taken ill, and was no longer able to attend to her duties. When Sir Walter heard of this, he sent for Mr. Goodall, and asked him to look out for someone who would be able and willing to take Mrs. Gray's place as mistress of the school.

The worthy clergyman could think of no one so well qualified for the task as Margery Meanwell, who, though but young, was grave beyond her years, and was growing up to be a comely maiden; and when he told his mind to the knight, Margery was at once chosen. Sir Walter built a larger schoolhouse for Margery's use; so that she could have all her old pupils about her that liked to come, as well as the regular scholars.

From this time, no one called her "Goody Two Shoes," but generally Mistress Margery, and she was more and more liked and respected by her neighbors.

Soon after Margery had become mistress of the



school, she saved a dove from some cruel boys, and she called him Tom, in remembrance of her brother now far away, and from whom she had heard no tidings.

About this time a lamb had lost its dam, and its owner was about to have it killed; when Margery heard of this, she bought the lamb and brought it home. Some neighbors, finding how fond of such pets Margery was, presented her with a nice playful little dog called Jumper, and also with a skylark. Now, master Ralph was a shrewd bird, and a bit of a wag too, and when Will, the lamb, and Carol, the lark, made their appearance, the knowing fellow picked out the following verse, to the great amusement of every-body:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Mistress Margery was ever on the lookout to be useful to her neighbors. Now a traveler from London had presented her with a new kind of instrument, a rough-looking barometer, by the help of which she could often guess correctly how the weather would be a day or two beforehand. This caused a great talk about the country, and so provoked were the people of the distant villages at the better luck of the Mouldwell folks, that they accused Mistress Margery of being a witch, and sent old Nicky Noodle to go and tax her with it, and to scrape together whatever evidence he could against her. When this wiseacre saw her at her school door, with her raven on one shoulder and the dove on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and the little dog by her side, the sight took his breath away for a time, and he scampered off, crying out, "A witch, a witch, a witch!"

She laughed at the simpleton's folly, and called him jocosely a "conjuror!" for his pains; but poor Mistress Margery did not know how much folly and wickedness there was in the world, and she was greatly surprised to find that the half-witted Nicky Noodle had got a warrant against her.

At the meeting of the justices, before whom she was summoned to appear, many of her neighbors were present, ready to speak up for her character if needful. But it turned out that the charge made against her was nothing more than Nicky's idle tale that she was a witch. Nowadays it seems strange that such a thing could be; but in England, at that period, so fondly styled by some "the good old times," many silly and wicked things were constantly being done, especially by the rich and powerful against the poor—such things as would not now be borne.

It happened that among the justices who met to hear this charge against Mistress Margery, there was but one silly enough to think there was any ground for it; his name was Shallow, and it was he who had granted the warrant. But she soon silenced him when he kept repeating that she *must* be a witch to foretell the weather, besides harboring many strange creatures about her, by explaining the use of her weather-glass.



Fortunately her patron, Sir Walter Welldon, was well acquainted with the use of the new instrument. When he had explained its nature to his foolish brother-justice, he turned the whole charge into ridicule, and gave Mistress Margery such a high character that the justices not only released her at once, but gave her their public thanks for the good services she had done in their neighborhood.

One of these gentlemen, Sir Edward Lovell, who was a widower, fell ill, and requested Mistress Margery to take charge of his house, and look after his dear children. Having taken counsel with her kind old friend, the clergyman, she consented to this, and quite won Sir Edward's respect and admiration by her skill and tenderness in nursing him, and by the great care she took of his children.

By the time that Sir Edward fully regained his health, he had become more and more attached to Mistress Margery. It was not then to be wondered at, that when she talked of going back to her school, he should offer her his hand in



marriage. This proposal took her quite by surprise, but she really loved Sir Edward; and her friends, Sir Walter and Mr. Goodall, advised her

to accept him, telling her she would then be able to do many more good works than she had ever done before.

All things having been settled, and the day fixed, the great folks and others in the neighborhood came in crowds to see the wedding, for glad they were that one who had, ever since she was a child, been so deserving, was to be thus rewarded. Just as the bride and bridegroom were about to enter the church, their friends assembled outside were busily engaged in watching the progress of a horseman, handsomely dressed and mounted, who was galloping up a distant slope leading to the church, as eagerly as if he wanted to get there before the marriage. This gentleman, so elegantly dressed, proved to be no other than Margaret's brother, our former acquaintance little Tommy, just returned with great honor and profit from a distant foreign country. When they had recovered from this pleasant surprise, the loving couple returned to the altar, and were married, to the satisfaction of all present.

After her happy marriage Lady Lovell continued to practice all kinds of good; and took great pains in increasing and improving the school of which she had been the mistress, and placed there a poor but worthy scholar and his wife to preside over it.

DUST UNDER THE RUG*

BY MAUD LINDSAY

THERE WAS once a mother who had two little daughters; and, as her husband was dead and she was very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home, but her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame, and could not run about the house; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

In the Spring there were the birds, in the Summer the wild flowers, in Autumn the bright

leaves, and in Winter the great drifts of white snow; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear mother came home sick; and then they were very sad. It was Winter, and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her little sister sat by the fire and talked it over, and at last Minnie said:

"Dear sister, I must go out to find work before the food gives out." So she kissed her mother, and, wrapping herself up, started from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house, which was a welcome sight. She made haste to reach it, and to knock at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. When

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MINNIE MADE THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

she had tried again and again, she thought that nobody lived there; and she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house she started back in surprise; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "this will never do!" And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and when Minnie saw this, she knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

"Well!" said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rhyme,

"Now isn't this a sweet surprise?
We really can't believe our eyes!"

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment:

"Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child."

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs, she came to meet them. "If you please," she said, "I'm little Minnie Gray; and I'm looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and—" here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily:

"You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright."

They were such dear funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept, because she was away.

They sighed when they said this; and after supper, when Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place they called Minnie to them and said:

"Dear mortal maiden will you stay
All through our fairy's holiday?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should."

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs, and wanted to help them, so she thanked them, and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake with the chickens, and cooked a nice breakfast; and after the dwarfs left, she cleaned up the room and mended the dwarfs' clothes. In the evening when the dwarfs came home, they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window-panes the most beautiful pictures she had ever seen.

A picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles so wonderful and beautiful that as she looked at it she forgot that there was work to be done, until the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds, and wash the dishes; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

"I believe," said Minnie aloud, "that I will not sweep under the rug to-day. After all, it is noth-

ing for dust to be where it can't been seen?" So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying:

"There is the little girl who is so faithful and good"; and Minnie turned her face to the wall, for a little voice, right in her own heart, said:

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps home as bright as starshine."

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart.

"We see her! we see her!" called all the stars joyfully.

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Minnie, in great surprise;



THEY WERE DEAR FUNNY LITTLE DWARFS

and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said:

"Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A groat was all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,

And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for everyone."

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for the dear mother and sister.

She never saw the dwarfs again; but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.



SILVERCAP, KING OF THE FROST FAIRIES*

BY ALICE JEAN PATTERSON

SILVERCAP lived far up among the white, fleecy clouds of the north. All his life he had played with his brothers and sisters in the kingdom of his father, King Winter. But now he was grown, and he looked with disdain upon childish sports, and he longed for something great to do. So he was very happy, one day, to have a message from his father commanding him to come at once to the council chamber of the palace to discuss plans for a trip to Earthland.

Silvercap did not waste a minute, but rushed into the palace, where he found his father sitting

upon a beautiful crystal throne, with all his servants about him. As soon as Silvercap had taken his place, the king arose and said:

"I have called you together, my dear subjects, because my son, West Wind, has just returned from a flying trip to the Earth. He says that Prince Autumn is staying longer than usual this year, so we must hasten to send him off.

"North Wind, you must start at once. Attack the trees, and scatter the leaves far and wide, for some of Autumn's fairies are still at work painting them. Hurry to the gardens and the fields;

*From *The Outlook*, used by permission of the author.

snip off the heads of the goldenrod and aster. You understand your work—see that you do it well!

"Prince Snow, fill your bags with flakes from the mountains. Have them ready to-night, so that you may fly down early in the morning and scatter the crystals before the sun peeps out."

When King Winter had given orders to Prince West Wind, Prince Ice, and all the rest, he turned to Silvercap.

"My son," he said, "you are to be King of the Frost Fairies. They have been idle long enough. Just what they can do I leave to you; make your own plans, but never forget that you are a prince, and the son of King Winter."

Silvercap made a low bow to King Winter and left the council chamber. All the rest of the day he thought, but in the morning he called the Frost Fairies together and said:

"My father has made me your king. West Wind has just returned telling of the wonders he has wrought. He has pulled the painted leaves from the trees, he has killed the flowers, and driven the birds away. I am sure he has made the little Earth-children unhappy. Let us gather the feathery leaves from our trees and our dainty crystal blossoms. Let us fill our chariots with building materials. Perhaps we may be able to make the children happy again."

The Frost Fairies set up a shout for Silvercap. All day they worked filling their chariots, and

when it came twilight they started out for Earth-land. They flew to the trees and decked every bough with leaves of lace. They covered every plant in the garden, even the weeds and grasses, with their wonderful feathery blossoms.

"I don't believe their own twigs and blossoms could look more beautiful," said Silvercap, as the last twig was finished.

"Now for the castles," said the Frost Fairies.

"Let us build them on the windows of the rooms where the children are sleeping," said Silvercap.

So into the rooms, through chinks and crevices, the tiny fairies crept. Silently they began to build not only grand castles, but high hills covered with silvery trees and rushing waterfalls, fields filled with rare ferns and flowers, and flocks of birds flying everywhere.

Just as the sun began to show in the eastern sky the last chariot was emptied. "Into your chariots!" shouted Silvercap. "We must be gone!" And away flew the Frost Fairies just as the little Earth-children woke up crying:

"Oh, the beautiful trees! Oh, the wonderful silver castles! Oh, the kind, loving Frost Fairies!"

And King Winter was so pleased with their work that he made Silvercap King of Frostland. Every winter since, he and his fairies come and work night after night to make the world beautiful for the little Earth-children.

TIMOTHY'S SHOES

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING

(Abridged)

The fairy god-mother arrived, dressed in plum-colored satin, with a small brown-paper parcel in her hand.

"My dear god-daughter, this trifle," she said, beginning to untie the string of the parcel, "is a very common gift to come from my hands, but I trust it will prove useful," and the fairy presented the young mother with—a *small pair of strong leather shoes, copper tipped and heeled*. "They'll never wear out, my dear," she said; "rely upon it, you'll find them 'a mother's blessing,' and however large a family you may have, your children will step into one another's shoes just at the age when little feet are most destructive."

When the company had departed, the god-mother still lingered, and kissed her god-daughter affectionately. "If your children inherit your good

sense and good temper, my love, they will need nothing an old woman like me can give them," said she; "but, all the same, my little gift is not *quite* so shabby as it looks. These shoes have another quality besides that of not wearing out. The little feet that are in them cannot very easily go wrong. If, when your boy is old enough, you send him to school in these shoes, should he be disposed to play truant, they will pinch and discomfort him so that it is probable he will let his shoes take him the right way; they will in like manner bring him home at the proper time. And—"

"Mrs. God-mother's broomstick at the door!" shouted the farming man who was acting as footman on this occasion.

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "you will



THE FAIRY GOD-MOTHER'S GIFT

find out their virtues all in good time, and they will do for the whole family in turn; for I really can come to no more chisteningings. I am getting old. Farewell, my love." And mounting her broomstick, the fairy finally departed.

As years went by, and her family increased, the mother learned the full value of the little shoes. Her nine boys wore them in turn, but they never wore them out. So long as the fairy shoes were on their feet they were pretty sure to go where they were sent and to come back when they were wanted, which, as all parents know, is no light matter. Moreover, during the time that each boy wore them, he got into such good habits that he was thenceforward comparatively tractable. At last they descended to the ninth and youngest boy, and became—Timothy's shoes.

Now the eighth boy had very small feet, so he had worn the shoes rather longer, and Timothy got them somewhat later than usual, and so, Master Timothy was willful, and his little feet pretty well used to taking their own way before he stepped in the fairy shoes. But he played truant from the dame's school and was late for dinner so often, that at length his mother resolved to bear it no longer; and one morning the leather shoes were brightly blacked and the copper tips polished, and Master Tim was duly shod, and dismissed to school with many a wise warning from his fond parent.

"Now, Tim, dear, mind you don't loiter or play truant, for if you do, these shoes will pinch

you horribly, and you'll be sure to be found out."

Tim's mother held him by his right arm, and Tim's left arm and both his legs were already as far away as he could stretch them, and Tim's face looked just as incredulous as yours would look if you were told that there was a bogey in the store-closet who would avenge any attack upon the jam-pots with untold terrors. At last the good woman let go her hold, and Tim went off like an arrow from a bow, and he gave not one more thought to what his mother had said.

The past winter had been very cold, the spring had been fitful and stormy, and May had suddenly burst upon the country with one broad bright smile of sunshine and flowers. If Tim had loitered on the school path when the frost nipped his nose and numbed his toes, or when the trees were bare and the ground muddy, and the March winds crept up his jacket-sleeves, one can imagine the temptations to delay when every nook had a flower and every bush a bird. It was very wrong to play truant, but still it was very tempting.

Once or twice Tim loitered to pick white star-



TIMOTHY LOSES HIS SHOES

flowers, but the shoes pinched him, and he ran on all the more willingly that a newly-fledged butterfly went before him. But when the path ran on above the marsh, and he looked down and saw the kingcups, he dismissed all thoughts of school. True, the bank was long and steep, but that only added to the fun. Kingcups he must have. The other flowers he flung away, and began to scramble down the bank. But though he turned his feet towards the kingcups, the shoes seemed resolved to go to school; and as he persisted in going towards the marsh, he suffered such twitches and twinges that he thought his feet must have been wrenched off. But Tim was a very resolute little fellow, and though his ankles bid fair to be dislocated at every step, he dragged himself, shoes and all, down to the marsh. And now, provokingly enough, he could not find a kingcup within reach; in very perversity, as it seemed, not one would grow on the safe edge, but like so many Will-o'-the-wisps, they shone out of the depths of the treacherous bog. And as Tim wandered round the marsh, jerk; wrench—oh, dear! every step was like a galvanic shock. At last, desperate with pain and disappointment, he fairly jumped into a brilliant clump that looked tolerably near, and was at once ankle-deep in water. Then, to his delight, the wet mud sucked the shoes off his feet, and he waded about among the rushes, reeds, and kingcups, sublimely happy.

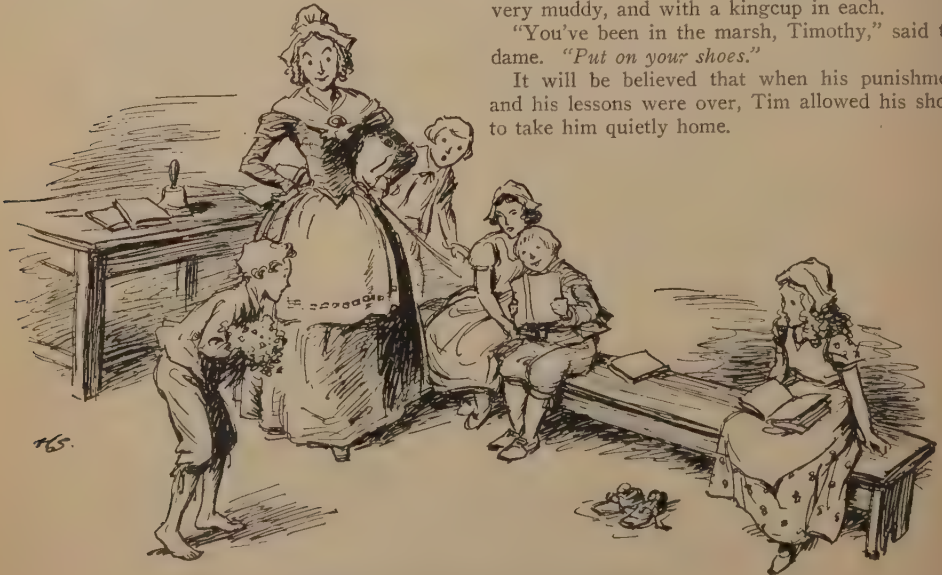
And he was none the worse though he ought to have been. He moved about very cautiously, feeling his way with a stick from tussock to tussock of reedy grass, and wondering how his eight brothers had been so feeble-minded as never to think of throwing the obnoxious shoes into a bog and so getting rid of them once for all. True, in fairy stories, the youngest brother always does accomplish what his elders had failed to do: but fairy tales are not always true. At last Tim began to feel tired; he hurt his foot with a sharp stump. A fat yellow frog jumped up in his face and so startled him that he nearly fell backwards into the water. He was frightened, and had more kingcups than he could carry. So he scrambled out, and climbed the bank, and cleaned himself up as well as he could with a small cotton pocket-handkerchief, and thought he would go on to school.

Now, with all his faults, Tim was no coward and no liar, so with a quaking heart and a stubborn face, he made up his mind to tell the dame that he had played truant; but even when one has resolved to confess the words lag behind, and Tim was still composing a speech in his mind, and had still got no farther than, "Please, ma'am," when he found himself in the school and under the dame's very eye.

But Tim heeded not her frown, nor the subdued titters of the children; his eyes were fixed upon the schoolroom floor, where—in Tim's proper place in the class—stood the little leather shoes, very muddy, and with a kingcup in each.

"You've been in the marsh, Timothy," said the dame. "*Put on your shoes.*"

It will be believed that when his punishment and his lessons were over, Tim allowed his shoes to take him quietly home.



HIS EYES WERE FIXED ON HIS SHOES



LITTLE GULLIVER*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

UP IN the lighthouse tower lived Davy with Old Dan the keeper. Most little boys would have found it very lonely; but Davy had three friends, and was as happy as the day was long. One of Davy's friends was the great lamp which was lighted at sunset, and burnt all night to guide the ships into the harbor. To Dan it was only a lamp; but to the boy it seemed a living thing, and he loved and tended it faithfully. Every day he helped Dan clear the big wick, polish the brass work, and wash the glass lantern which protected the flame. Every evening he went up to see it lighted, and always fell asleep thinking, "No matter how dark or wild the night, my good Shine will save the ships that pass, and burn till morning."

Davy's second friend was Nep, the Newfoundland, who was washed ashore from a wreck, and had never left the island since. Nep was rough and big, but had such a loyal and loving heart that no one could look in his soft brown eyes and not trust him. He followed Davy's steps all day, slept at his feet all night, and more than once had saved his life when Davy fell among the rocks, or got caught by the rising tide.

But the dearest friend of all was a sea-gull. Davy found him with a broken wing, and nursed him carefully till he was well; then let him go, though he was very fond of "Little Gulliver," as he called him in fun. But the bird never forgot

the boy, and came daily to talk with him, telling all manner of wild stories about his wanderings by land and sea, and whiling away many an hour that otherwise would have been very lonely.

Old Dan was Davy's uncle—a grim, gray man, who said little, did his work faithfully, and was both father and mother to Davy, who had no parents, and had no friends beyond the island. That was his world; and he led a quiet life among his playfellows—the wind and waves. He seldom went to the mainland, three miles away; for he was happier at home. He watched the sea-anemones open below the water, looking like fairy-plants, brilliant and strange. He found curious and pretty shells, and sometimes more valuable treasures, washed up from some wreck. He saw little yellow crabs, ugly lobsters, and queer horseshoes with their stiff tails. Sometimes a whale or a shark swam by, and often sleek black seals came up to bask on the warm rocks. He gathered lovely seaweeds of all kinds, from tiny red cobwebs to great scalloped leaves of kelp, longer than himself. He heard the waves dash and roar unceasingly; the winds howl or sigh over the island; and the gulls scream shrilly as they dipped and dived, or sailed away to follow the ships that came and went from all parts of the world.

With Nep and Gulliver he roamed about his small kingdom, never tired of its wonders; or, if

*From "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving," published by Little, Brown & Company; used by permission.

storms raged, he sat up in the tower, safe and dry, watching the tumult of sea and sky. Often in long winter nights he lay awake listening to the wind and rain, that made the tower rock with their violence; but he never was afraid, for Nep nestled at his feet, Dan sat close by, and overhead the great lamp shone far out into the night, to cheer and guide all wanderers on the sea.

Close by the tower hung the fog-bell, which, being wound up, would ring all night warningly. One day Dan found that something among the chains was broken; and, having vainly tried to mend it, he decided to go to the town, and get what was needed. He went once a week, usually, and left Davy behind, for in the daytime there was nothing to do, and the boy was not afraid to stay.

"A heavy fog is blowing up; we shall want the bell to-night, and I must be off at once. I shall be back before dark, of course; so take care of yourself, boy," said Dan.

Away went the little boat; and the fog shut down over it, as if a misty wall had parted Davy from his uncle. As it was dull weather, he sat and read for an hour or two; then fell asleep, and forgot everything till Nep's cold nose on his hand waked him up. It was nearly dark; and, hoping to find Dan had come, he ran down to the landing-place. But no boat was there, and the fog was thicker than ever.

Dan never had been gone so long before, and Davy was afraid something had happened to him. For a few minutes he was in great trouble; then he cheered up, and took courage.

"It is sunset by the clock; so I'll light the lamp, and, if Dan is lost in the fog, it will guide him home," said Davy.

Up he went, and soon the great star shone out above the block-topped lighthouse, glimmering through the fog, as if eager to be seen. Davy had his supper, but no Dan came. He waited hour after hour, and waited all in vain. The fog thickened, till the lamp was hardly seen; and no bell rung to warn the ships of the dangerous rocks. Poor Davy could not sleep, but all night long wandered from the tower to the door watching, calling, and wondering; but Dan did not come.

At sunrise he put out the light, and, having trimmed it for the next night, ate a little breakfast, and roved about the island hoping to see some sign of Dan. The sun drew up the fog at last; and he could see the blue bay, the distant town, and a few fishing boats going out to sea. But nowhere was the island boat with gray Old Dan in it; and Davy's heart grew heavier and heavier as the day passed, and still no one came.

In the afternoon Gulliver appeared; to him Davy told his trouble, and the three friends took counsel together.

"There is no other boat; and I couldn't row so far, if there was; so I can't go to find Dan," said David sorrowfully.

"I'd gladly swim to town, if I could; but it's impossible to do it with wind and tide against me. I've howled all day, hoping someone would hear me; but no one does, and I'm discouraged," said Nep, with an anxious expression.

"I can do something for you; and I will, with all my heart. I'll fly to town, if I don't see him in the bay, and try to learn what has become of Dan. Then I'll come and tell you, and we will see what is to be done next. Cheer up, Davy dear; I'll bring you tidings, if any can be had." With these cheerful words, away sailed Gulliver, leaving Nep and his master to watch and wait again.

The wind blew hard, and the broken wing was not quite well yet, else Gulliver would have been able to steer clear of a boat that came swiftly by. A sudden gust drove the gull so violently against the sail that he dropped breathless into the boat; and a little girl caught him, before he could recover himself.

"Oh, what a lovely bird! See his black cap, his white breast, dove-colored wings, red legs and bill, and soft, bright eyes. I wanted a gull; and I'll keep this one, for I don't think he is much hurt."

Poor Gulliver struggled, pecked and screamed; but little Dora held him fast, and shut him in a basket till they reached the shore. Then she put him in a lobster pot—a large wooden thing, something like a cage—and left him on the lawn, where he could catch glimpses of the sea, and watch the lighthouse tower, as he sat alone in this dreadful prison. If Dora had known the truth, she would have let him go, and done her best to help him; but she could not understand his speech, as Davy did, for very few people have the power of talking with birds, beasts, insects, and plants. To her, his prayers and cries were only harsh screams; and, when he sat silent, with drooping head and ruffled feathers, she thought he was sleepy; but he was mourning for Davy, and wondering what his little friend would do.

For three long days and nights he was a prisoner, and suffered much. The house was full of happy people, but no one took pity upon him. Ladies and gentlemen talked learnedly about him; boys poked and pulled him; little girls admired him, and begged his wings for their hats, if he died. Cats prowled about his cage; dogs barked

at him; hens cackled over him; and a shrill canary jeered at him from the pretty pagoda in which it hung, high above danger. In the evening there was music; and the poor bird's heart ached as the sweet sounds came to him, reminding him of the airier melodies he loved. Through the stillness of the night, he heard the waves break on the shore; the wind came singing up from the sea; the moon shone kindly on him, and he saw the water-fairies dancing on the sand. But for three days no one spoke a friendly word to him, and he pined away with a broken heart.

On the fourth night, when all was quiet, little Gulliver saw a black shadow steal across the lawn, and heard a soft voice say to him:

"Poor bird, you'll die, if yer stays here; so I'se gwine to let yer go. Specs little missy'll scold dreffle; but Moppet'll take de scoldin' for yer. Hi, dere! you is peart nuff now, kase you's in a hurry to go; but jes wait till I gits de knots out of de string dat ties de door, and den away you flies."

"But, dear, kind Moppet, won't you be hurt for doing this? Why do you care so much for me? I can only thank you, and fly away."

As Gulliver spoke, he looked up at the little black face bent over him, and saw tears in the child's sad eyes; but she smiled at him, and shook her fuzzy head, as she whispered kindly:

"I don't want no tanks, birdie: I loves to let you go, kase you's a slave, like I was once; and it's a dreffle hard ting, I knows. I got away, and I means you shall. I'se watched you, deary, all dese days, and I tried to come 'fore, but dey didn't give me no chance."

"Do you live here? I never see you playing with the other children," said the gull, as Moppet's nimble fingers picked away at the knots.

"Yes; I lives here, and helps de cook. You didn't see me, kase I never plays; de chilen don't like me."

"Why not?" asked Gulliver, wondering.

"I'se black," said Moppet, with a sob.

"But that's silly in them," cried the bird, who had never heard of such a thing. "Color makes no difference; the peeps are gray, the seals black, and the crabs yellow; but we don't care, and are all friends. It is very unkind to treat you so. Haven't you any friends to love you, dear?"

"Nobody in de world keres fer me. Dey sold me way from my mammy when I was a baby, and I'se knocked roun' eber since. De oder chilen has folks to lub and kere fer 'em, but Moppet's got no friends"; and here the black eyes grew so dim with tears that the poor child couldn't see that the last knot was out.

Gulliver saw it, and, pushing up the door, flew from his prison with a glad cry; and, hopping into Moppet's hand, looked into the little dark face with such grateful confidence that it cleared at once, and the brightest smile it had worn for months broke over it as the bird nestled its soft head against her cheek, saying gently:

"I'm your friend, dear; I love you, and I never shall forget what you have done for me to-night. How can I thank you before I go?"

For a minute Moppet could only hug the bird and cry; for these were the first kind words she



MOPPET HUGGED THE BIRD

had heard for a long time, and they went straight to her lonely little heart.

"O my deary! I'se paid by dem words, and I don't want no tanks. Jes lub me, and come sometimes to see me ef you can, it's so hard livin' in dis yere place. I don't tink I'll bar it long. I wish I was a bird to fly away, or a oyster safe in de mud, and free to do as I'se a mind."

"I wish you could go and live with Davy on the island; he is so kind, so happy, and as free as the wind. Can't you get away, Moppet?" whispered Gulliver, longing to help this poor, friendless little soul. He told her all his story; and they agreed that he should fly at once to the island, and see if Dan was there; if not, he was to come back, and Moppet would try to get someone to help find him. When this was done, Davy and Dan were to take Moppet, if they could, and make her happy on the island. Full of hope and joy, Gulliver said good-by, and spread his wings; but, alas for the poor bird! he was too weak to fly. For three days he had hardly eaten anything, had found no salt

water to bathe in, and had sat moping in the cage till his strength was all gone.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" he cried, fluttering his feeble wings, and running to and fro in despair.

"Hush, birdie, I'll take kere ob you till you's fit to fly. I knows a nice, quiet little cove down yonder, where no one goes; and dare you kin stay till you's better. I'll come and feed you, and you kin paddle, and rest, and try your wings, safe and free, honey."

As Moppet spoke, she took Gulliver in her arms, and stole away in the dim light, over the hill, down to the lonely spot where nothing went but the winds and waves, the gulls, and little Moppet, when hard words and blows made heart and body ache. Here she left the bird, and, with a loving "Good-night," crept home to her bed in the garret, feeling as rich as a queen, and much happier; for she had done a kind thing, and made a friend.

Next day a great storm came; the wind blew a hurricane, the rain poured, and the sea thundered on the coast. If he had been well, Gulliver

wouldn't have minded at all; but being sick and sad he spent an anxious day, sitting in a cranny of the rock, thinking of Davy and Moppet. It was so rough, even in the cove, that he could neither swim nor fly, so feeble was he; and could find no food but such trifles as he could pick up among the rocks. At nightfall the storm raged fiercer than ever, and he gave up seeing Moppet; for he was sure she wouldn't come through the pelting rain just to feed him. So he put his head under his wing and tried to sleep; but he was so wet and weak, so hungry and anxious, no sleep came.

"What has happened to Davy alone on the island all this while? He will fall ill with loneliness and trouble; the lamp won't be lighted, the ships will be wrecked, and many people will suffer. O Dan, Dan, if we could only find you, how happy we should be!

As Gulliver spoke, a voice cried through the darkness:

"Is you dere, honey?" and Moppet came climbing over the rocks, with a basket full of such bits as she could get. "Poor birdie, is you starvin'? Here, jes go at dis, and joy yourself. Dere's fish and tings I tink you'd like. How is you now, dear?"

"Better, Moppet; but it's so stormy I can't get to Davy; and I worry about him," began Gulliver, pecking away at his supper; but he stopped suddenly, for a faint sound came up from below, as if someone called, "Help, help!"

"Hi, what's dat?" said Moppet, listening.

"Davy, Davy!" called the voice.

"It's Dan. Hurrah, we've found him!" and Gulliver dived off the rock so reckless that he went splash into the water. But that didn't matter to him; and he paddled away, like a little steamer with all the engines in full blast. Down by the seaside, between two stones, lay Dan, so bruised and hurt he couldn't move, and so faint with hunger and pain he could hardly speak. As soon as Gulliver called, Moppet scrambled down, and fed the poor man with her scraps, brought him rain-water from a crevice near by, and bound up his wounded head with her little apron. Then Dan told them how his boat had been run down by a ship in the fog; how he was hurt, and cast ashore in the lonely cove; how he had lain there half dead, for no one heard his shouts, and he couldn't move; how the storm brought him back to life, when he was almost gone, and the sound of Moppet's voice told him help was near.

How glad they all were then! Moppet danced for joy; Gulliver screamed and flapped his wings; and Dan smiled, in spite of pain, to think he



GULLIVER FLEW STRAIGHT TO HIM

should see Davy again. He couldn't understand Gulliver; but Moppet told him all the story, and, when he heard it, he was more troubled for the boy than for himself.

"What will he do? He may get killed or scared, or try to come ashore. Is the lamp alight?" he cried, trying to move, and falling back with a moan of pain.

Gulliver flew up to the highest rock and looked out across the dark sea. Yes, there it was—the steady star shining through the storm, and saying plainly, "All is well."

"Thank heaven! If the lamp is burning, Davy is alive. Now, how shall I get to him?" said Dan.

"Never you fret, massa; Moppet'll see to dat. You jes lay still till I comes. Dere's folks in de house as'll tend to you, ef I tells 'em who and where you is."

Off she ran, and soon came back with help. Dan was taken to the house, and carefully tended; Moppet wasn't scolded for being out so late; and, in the flurry, no one thought of the gull. Next morning the cage was found blown over, and every one fancied the bird had flown away. Dora was already tired of him; so he was soon forgotten by all but Moppet.

In the morning it was clear; and Gulliver flew gladly to the tower where Davy still watched and waited with a pale face and heavy heart, for the three days had been very hard to bear, and, but for Nep and Shine, he would have lost his courage entirely. Gulliver flew straight into his bosom, and, sitting there, told his adventures; while Davy laughed and cried, and Nep stood by, wagging his tail for joy, while his eyes were full of sympathy. The three had a very happy hour together, and then came a boat to carry Davy ashore, while another keeper took charge of the light till Dan was well.

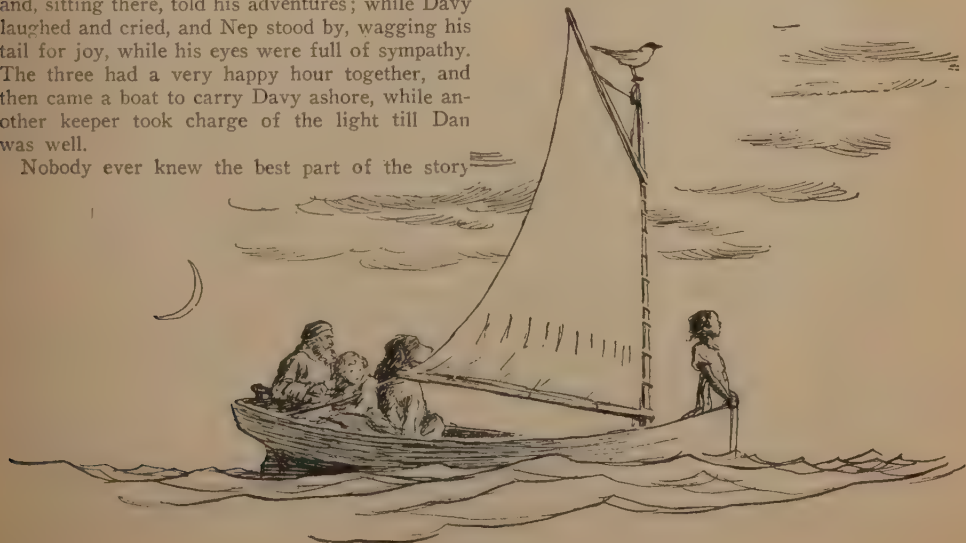
Nobody ever knew the best part of the story

but Moppet, Davy, and Gulliver. Other people didn't dream that the boy's pet gull had anything to do with the finding of the man, or the good fortune that came to Moppet. While Dan lay sick she tended him like a loving little daughter; and, when he was well, he took her for his own. He did not mind the black skin; he only saw the loneliness of the child, the tender heart, the innocent, white soul; and he was as glad to be a friend to her as if she had been as blithe and pretty as Dora.

It was a happy day when Dan and Davy, Moppet, Gulliver, and Nep sailed away to the island; for that was still to be their home, with stout young Ben to help.

The sun was setting; and they floated through waves as rosy as the rosy sky. A fresh wind filled the sail, and ruffled Gulliver's white breast as he sat on the masthead crooning a cheery song to himself. Dan held the tiller, and Davy lay at his feet, with Nep bolt upright beside him; but the happiest face of all was Moppet's. Kneeling at the bow, she leaned forward, with her lips apart, her fuzzy hair blown back, and her eyes fixed on the island which was to be her home. Like a little black figure-head of Hope, she leaned and looked, as the boat flew on, bearing her away from the old life into the new.

As the sun sunk, out shone the lamp with sudden brightness, as if the island bade them welcome. Dan furled the sail; and, drifting with the tide, they floated in, till the waves broke softly on the shore, and left them safe at home.





THE STONE IN THE ROAD

BY SARAH L. ARNOLD

THERE was once a very rich man who lived in a beautiful castle near a village. He loved the people who lived in the village and tried to help them. He planted beautiful trees near their houses, and made picnics for their children, and every Christmas he gave them a Christmas tree.

But the people did not love to work. They were very unhappy because they, too, were not rich like their friend in the castle.

One day this man got up very early in the morning, and placed a large stone in the road that led past his home. Then he hid himself behind the hedge, and waited to see what would happen.

By and by a poor man came along driving a cow. He scolded because the stone lay in his path, but he walked around it and went on his way.

Then a farmer came on his way to the mill. He complained because the stone was there, but

he, too, drove around it and went on his way.

So the day passed. Every one who came by scolded because the stone lay in the road, but nobody touched it.

At last, just at nightfall, the miller's boy came past. He was a hard-working fellow, and was very tired, because he had been busy since early morning at the mill.

But he said to himself, "It is almost dark. Somebody may fall over this stone in the night, and perhaps be badly hurt. I will move it out of the way."

So he tugged at the heavy stone. It was hard to move, but he pulled, and pushed, and lifted until at last he moved it from its place. To his surprise he found a bag lying beneath it.

He lifted the bag. It was heavy, for it was filled with gold. Upon it was written, "This gold belongs to the one who moves the stone."

*From "A Third Reader, STEPPING-STONES TO LITERATURE," page 38, by Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert, published by Silver, Burdett and Company; used by permission.



THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT*

BY MAUD LINDSAY

ONE afternoon, as Mother sat out on the long porch paring apples, the children came running in. There were Cousin Pen, who was visiting at the farm, and Brother Fred, and little Ben, and they all began to talk at the same time.

"To-morrow is Grandmother's birthday," they cried. "What can we give her for a birthday present?"

"I think a silk dress would be nice if we had enough money to buy it," said Cousin Pen.

"Let's give her a watermelon, the biggest one we can find," said Brother Fred.

"Or one of the new kittens; Grandmother likes cats," said little Ben.

"A roll of fresh butter, as yellow as gold and as sweet as clover," said Mother, "if you will do the churning yourselves."

"Oh, yes, we will churn," promised the children, and they ran off to their play well satisfied, for they could think of nothing nicer than a roll of fresh butter, as yellow as gold and as sweet as clover, for Grandmother's birthday present.

By and by the cows came home. Their names were Daisy and Dandelion and Dolly, and as soon as the children heard the tinkle of their bells in the lane they made haste to open the big back gate, for it was milking time.

Father milked, and when he carried his buckets of sweet white milk to the house, Mother strained the milk into the bright tin pans that stood in a row on the dairy room shelves. The next afternoon every pan was covered with thick yellow cream, all ready for the churning. Mother skimmed the cream into the great stone churn.

"Who will churn first?" she asked.

"I will," said Cousin Pen. "I like to make the dasher go dancing up and down."

So Cousin Pen put on one of Mother's gingham aprons and began to churn. "It is easy to churn," she said at first, but after a little her arms grew tired and the dasher grew heavy. She did not think of giving up though, for she was churning to get her Grandmother's birthday butter, and the

*From "More Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsay, copyright by Milton Bradley Co.; used by permission.

dasher seemed to say to her as it splashed up and down:

"Oh, the cream to butter's turning,
In the churning, churning, churning.
It will turn, turn, turn,
As you churn, churn, churn,
All the cream to butter turning,
In the churning, churning, churning."

"Brother Fred's turn," called Mother, and Brother Fred came running up the kitchen steps to take the dasher from Cousin Pen.

"I think it is fun to churn. I don't believe I will ever get tired," he said.

He did get tired, but he would not stop even to rest, for he was churning to get his Grandmother's birthday butter, and the dasher seemed to say to him:

"Hear the buttermilk a-bumming,
For the yellow butter's coming.
It will come, come, come,
With a bum, bum, bum,
All the buttermilk a-bumming,
When the yellow butter's coming."

"Little Ben's turn," called Mother. Little Ben had to stand on a box to churn, and his cheeks were as red as roses as he worked away.

"Don't you want us to help you?" asked the other children.

"No, indeed," said little Ben; "I guess I can churn to get my Grandmother some birthday butter," and he churned with a will, till the dasher seemed to say to him:

"Bum, bum,
Butter's come"

Mother looked in the churn and, sure enough, the flakes of golden butter were floating on the milk.

"Hurrah!" cried little Ben. "Hurrah!" cried Cousin Pen and Brother Fred, and they hurried into the kitchen to watch Mother as she gathered the butter, and worked it, and salted it, and patted it into a very fine roll. When she had done that she printed a star on top of the roll, and the butter was ready to take to Grandmother.

"You must make Grandmother guess what it is," said Mother as she put the butter into a nice little basket and covered it with a white napkin.

"All right," said the children; so when they got to Grandmother's house they called, "Grandmother, Grandmother, guess what we have brought you for a birthday present."

"It is yellow as gold," said Brother Fred.

"It's sweet as clover," said Cousin Pen.

"We churned it ourselves," said little Ben; and Grandmother guessed what it was with her very first guess.

"It is just what I wanted," she said, and she kissed them every one. She had been thinking about them, too, all the long day, and she had baked a beautiful cake for their tea.

Mother and Father came to tea, and all together they had the best birthday party they had ever known.

The children thought the birthday cake was the nicest that they had ever tasted, but Grandmother said she thought nothing could be nicer than her birthday butter.





A DUTCH TREAT

BY AMY B. JOHNSON



"VE been crying again, father."

"Have you, sweetheart?

I'm sorry."

"Father."

"Yes, darling."

"I don't like Holland at all. I wish we had stayed in New York. And I would much rather stay in Amsterdam with you to-day than to go and see those horrid little Dutch children. I'm sure I shall hate them all."

"But how about Marie? You want to see her, don't you?"

"No. I'm very much annoyed with Marie. I don't see why she could not have been contented in New

York. After taking care of me ever since I was a baby, she must like me better than those nieces and nephews she never saw till yesterday."

"I am sure Marie loves you very dearly, Katharine, but you are getting to be such a big girl now that you no longer need a nurse, and Marie was homesick. She wished to come back to Holland years ago, but I persuaded her to stay till you were old enough to do without her, and until Aunt Katharine was ready to come to New York and live with us, promising her that when that time came you and I would come over with her, just as we have done, on our way to Paris. We

must not be selfish and grudge Marie to her sisters, who have not seen her for twelve years."

"I am homesick now, too, father. I was so happy in New York with my dolls—and you—and Marie—and—"

"So you shall be again, darling; in a few months we will go back, taking dear Aunt Katharine with us from Paris, and you will soon love her better than you do Marie."

Katharine and her father, Colonel Easton, were floating along a canal just out of Amsterdam, in a *trekschuit*, or small passenger-boat, on their way to the home of one of Marie's sisters, two of whom were married and settled near one of the dikes of Holland. Katharine was to spend the day there with her nurse, and make the acquaintance of all the nieces and nephews about whom Marie had told her so much, while her father was to return to Amsterdam, where he had business to transact with a friend. They had arrived in Holland only the day before, when Marie had immediately left them, being anxious to get home as soon as possible, after exacting a promise from the colonel that Katharine should visit her the next day.

Katharine felt very sure she would never like Holland as she gazed rather scornfully at the curious objects they passed: the queer gay-colored boats, the windmills which met the eye at every turn, with their great arms waving in the air, the busy-looking people, men and women, some of the latter knitting as they walked, carrying heavy baskets on their backs, and all looking so contented and placid.

"Try and think of the nice day you are going

to have with Marie and the children," said the colonel; "then this evening I will come for you, and we will go together to Paris, and when you see Aunt Katharine you will be perfectly happy. See, we are nearly at the landing, and look at that row of little girls and boys. I do believe they are looking for you."

"Yes; they must be Marie's sister's children; I know them from the description Marie has read me from her letters. Are n't they horrid little things, father? Just look at their great clumps of shoes—"

"Yes—*klompen*; that is what they are called, Katharine."

"And their baggy clothes and short waists!

Katharine waved her handkerchief to her father as long as his boat was in sight.

"See, Miss Katharine," said Marie—in Dutch now, for Katharine understood that language very well, Marie having spoken it to her from her infancy—"here is Gretel, and this is her little sister Katrine and her brother Jan. The others are their cousins. Come here, Lotten; don't be shy. Ludolf, Mayken, Freitje, shake hands with my little American girl; they were all eager to come and meet you, dear, so I had to bring them."

Katharine shook hands very soberly with the little group, and then walked off beside Marie, hearing nothing but the clatter-clatter of fourteen wooden shoes behind her.



"THE WINDMILLS WHICH MET THE EYE AT EVERY TURN, WITH THEIR GREAT ARMS WAVING IN THE AIR."

One of them knitting, too! Well, I would never make such a fright of myself, even if I did live in Holland, which I'm glad I don't."

By this time they had made the landing. Then Katharine and Marie fell into each other's arms and cried, gazed at in half-frightened curiosity by seven small, shy Hollanders, and in pitying patience by a very large colonel.

"Au revoir. I will call for Katharine this afternoon," called Colonel Easton, when the time came for him to go on board again.

Soon they arrived at the cottage, and in a moment seven pairs of *klompen* were ranged in a neat row outside a small cottage, while their owners all talked at once to two sweet-faced women standing in the doorway. These were Marie's sisters, whose husbands were out on the sea fishing, and who lived close beside each other in two tiny cottages exactly alike.

"Oh," exclaimed Katharine, as, panting and breathless, she joined the group, "do you always take off your shoes before you go into the house?"



LITTLE MAYKEN

"Why, of course," said the children.

"How funny!" said Katharine.

Then Marie, who had been left far behind, came up and introduced the little stranger to Juffrouw Van Dyne and Juffrouw Boekman, who took her into the house, followed by the three children who belonged there and the four cousins who belonged next door. They took off her coat and hat and gave her an arm-chair to sit in as she nibbled a tiny piece of gingerbread, while large pieces from the same loaf disappeared as if by magic among the other children. Then Gretel showed to her her doll; Jan shyly put into her hand a very pretty small model of the boat she had come in on that morning; Lotten offered her a piece of Edam cheese, which she took, while politely declining Mayken's offer to teach her to knit; little Katrine deposited a beautiful white kitten on her lap; Ludolf showed her a fine pair of klompen on which his father was teaching him to carve some very pretty figures; Freitje brought all his new fishing-tackle and invited her to go fishing with him at the back of the house. It was not long before Katharine forgot that she was homesick, and grew really interested in her surroundings; and later the dinner, consisting chiefly of fish and rye bread, tasted very good to the now hungry Katharine.

It was after dinner that the tragedy happened. The children had all started out for a walk. Before they had gone more than a mile from the house the fog settled all around them—so dense, so thick, blotting out everything, that they could not see more than a step ahead. They were not frightened, however, as all they had to do was to turn round and go straight ahead toward home. The children took one another's hands at Gretel's direction, stretching themselves across the road, Katharine, who held Gretel's hand, being at one end of the line. They walked on slowly along the dike for a short time, talking busily, though not able to see where they were going, when suddenly Katharine felt her feet slipping. In trying to steady herself she let go of Gretel, gave a wild clutch at the air, and then rolled, rolled, right down a steep bank, and, splash! into a pool of water at the bottom. For a moment she lay half stunned, not knowing what had happened to her; then, as her sense came, "Oh," thought she, "I must be killed, or drowned, or something!" She tried to call "Gretel," but her voice sounded weak and far off, and she could see nothing. Slowly she crawled out of the pool, only to plunge, splash! into another. She felt, oh, so cold, wet, and bruised! "I must have rolled right down the dike," she thought. "If I could find it, I might climb up again." She got up and tried

to walk, but sank to her ankles in water at every step.

She was a little lame from her fall, and soaked from head to foot. Her clothes hung around her most uncomfortably when she tried to walk. But, if she had to crawl on hands and knees, she must find the house; so, plunging, tumbling, rising again, she crawled in and out of ditches, every minute getting more cold and miserable.

But on she went, shivering and sore, every moment wandering farther from her friends, who were out searching all along the bottom of the dike.

After what seemed to her a long time, she came bump up against something hard. She did not know what it was, but she could have jumped for joy, if her clothes had not been so heavy, to hear a voice suddenly call out in Dutch: "What's that? Who has hit against my door? Ach! where in the world have you come from?" Then in a considerably milder tone: "Ach! the little one! and she is English. How did you get here, dear heart?"

"I—I—fell down the dike. I have—lost—everybody. Oh, how shall I ever get back to father?" answered Katharine in her very poor Dutch.

"But tell me, little one, where you came from—ach! so cold and wet!"

"I was spending the day with Marie and Gretel—and—Jan—and we were walking on the dike when the fog came on; then I fell, and could not find my way—"

"Gretel and Jan—could they be Juffrouw Van Dyne's children?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "that is where I was. Oh, *can* you take me back, dear, dear juffrouw?"

"Yes, when the fog clears away, my child. I could not find the house now; it is more than two miles from here. Besides, you must put off these wet clothes; you will get your death of cold—poor lambkin."

At this Katharine's sobs broke forth afresh. It must be late in the evening now, she thought; her father would come to Marie's and would not be able to find her—

"No, dear child; it is only four o'clock in the afternoon. The fog may clear away very soon, and then I will take you back."

Quickly the wet garments were taken off and hung about the stove. Katharine presently found herself wrapped up in blankets in a great arm-chair in front of the fire, a cushion at her back and another under her feet, drinking some nice hot broth, and feeling so warm and comfortable that she fell fast asleep, and awoke two hours later to find the room quite light, the fog almost gone, the juffrouw sitting beside her knitting, and

a comfortable-looking cat purring noisily at her feet.

"I think I have been asleep," she said.

"I think you have," said Dame Donk.

Just then a loud knock was heard at the door, a head was poked in, then another, and still another. The cottage was fast filling up. There stood, first of all, poor, pale, frightened Marie, holding a large bundle in her arms, Jan with another smaller one, Gretel carrying a pair of shoes, and one of the sisters, completely filling up the doorway with her ample proportions, last of all.

It appears that as soon as the fog had begun to clear, the good Dame Donk had despatched a boy from a neighboring cottage to let them know where Katharine was, and that her wardrobe would need replenishing.

The excitement on finding the child safe and sound may be better imagined than described. How she was kissed, cried, and laughed over, what questions were asked and not answered, as she was taken into an adjoining room and arrayed in a complete suit of Gretel's clothes, even to the klompen, for, alas! her French shoes were now in no condition to be worn, the pretty blue frock torn and stained and hopelessly wet, the hat with its dainty plume crushed and useless; indeed, every article she had worn looked only fit for the rag-bag.

Gretel was so much smaller than Katharine that the clothes were a very tight fit, the skirt which hung round Gretel's ankles reaching just below Katharine's knees, and it was a funny little figure that stepped back into the room—no longer a fashionably dressed New York maiden, but a golden-haired child of Holland, even to the blue eyes, sparkling now with fun and merriment.

"But did n't you bring a cap for me, Marie?" she asked in a grievous tone.

"Ah, no, deary; I never thought of a cap."

"Well, you must put one on me the minute we get back."

"Oh, what will father say?" she cried delightedly, as she surveyed herself in the little mirror.

This sobered Marie at once. What would "father" say, indeed? Would he not have a right to be very angry with her, that she had allowed the child to get into such danger?

"WHERE is Katharine?" asked the colonel, as he stood, tall and commanding, on the threshold, later that evening, surveying eight small Hollanders, looking so much alike, except for the difference in their sizes, that they might have passed for eight Dutch dolls propped up in a row against the wall.

A sudden shriek of laughter, and one of the dolls was in his arms, smothering him with kisses. Then every one began to talk at once, as usual, and it was not until late the next evening, when he and Katharine were steaming out of Amsterdam, that the colonel was told the whole story and for the first time fully understood all that had happened to his little girl on that eventful day.

Meanwhile the new light in his daughter's eyes and the laughter on her lips kept him from any desire to inquire too deeply into the reason for a certain embarrassed frightened look on the faces of the women.

Before leaving Amsterdam the colonel was obliged to purchase a complete suit of Dutch garments for Katharine as a memento of this visit, and "because they are so pretty, father," she said, and "oh, father, I just love Holland! As for those Dutch children, I think they are simply the dearest, sweetest things I ever saw, and I have promised to write to Gretel as soon as ever I get to Paris."



DOROTHEA'S SCHOOL GIFTS

BY EUNICE WARD

"It seems very queer," said Dorothea thoughtfully, "people who are going to do something nice always have presents given them, but people who are going to do something horrid never get a thing, and they need it twice as much."

"As for instance?" said her father, laying down his paper and drawing her onto his knee, while the rest of the family prepared to give the customary amused attention to their youngest's remarks.

"Well, when Cousin Edith went to Europe we all gave her presents to take with her, and when

"What are you going to do that you don't like, Baby?" asked Florence.

"Why, you know, school begins again next week," said Dorothea. "It makes me feel quite mournful, and I don't see anything to cheer me up and make it interesting for me." A little smile was hidden in the corners of her mouth although her tone was as doleful as possible.

"If you were going to boarding-school—" began Anita, who was apt to take everything seriously.

"Then I'd have lots of things," interrupted Dorothea. "New clothes and a trunk and a bag, and you'd all come to see me off, and it would be interesting. But I'm going to work just as hard here at day-school, and yet I've got to bear it, all by myself."

Her father pinched her ear, and her big brother Jim offered to have a bunch of roses placed on her desk at school if that would make her feel better, while her two sisters looked at each other as though the same idea had occurred to them both.



"'YOU KNOW SCHOOL BEGINS NEXT WEEK,' SAID DOROTHEA."

she came home lots of people sent her flowers. Anita's been getting cups and things ever since she was engaged, and last spring, when Florence graduated, almost all the family gave her something; and when Mary Bowman was confirmed she got a lovely white prayer-book and a gold cross and chain. But when people are going to do what they hate to do, they're left out in the cold."

On the morning of the first day of school, Dorothea was suddenly awakened by a loud ting-a-ling-a-ling. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. The room was flooded with morning light and the brass knobs on her bed gleamed cheerfully at her and seemed to say: "Get up, get up!" Now Dorothea was a "sleepyhead" and had seldom been known to get up when first awakened. It usually took at least three calls from her mother or the girls, and sometimes Jim stole in and administered a "cold pig," that is, a few drops of chilly water

squeezed upon her neck from a sponge, before she was ready to leave her comfortable bed.

"It's an alarm clock," thought Dorothea. "But where is it?" Her eyes traveled sleepily around the room but saw nothing that had not been there the night before. The ting-a-ling-a-ling sounded once more. "It's in this room somewhere!" she exclaimed, bouncing out of bed.

She looked on bureau, washstand, bookcase, and window-seat, and then jumped, for the loud ting-a-ling came almost from underneath her feet. She hastily lifted the drooping cover of a little table that stood near the window, and there on the edge of the lower shelf stood an alarm-clock of the ordinary pattern but of rather extraordinary appearance, owing to a large yellow paper ruff which encircled its face.

"How did it get there?" exclaimed Dorothea in astonishment; and as she gazed the clock burst forth with another loud ting-a-ling.

"Is n't it ever going to stop doing that?" she said, lifting it as she spoke. The yellow ruff seemed to have something written on it, so she took it off and, smoothing it out, read:

DEAR DOLLY: Happy school-day! After much earnest consideration I have selected this as a suitable reminder of this joyful (?) anniversary. It will continue to remind you five mornings in the week, thereby saving your family much wear and tear, for it will be properly wound and set every night by

Your affectionate brother,

JIM.

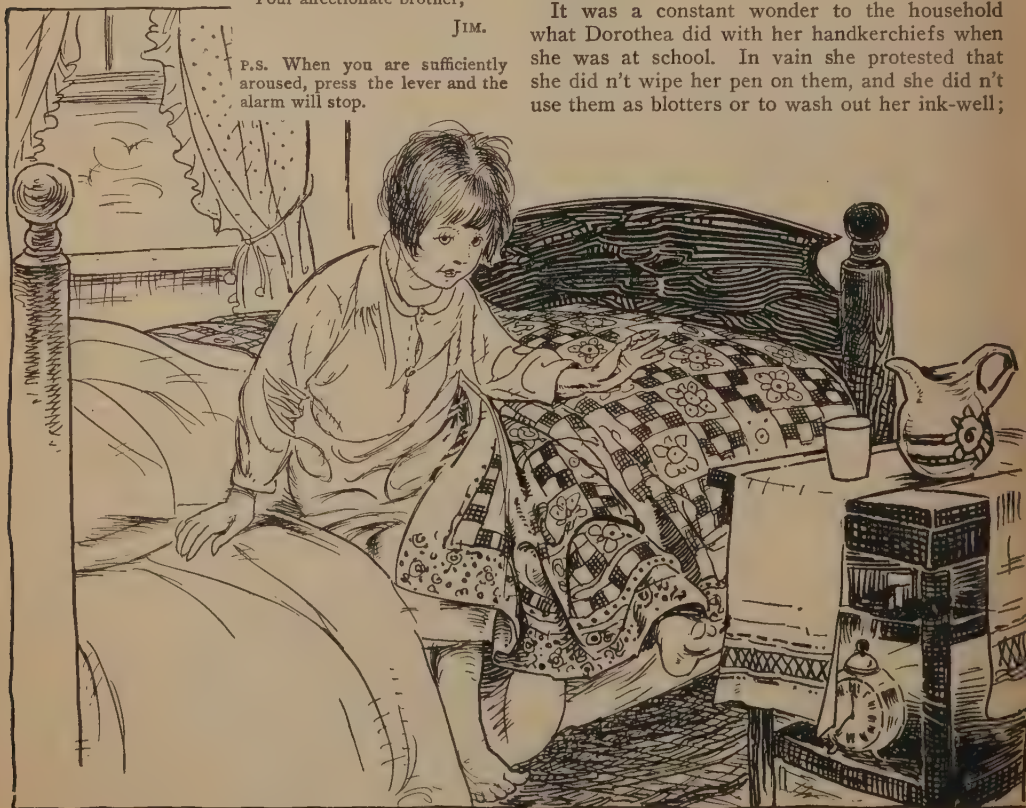
P.S. When you are sufficiently aroused, press the lever and the alarm will stop.

"It's one of those awful clocks that go off every minute!" said Dorothea, carefully examining it to find the lever. She almost dropped it when it began another of its loud and long rings, but she soon found and pressed the lever and thereafter the clock was silent except for its customary tick.

"I don't believe I shall ask anybody to give me presents any more," she said, eying Jim's "reminder" with disfavor. But she changed her mind a little later when, on looking for a clean handkerchief, she discovered a flat square box tied with blue ribbon, and, opening it, saw half a dozen handkerchiefs with narrow blue borders and a little blue D in the corner. On the top was Cousin Edith's visiting-card, on the back of which was printed in fantastic letters:

Dear Dolly: Use a handkerchief
Whenever you're inclined to sniff.
But with this band of blue I think
They don't need polka-dots of ink.

It was a constant wonder to the household what Dorothea did with her handkerchiefs when she was at school. In vain she protested that she did n't wipe her pen on them, and she did n't use them as blotters or to wash out her ink-well;



but, nevertheless, black stains almost always appeared upon them, and Florence insisted that the family had to buy an extra pint of milk a day to take out all these ink-stains. Cousin Edith was too frequent a visitor not to know all the family plans and jokes; and Dolly, as she laughed and shook out one of the blue-bordered squares, resolved that "polka-dots" should be conspicuous by their absence, for Edith would be sure to know.

She entered the breakfast room just as the family were sitting down to the table.

"Behold the effects of my generosity and forethought!" exclaimed Jim waving his hand toward her. "Our Youngest is in time for breakfast!"

"Many happy returns of the day, small sister," said Anita, just as if it was her birthday, kissing her good morning and slipping a little hard package into her hand. "Bob sends you this with his love."

"I don't mind returns of the day when it's like this," said Dorothea, opening the package and at the same time spying a couple of tissue-paper parcels lying beside her plate. Inside was a small chamois-skin case out of which slid a little pearl-handled penknife. The accompanying card bore the name of her future brother-in-law, and also these words:

I hesitate to offer you
This knife, for I shall be
Afraid that if you cut yourself
You straightway will cut me.

"How long did it take Bob to execute that masterpiece?" inquired Jim as Dorothea read it aloud.

"You're jealous," she said. "Yours wasn't half so lovely as Cousin Edith's and Bob's. It wasn't poetry at all."

"I left all the eloquence to my gift itself," answered Jim, helping himself to an orange.

Dorothea paid no attention to him, for she was opening a small package fastened by a rubber band. It was a silver-mounted eraser with a tiny brush at one end. The inclosed note read:

This advice I must repeat;
Spare the rub and spoil the sheet.
If you can't restrain your speed,
This will prove a friend in need.

Dolly joined rather shamefacedly in the general smile, as she thanked Florence, whose writing she had recognized. She was very apt to postpone her work until the last minute, and then rush through it as fast as possible; her compositions suffered from the many careless mistakes that she was always in too much of a hurry to

correct, while her drawings belonged to what Jim called the "slap-dash school."

"We shall know by the amount of rubber left at the end of the term whether you have taken my valuable advice," said Florence. "What's in



"'MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY, SMALL SISTER,' SAID ANITA."

that other package, Baby? I know it is Anita's by the extreme elegance of its appearance."

Dorothea opened an oblong package tied with green ribbon and found a set of blotters fastened to a dark green suede cover ornamented with an openwork design of four-leaf clovers, and a pen-wiper to match. On top lay a slip of paper on which was written in Anita's pretty hand:

Wishing "Our Youngest" good luck and a happy school year.

"I'm not good at verses, so you'll have to be content with plain prose," said Anita; and Dorothea assured her that she was quite satisfied.

"Half past eight, Dolly," said her mother when breakfast was over. "It is time you started."

"Oh, not yet, mother," said Dorothea the Dawdler. "It only takes me fifteen minutes."

"Now, see here," said Jim; "what do you suppose stirring young business-men like your father and brother are lingering until the nine o'clock

train for, unless it is to see you off for school? We want to give you as good a send-off as pos-



"LEND ME YOUR PENCILS, WON'T YOU, JIM?" SAID DOROTHEA.

sible, for you're going to be absent four whole hours, but we can't,—unless you do your part and begin to go pretty soon. I don't believe you've got all your books together, as it is."

"Yes, I have," answered Dorothea triumphantly. "They are all on the hall table, for I put them there last night. Oh, gracious!" she exclaimed blankly: "I forgot to see whether I had any pencils! I don't believe I have one! Jim, lend me yours, won't you? Just for to-day."

"Lend you my most cherished possession? Never!" said Jim, placing his hand dramatically over his breast pocket.

"Then, Daddy, won't you please lend me yours?"

"Trot along, trot along!" said her father; and Dorothea, not knowing quite what to make of having her demands thus ignored, put on her hat and started to gather up her books. On top of the pile was a slender inlaid box under a card bearing the words, "For Dolly, from

Father." Pushing back the sliding cover, Dorothea saw that the box contained a row of pencils, all beautifully sharpened, a dozen pens, and a slim gunmetal penholder.

"Oh!" she squealed with delight. "So that's why you would n't lend me any pencils!" and gave her father a hug.

"Hurry up, now," said Jim. "Don't forget we've got to see ourselves off after we've seen you."

"Why don't you take your bag?" asked Anita.

"It's too small for my new Geography," answered Dorothea, placing this huge outward and visible sign of her progress in learning so that it would form a foundation for the rest of her books. "Besides, it's too shabby."

"You had better take it to-day, anyhow, as you have so much to carry," suggested her mother. "I brought it downstairs and it's on the hat-rack."

"I just hate it!" pouted Dorothea, turning; and then stopped in surprise, for instead of her little old satchel, a large new one made of soft dark brown leather was hanging on the rack. It was ornamented on one side with her monogram in raised tan-colored letters, and it was large enough for the largest Geography that she was ever likely to have.

"Who gave me that?" she cried. "Oh, I know—Mother! It's just exactly what I wanted. I think going to school this way is perfectly lovely!" she added as she slipped her other possessions into the bag.

"Twenty minutes to nine!" called Jim warningly.

"All right, I'm going now," answered Dorothea gaily as she kissed them all around.

"And the first day of school is n't so dismal after all, is it?" said her father.

"Oh, it's splendid, just splendid!" she replied enthusiastically. At the gate she turned to wave her hand at the assembled family, who waved back at her vigorously; and then, swinging her bag, she ran off down the street toward school.





"'WHAT 'S ALL THAT FOR?' WAS RED'S FIRST QUESTION "

THE SILVERTON REVOLUTION

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS

"Come on, Red! We're waiting. Come on; hurry!"

Red put his head over the edge of the hammock in an exasperating, slow way, and demanded, "Why? where? what?"

"Because if we don't hurry we won't get done before dark; up to the top of Clover Hill; to pile up stuff for the biggest bonfire Silverton has ever seen."

"Good-by. Let me sleep. We 've more than two weeks before the Fourth. And, anyhow, I can't seem to get up any enthusiasm for bonfires with the thermometer climbing like a monkey."

"Oh, Red, come along; the fellows want you."

After an exaggerated snore had failed to convince Tom that he was n't going, Red sat up and reflected for a moment. Then he took his cap and strolled slowly toward the hill.

But he protested that the walk was too long; he complained that they had not rigged a cable-car to carry them to the top of the hill; he groaned

over the heat, and in short acted like anything but a boy out for a frolic. When he reached the top of the hill, he sat down on a box and watched the others working for a while.

"Come on and help!" the indignant boys demanded.

"You fellows come over here for a minute, first," he returned, and as usual the boys did exactly what Red suggested.

"What 's all that for?" was his first question.

"For a great big Fourth of July bonfire. We'll light it at midnight of the third, and we 'll bring our fire-crackers and cannon along, and a few tin horns for emphasis, and I 'll bet no one within a mile of the hill sleeps again that night. It will light up the country for miles around, and will make a dandy celebration."

This was the explanation given him by the half-dozen boys.

"Well, after what I saw last year, all this looks

like a little kid's celebration to me," said Red, calmly. "I've outgrown that sort of thing."

"Where you were last year," cried Tom. "Why, Red Elsmore, you were in a city, where they did n't have any Fourth of July. And you made a rumpus about going, too. You said you would n't have a bit of fun, that there would n't be so much as a fire-cracker exploded in the whole place."

"Yes, I remember how you said you wished you could stay with us until after the Fourth. You were sure you could n't have a bit of fun," said Don, with great emphasis.

"Was I?" smiled Red. "Well, that was one of the few times in my long and checkered career when I have been mistaken. I had the time of my life. And fire-crackers! Why, I was associated with a bunch of twenty of the biggest ones you ever saw."

"How big were they?"

"Oh, about five feet long."

"Oh, come out of your dream, Red. They don't make them that big, you know. Why, when they blew up they would smash all the houses!"

"Well, these did n't blow up. Not that I know of. But I had more fun that day than I ever had in all the other Fourths of my life put together."

"Well, tell us about it," they said.

So Red told.

"I did say before I went that they would n't have any Fourth of July there. Well, they had the real thing. It was n't just an imported Chinese celebration, with a lot of noise. They had an American kind. I went to stay with my cousin. His class was going into the parade, and they said I might go too. And how do you suppose we dressed? Why, as giant fire-crackers. I tell you we made a hit, and we took a prize—but I'm getting ahead of my story. I had heard quite a lot about how they got up the parade because my Aunt Maud was on a committee that was helping to manage things. They just asked all the schools, and Sunday-schools, and societies to send their young folk in marching bodies, or on floats. There was no one in the parade that was over twenty, except the bands and the policemen. You could put on funny clothes, or you could dress up as historical characters. Those that were to march together drilled for a fortnight, so that they would keep step well, and then on the morning of the parade they went to the square together, and the marshals gave them their place in the parade. We marched out to a big park and past a reviewing stand where the prizes were awarded. We "fire-crackers" had a place near the beginning, so when we got to the park, I had a chance to stop and see most of the parade come in. I was glad of it, seeing I came from a be-

nighted town where the fellows still shoot fire-crackers instead of having a parade. I knew I'd have to tell you all about it, and explain to you how behind the times we are, out here.

"Well, there were marching bodies of 'Uncle Sams,' and 'George Washingtons,' and some boys on ponies were 'Paul Reveres,' though they could n't go fast. There was one lot of fellows dressed like backwoodsmen, and there were soldiers, and sailors, and Indians, and farmers, and some Scotch boys came as 'Highlanders,' but they carried the good old Stars and Stripes. The girls were 'Columbias,' and 'Priscillas,' and 'Martha Washingtons,' and Quakers, and Puritans, and 'Pocahontases,' and fairies, and a lot more I don't remember. But the floats—fellows, you should have seen them! There was one showing the signing of the Declaration, and with John Hancock, and Franklin, and all those old fellows represented by boys in costume. And they had the First Thanksgiving, and the ringing of the Liberty Bell, and Washington's Farewell, and a Colonial home with the spinning-wheel, and all sorts of old-fashioned things. An Italian society sent a float showing Columbus before the council, doing his egg trick. And I tell you that was a great one."

When Red paused for breath, some one said: "Well, our little town can't have a parade like that."

"Yes, we can!" said Red. "And the managers there said it would be a lot more interesting in smaller places. People would know each other, and they could get together afterward for a sort of a picnic in a grove. Of course, our parade can't be as long as theirs, but what there is of it can be just as good."

"But it will cost a lot," said another objector.

"Not a lot," said Red. "We can all put our fireworks money in, and the grown-up folks will help us. You'll see."

"Let's do it!" said Tom, rather unexpectedly.

Red evidently forgot that the thermometer was climbing. He suddenly sat upright, and began dividing the boys off, in committees, to see various people, and find out if they would help. And he ordered all the boys to report on his side porch that very evening, as the time was so short. "There'll be fresh cookies—the kind that Mother makes—I'll guarantee that, and lots of lemonade," said Red in conclusion. And the new Fourth of July committees started out.

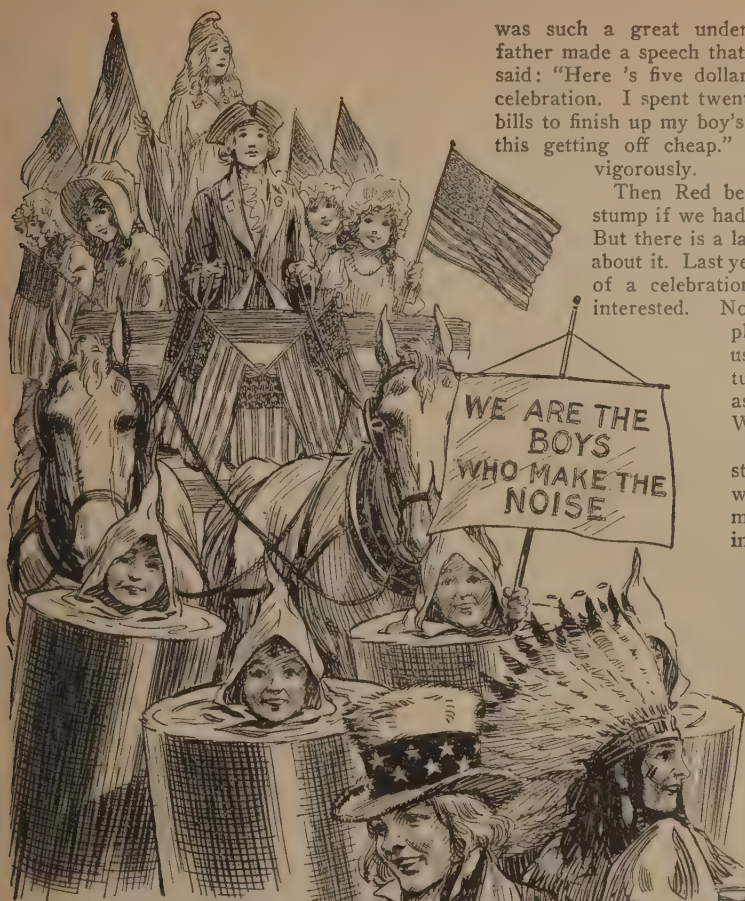
When they met that night, discouragement was written over most of the faces. Red wisely passed the refreshments before he began to talk. There were three or four mothers and one solitary father present. When they began their re-

was such a great undertaking. The solitary father made a speech that was to the point. He said: "Here 's five dollars to help out in your celebration. I spent twenty last year in doctor's bills to finish up my boy's celebrating, and I call this getting off cheap." They applauded him vigorously.

Then Red began: "We 'd be up a stump if we had to start this ourselves. But there is a lady here who knows all about it. Last year she wanted this kind of a celebration, but no one seemed interested. Now she can use the plans she made, and tell us what to do, and we 'll turn in and do it. I ask to hear from Mrs. Wayne, please."

The person who stepped forward was a wealthy woman who made her summer home in Silvertown. The town people did not know her very well, but all who did know her admired and loved her. As soon as she began to speak in a confident, neighborly way, every one felt that a real Fourth of July was assured.

"First, I want a secretary," she said; "someone who doesn't



THE SILVERTOWN PARADE

ports it seemed that everybody to whom they applied had told them it was too late for this year. The one merchant who had a large stock of fireworks was indignant that they should consider anything that might lessen his sales; but the grocers, on the other hand, would be glad to see fireworks permanently banished from Silvertown.

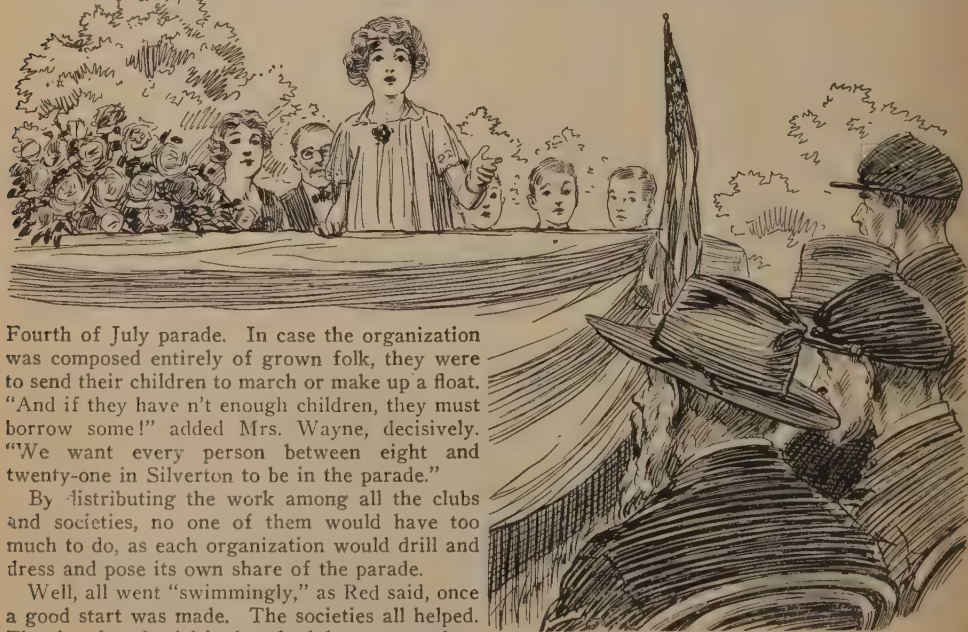
The mothers, when they spoke, wished the thing might be done,—they would so like to see a better celebration of the Fourth,—but they did not know *how* it could be done. It

mind a lot of writing." The boys all called for "Shorty," and, of course, it was the tallest boy in the crowd who blushing made his way to the little table beside Mrs. Wayne.

"Now," she said, "I want you to make out a list of all the organizations in the town. I want the names of organized classes in the Sunday-schools, of the literary societies, the boys' and girls' clubs, the lodges, and we want the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and the Scouts in the list."

All the committees helped prepare the list. Then Mrs. Wayne portioned it off among them. The head of each organization was to be visited the very next morning, and was to be asked to send either a marching body or a float for the

was twice as long, and "ten times as beautiful," as people had expected. There was a fire-cracker brigade such as Red had told about. There were jolly "Uncle Sams," and Indians, and cow-boys, and backwoodsmen, and lovely "Libertys," and demure Puritans and Quakers. When they reached the grove, the choral society sang its songs, and everybody joined in the familiar airs. Then Ellen Chambers recited Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, turning at the right point to the group of veterans who represented Silverton's branch of the Grand Army of the Republic. Red had been chosen to read the Declaration, and the old words seemed to grow again in the memory as his earnest voice brought out all their eloquence and meaning



ELLEN CHAMBERS RECITED LINCOLN'S
GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Fourth of July parade. In case the organization was composed entirely of grown folk, they were to send their children to march or make up a float. "And if they have n't enough children, they must borrow some!" added Mrs. Wayne, decisively. "We want every person between eight and twenty-one in Silverton to be in the parade."

By distributing the work among all the clubs and societies, no one of them would have too much to do, as each organization would drill and dress and pose its own share of the parade.

Well, all went "swimmingly," as Red said, once a good start was made. The societies all helped. The boys' and girls' choral club got together, and practised all the patriotic songs. The Woman's Aid societies agreed to provide and take charge of the picnic in the beautiful grove at the edge of the town. They had collected enough money to pay the band, but in a burst of generosity, it volunteered its services. The farmers willingly contributed their wagons for the floats. So the money bought quantities of flags, and gay parasols, and ice-cream for everybody.

THE morning of the Fourth dawned clear and fine. With a capable marshal to direct the various groups and floats to their places, the parade formed on the town square without confusion. It

With the young folk in mind, Judge Allen made his speech short and simple. When he said he hoped the old destructive Fourth was gone forever, and that a real American celebration such as they were enjoying would henceforth be the order, the people cheered until the woods rang.

It was a happy day. There was fun every minute from the time the first eager child woke and begged to be dressed for the parade, until the athletic events of the day were over at sunset.

"The Silverton Revolution," as the townfolk called it, was a great success.



THREE WELSHMEN

THERE were three jolly Welshmen
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

Then all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay;
The other said it was a cheese,
With one-half cut away.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

WHERE are you going, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your father, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Then I won't have you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair.
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

BY JEAN INGELOW

THERE's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low:
You were bright—ah, bright—but your light is
failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in
heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,—
You've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell.
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell:

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away.
I am old! you may trust me, Linner, Linner!
I am seven times one to-day.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

Little white Lily
 Sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.
 Little white Lily
 Sunshine has fed;
 Little white Lily
 Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
 Said, "It is good—
 Little white Lily's
 Clothing and food."
 Little white Lily
 Drest like a bride!
 Shining with whiteness,
 And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
 Droopeth with pain,
 Waiting and waiting
 For the wet rain.
 Little white Lily
 Holdeth her cup;
 Rain is fast falling
 And filling it up.

Little white Lily
 Said, "Good again—
 When I am thirsty
 To have fresh rain!
 Now I am stronger;
 Now I am cool;
 Heat cannot burn me,
 My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
 Smells very sweet:
 On her head sunshine,
 Rain at her feet.
 "Thanks to the sunshine,
 Thanks to the rain!
 Little white Lily
 Is happy again!"

THE DIFFERENCE

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

Eight fingers,
 Ten toes,
 Two eyes,
 And one nose.
 Baby said
 When she smelt the rose,
 "Oh! what a pity
 I 've only one nose!"

Ten teeth

In even rows,
 Three dimples,
 And one nose.
 Baby said
 When she smelt the snuff,
 "Deary me!
 One nose is enough."

GOING TO SLEEP

When little Birdie bye-bye goes,
 Quiet as mice in churches,
 He puts his head where no one knows,
 On one leg he perches.

When little Babie bye-bye goes,
 On Mother's arm reposing,
 Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
 Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep,
 Tail and nose together,
 Then little mice around her creep,
 Lightly as a feather.

When little Babie goes to sleep,
 And he is very near us,
 Then on tip-toe softly creep,
 That Babie may not hear us.
 Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby!

HOW TO GET BREAKFAST

Said the first little chick,
 With a queer little squirm,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little worm."

Said the next little chick,
 With an odd little shrug,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little bug."

Said the third little chick,
 With a shrill little squeal,
 "I wish I could find
 Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chick,
 With a small sigh of grief,
 "I wish I could find
 A little green leaf."

"See here," called the hen,
 From the near garden patch,
 "If you want any breakfast
 Just come here and scratch."

THE LITTLE DUTCHESS

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

ONCE there lived a little Dutchess,
Just beside the Zuyder Zee;
Short and stout and roly-poly,
As a Dutchess ought to be.

Loudly laughed the Burgomaster,
"Naught I care for Dorking fowls;
Naught for pig, unless 't is roasted
And on that my doctor scowls.



She had pigs and she had poultry,
She had lands and she had gold;
And she loved the Burgomaster,
Loved him more than can be told.

"Surly, burly Burgomaster,
Will you have me for your love?
You shall be my pouter-pigeon,
I will be your turtle-dove.

"You shall have my China porkers,
You shall have each Dorking hen;
Take them with your loving Dutchess,
Oh, you Dutchiest of men!"



"Frumpy, stumpy little Dutchess,
I do not incline to wed.
Keep your pigs, and keep your poultry!
I will take your gold instead.

"I will take your shining florins,
I will take your fields' rich hoard,
You may go and tend your piggies,
Till your spirits be restored."

Loudly wept the little Dutchess,
Tending sad each China pig;
Loudly laughed the Burgomaster
'Neath his merry periwig,

Till the Dutchy people, angry
Conduct such as this to see,
One day plumped the pouter-pigeon
Right into the Zuyder Zee.

ELF SONG

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

I twist the toes of the birds a-doze,
I tinkle the dew-bells bright;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
Till she laughs in the stars' dim light.
The glowworm's lamp I hide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting;
I pinch the toad till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.

O ho! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning.

I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spider-web twine;
I tangle the naughty children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.
I flit through the house without any noise,
There 's never an elf so sly;
I break the toys of bad little boys
And the cross little girls who cry.
O hey; O ho!
I work them woe,
Till crows the cock in the morning.

HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all."
But the little kite said: "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-by;
I'm off"; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and the clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried,
"And all because I was brave, and tried."

THE MUSIC OF HAPPINESS

BY THOMAS SETOUN

FROM dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

And if you listen to the rain
Where leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

WILLIE WINKIE

BY WILLIAM MILLER

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten
o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie
a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa'
asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue!—glow'rin' like
the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a
cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin'
folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumlin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her
thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll
close an ee;
But a kiss frae off his rosy lips gies strength
anew to me.

A TRIP TO TOY-LAND

BY EUGENE FIELD

AND how do you get to Toy-land,
To all little people the joy-land?
Just follow your nose
And go on tiptoes,
It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And oh! but it's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land,
And woolly dogs white
That never will bite
You'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society's fine in Toy-land,
The dollies all think it a joy-land,
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark
And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year in Toy-land,
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy-land;
And steamers are run,
And steam-cars for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land;
Fine castles adorn this joy-land;
And bright are the dreams
And sunny the beams
That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land?
A few days, at best,
We stay as a guest,
Then good-by forever, to Toy-land!

A STORY OF A, B, C

BY PATRICK R. CHALMERS

WHEN I'm going to town of a morning,
Every day I meet
Three little girls with grace adorning
The long, gray aisle of a London street
(The Saints be kind to their class-ward feet);
And I don't know what their names may be,
Never a one of all the three,
So we'll call them A, and B, and C.
And A's as slim as a willow,
And B's as nice as a bun,
And C's as pretty as sixpence—
And how shall the story run?

They go in orchard, apple-green dresses
(Best of Pomona's hues),
They wear the sun in their pig-tailed tresses,
They wear the wind in their walking-shoes;
You wouldn't know which of the three to
choose.
Each of them fresh as an April day,
Each of them bright as a roundelay,
Each of them, C, and B, and A.
And A's the grace of a Princess,
And B's as sweet as a rose,
And C's as pretty as sixpence—
And that's how the story goes!

Now, that's as far as my knowledge reaches,
 Fancy finds the end,
 "Sugar and spice" for all and each is
 Always there when it's "Let's pretend";
 So 'tis settled that Fate's to send
 Sugar and spice to all the three
 (Letting them know it comes from me),
 Each of them, A, and B, and C.
 And A shall marry a marquis,
 And B shall marry a squire,
 And C (who's pretty as sixpence)
 Whomever her dreams desire!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape, they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old moustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away.

MR. NOBODY

I KNOW a funny little man, as quiet as a mouse,
 Who does the mischief that is done in every-
 body's house;
 There's no one ever sees his face, and yet we all
 agree
 That every plate we break was cracked by Mr.
 Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books, and leaves
 the door ajar;
 He pulls the buttons off our shirts, and scatters
 pins afar;
 That squeaky door will always squeak, for prithee
 don't you see,
 We leave the oiling to be done by Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire, that kettles
 cannot boil;
 His are the feet that bring in mud, and all the
 carpets soil;
 The papers always are mislaid—who had been
 last but he?
 There's no one tosses things about but Mr. No-
 body!

The finger-marks upon the door by none of us
 are made;
 We never leave the blinds unclosed to let the
 curtains fade;
 The ink we never spill; the boots, that lying
 round we see,
 Are not our boots; they all belong to Mr. No-
 body!



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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

FROM A PAINTING BY WILL L. TAYLOR

The Happy Holiday of Master Merrivein

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

'LL hie me up to Durley Fair," quoth Master Merrivein;
"A day of rest and jollity, then hie me home again.
With shillings in my pocket, and the harvest-work all done,
I 'll spend a happy holiday, then back by set o' sun!"

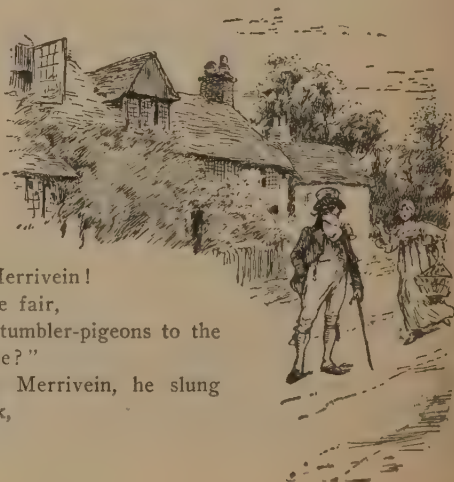
So blithesome Master Merrivein, all in his Sunday best,
Started straightway for Durley Fair, with energy and zest;

His stick upon his shoulder, most joyfully he sped,

But suddenly
a voice
from a
neighbor's
gateway said:

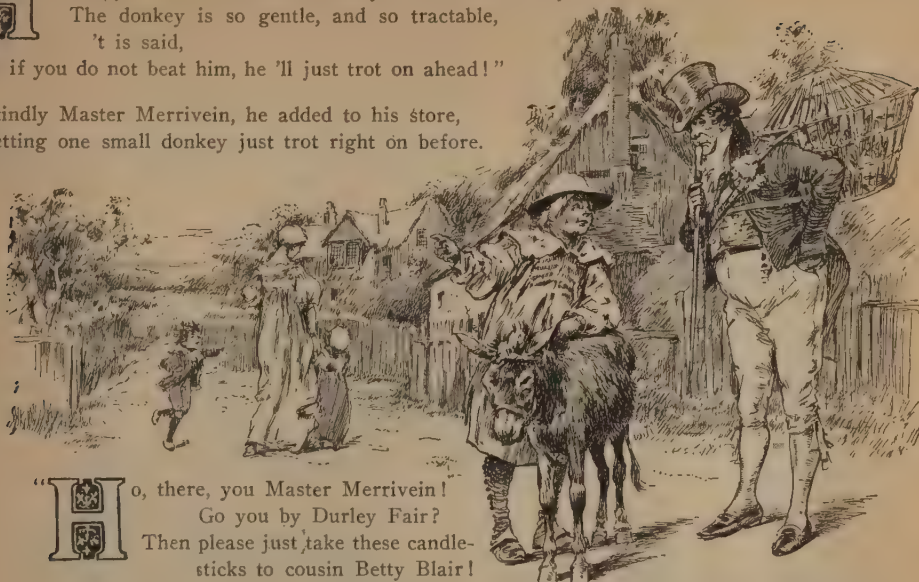
"Oh, Master, Master Merrivein!
As you go to the fair,
Will you take my tumbler-pigeons to the
pigeon-fakir there?"
So, kindly Master Merrivein, he slung
them on his back,

The pigeons and the pigeon-cage.
(They made a goodly pack!)



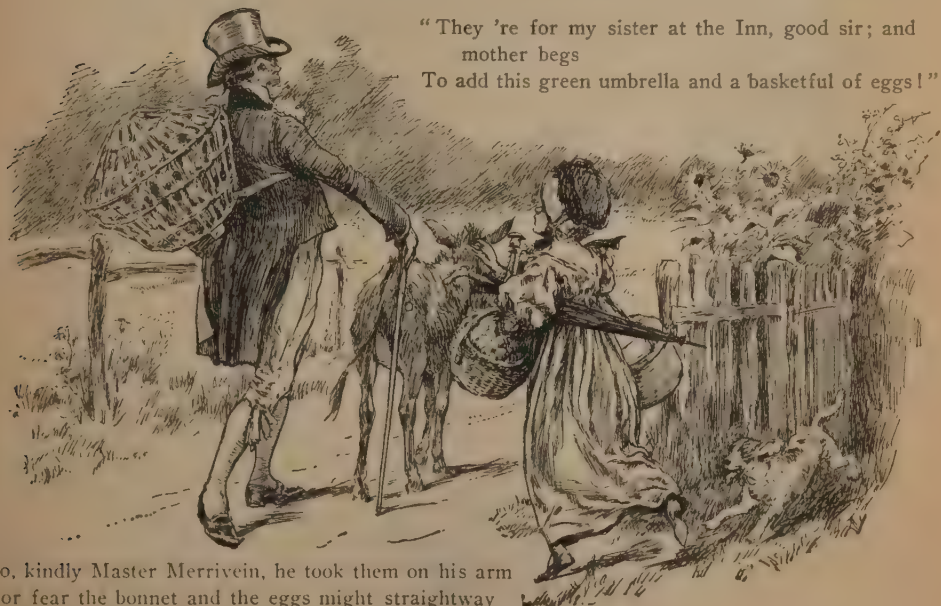
“**H**OLD! hold, there, Master Merrivein! As you go through the town,
Will you leave this little donkey with brother Billy Brown?
The donkey is so gentle, and so tractable,
’t is said,
That, if you do not beat him, he ’ll just trot on ahead!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he added to his store,
By letting one small donkey just trot right on before.



“**H**o, there, you Master Merrivein!
Go you by Durley Fair?
Then please just take these candle-
sticks to cousin Betty Blair!

This bonnet, in the bonnet-box, I’ll add, if you don’t mind,
And these few little trifles I will just tie on behind!

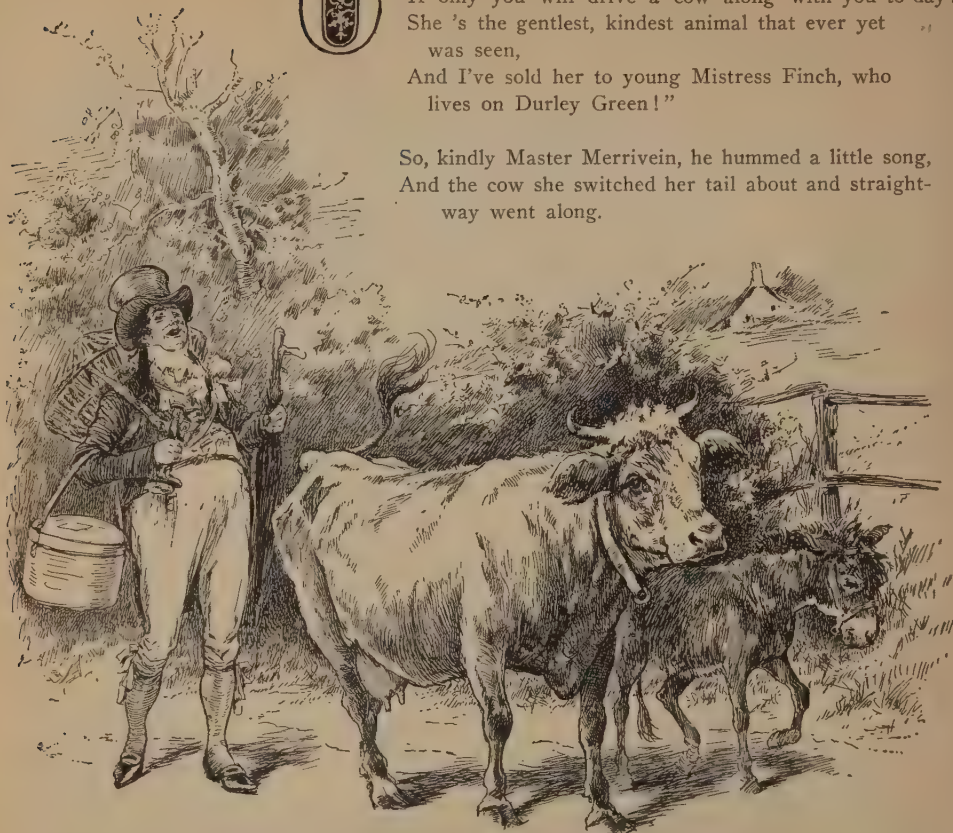


“They ’re for my sister at the Inn, good sir; and
mother begs
To add this green umbrella and a basketful of eggs!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he took them on his arm
For fear the bonnet and the eggs might straightway
come to harm.

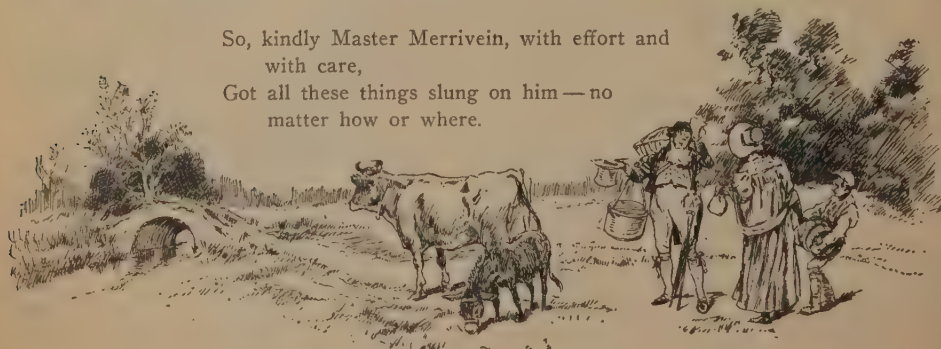
“H, Master, Master Merrivein! just step around this way!
 If only you will drive a cow along with you to-day!
 She's the gentlest, kindest animal that ever yet
 was seen,
 And I've sold her to young Mistress Finch, who
 lives on Durley Green!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he hummed a little song,
 And the cow she switched her tail about and straight-
 way went along.



H, wait—wait, Master Merrivein! Please stop a moment where
 The crossroads meet the schoolhouse, well-nigh to Durley Fair,
 And give this keg of butter and bag of tarts so nice,
 And this shawl and woolen comforter, to good old Granny Gryce!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, with effort and
 with care,
 Got all these things slung on him—no
 matter how or where.



"Is that good Master Merrivein? Three squawking geese have I;
 I'll hang them on your shoulder, and their feet I'll tightly tie.
 Just leave them with Dame Blodgett, anear the crooked stile,
 The other side of Durley Green, about a half a mile!"



"Oh, stop—stop, Master Merrivein! Go you to Durley Fair?"

Then I beg you take this finery for my daughter Meg to wear,
 This flowered hat and tippet, the mitts and paduasoy.
 She's at Aunt Elsie's cottage, and will welcome you with joy!"

"Wait, there, good Master Merrivein! If to the fair you go,
 Please take my fiddle and my flute to Uncle Jerrygo!"

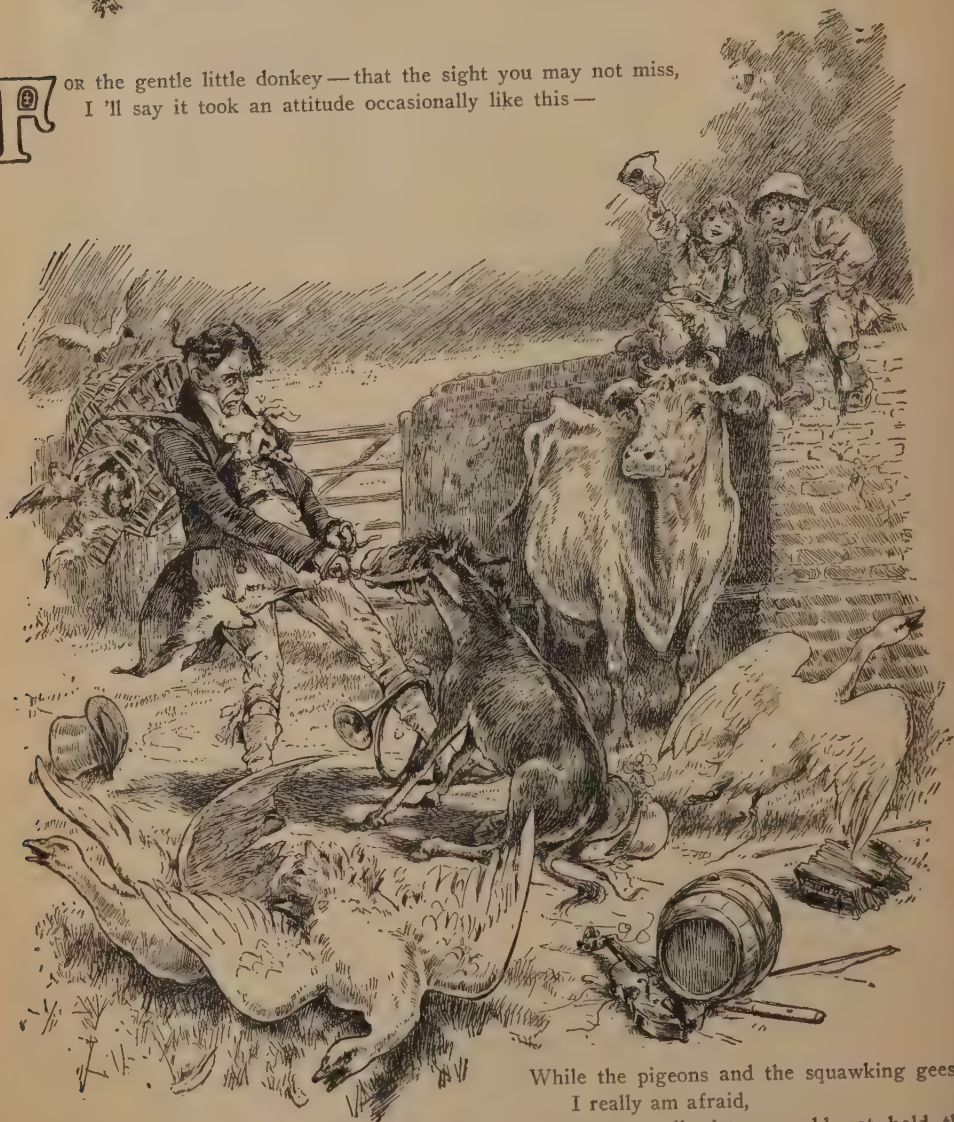


The tuning-fork and music-rack, accordion and horn,
 Are for his son, who leads the band at Durley Fair each morn!"



So straightway, Master Merrivein, so good and true and kind,
Started him off to Durley Fair a day of rest to find.
But did he find it? Oh, dear me! Go ascertain, I pray,
Of all the curious country-folk who passed him on the way!

For the gentle little donkey—that the sight you may not miss,
I 'll say it took an attitude occasionally like this—

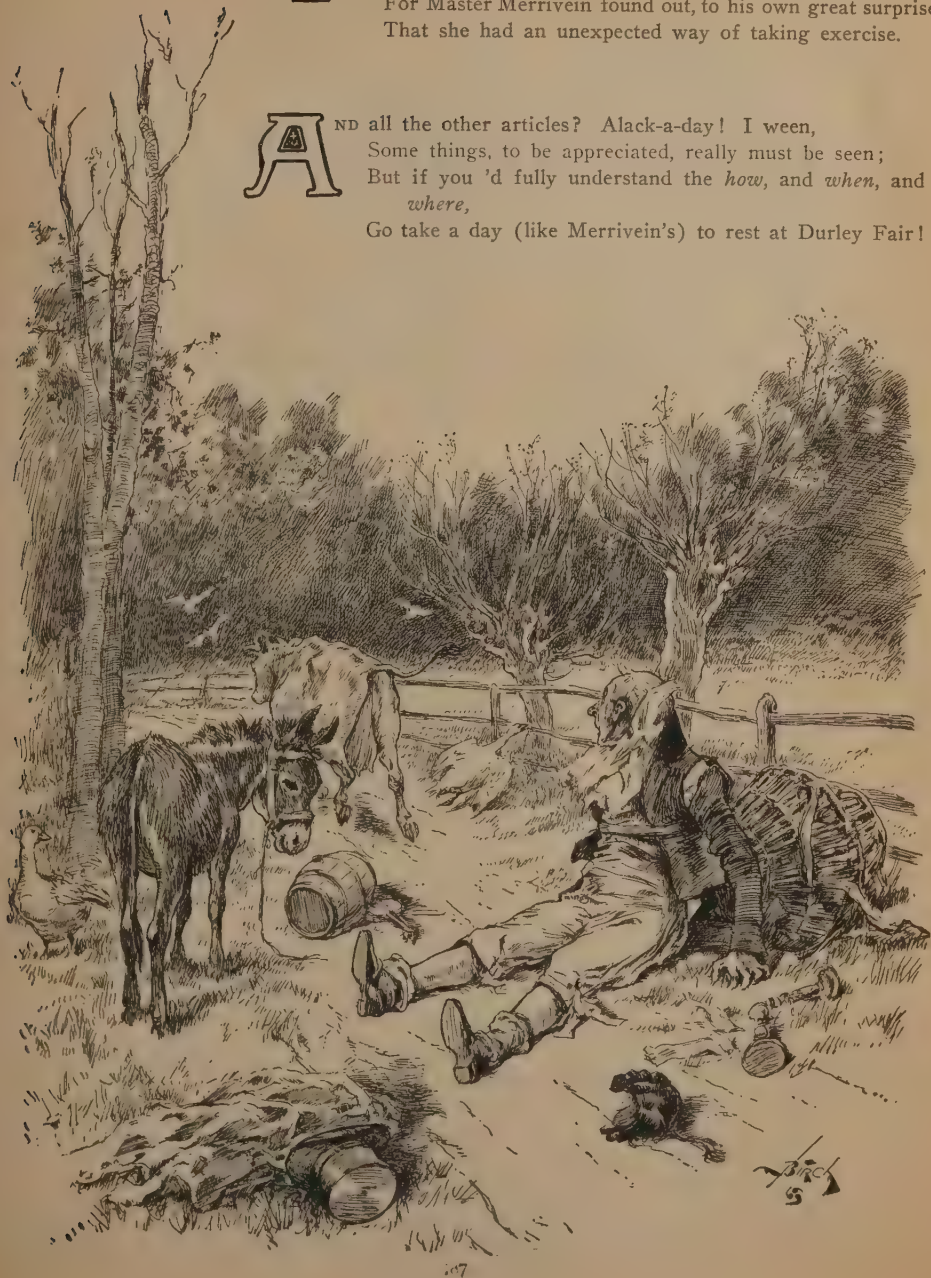


While the pigeons and the squawking geese,
I really am afraid,
That one small picture could not hold the
havoc that they made!

THE cow (that *gentle* animal!)—to-morrow, at the fair,
Young Mistress Finch may try to sell; I warn you, then
beware!

For Master Merrivein found out, to his own great surprise,
That she had an unexpected way of taking exercise.

AND all the other articles? Alack-a-day! I ween,
Some things, to be appreciated, really must be seen;
But if you 'd fully understand the *how*, and *when*, and
where,
Go take a day (like Merrivein's) to rest at Durley Fair!



THE BARNYARD

BY MAUD BURNHAM

WHEN the Farmer's day is done,
In the barnyard, ev'ry one,
Beast and bird politely say,
"Thank you for my food to-day."

The cow says, "Moo!"
The pigeon, "Coo!"
The sheep says, "Baa!"
The lamb says, "Maa!"
The hen, "Cluck! Cluck!"
"Quack!" says the duck;
The dog, "Bow Wow!"
The cat, "Meow!"
The horse says, "Neigh!"
I love sweet hay!"
The pig near by,
Grunts in his sty.

When the barn is locked up tight,
Then the Farmer says, "Good-night!"
Thanks his animals, ev'ry one,
For the work that has been done.

THE FIRST OF MAY

THE fair maid who, the First of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

PLAYGROUNDS

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

IN summer I am very glad
We children are so small,
For we can see a thousand things
That men can't see at all.

They don't know much about the moss
And all the stones they pass:
They never lie and play among
The forests in the grass:

They walk about a long way off;
And, when we're at the sea,
Let father stoop as best he can
He can't find things like me.

But, when the snow is on the ground
And all the puddles freeze,
I wish that I were very tall,
High up above the trees.

THE CATS' TEA-PARTY

BY F. E. WEATHERLEY

FIVE little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go—Oh, do! for good
we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you
have shown us how—
Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and make a
pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and
'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy
Mother Cat.
The five little pussy-cats went out that night to
tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails
were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and
tried to be polite—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were
a pretty sight.
But, alas, for manners beautiful, and coats as
soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to
take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—
oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began
to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a meow
for more,
Then knocked the teacups over, and scampered
through the door.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY STARS?

Do you know how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many clouds
Ev'ry day go floating by?
God in heaven has counted all,
He would miss one should it fall.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or sorrow,
Wake up in the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Loves you, too, and loves you well.

To Cloverley.

Two airy, fairy maids
they were,
In giddy gowns of
gossamer,
With frill and fluff and silken puff,
And flowery hats quite broad enough.
A goodly sight indeed to see
As they went down to Cloverley.

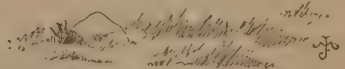
A breeze it was - a saucy breeze,
That caught their billowy draperies,
And like two puffs of thistle-down
Went floating with them into town.
A wondrous sight indeed to see
Above the roofs of Cloverley!



T

two sober maids that
night they were
Who doffed those
gowns of gossamer!

They'd had enough of frill and puff,
They cared no more for silken stuff,
And now they look as here you see
When they go down to Cloverley!



LULLABY

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

BABY wants a lullaby;
Where should mother find it?
In a bird's nest rocked on high;
Birdie, birdie lined it;
Find it under birdie's wing—
Soft birdie's feather—
O the downy, downy thing!
O the summer weather!

Baby wants a lullaby;
Where shall sister find it?
In a soft cloud of the sky,
With white wool behind it;
Watch you may, but cannot guess
If the cloud has motion,
Such a perfect calm there is
In the airy ocean.

O the land of Lullabies!
Where shall father find it?
Safe in mother's breast it lies,
With her arms to bind it;
O a soft and sleepy song!
Sleep, baby blossom!
Sleep is short, sleep is long,
Sweet is mother's bosom!

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD *

BY EUGENE FIELD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—

Never afeard are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

MEG MERRILIES

BY JOHN KEATS

OLD Meg she was a gypsy,
And lived upon the moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath-turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen-trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse"; copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE GYPSY GIRL.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
 She made her garlanding,
 And every night the dark glen yew
 She wore; and she would sing,
 And with her fingers old and brown
 She plaited mats of rushes,
 And gave them to the cottagers
 She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
 And tall as Amazon;
 An old red blanket cloak she wore,
 A ship-hat had she on;
 God rest her aged bones somewhere!
 She died full long agone!

WHAT WOULD YOU SEE?

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

WHAT would you see if I took you up
 To my little nest in the air?
 You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
 Turned upside downward there.

What would you do if I took you there
 To my little nest in the tree?
 My child with cries would trouble the air,
 To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree
 For all your crying and grief?
 Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
 You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
 Content to see from afar,
 You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
 In your heart a shining star.

WHEN

BY G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

WHEN cherries grow on apple trees,
 And kittens wear lace caps,
 And boys their sisters never tease,
 And bears wear woollen wraps;
 When all the nursery dolls and toys
 Begin to dance and play—

Then little girls and little boys
 May lie in bed all day.

When donkeys learn to sing and dance
 When pigs talk politics,
 When London is a town in France,
 When two and two make six,
 When drops of rain are real pearls,
 When coal is clear and white—
 Then little boys and little girls
 May sit up late at night.

ROMANCE

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

I saw a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing on the sea;
 Her masts were of the shining gold,
 Her deck of ivory;
 And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
 And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
 The sea was sparkling white,
 The waves all clapped their hands and sang
 To see so fair a sight.
 They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
 And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
 And stood upon the deck;
 In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
 Without a spot or speck;
 And diamond rings, and triple strings
 Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
 Were round him bowing low;
 On every jacket three times three
 Gold buttons in a row;
 And cutlasses down to their knees;
 They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
 A-sailing o'er the sea;
 She dived beyond the setting sun,
 But never back came she,
 For she found the lands of the golden sands,
 Where the pearls and diamonds be.



In summer I am very glad
We children are so small,
For we can see a thousand things
That men can't see at all.
—Tadema

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over all,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the trees;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.
You, friendly earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers
that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you, for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

BY CECIL F. ALEXANDER

ALL things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

THE MONTHS

BY SARA COLERIDGE

JANUARY brings the snow;
Makes the feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain;
Thaws the frozen pond again.

March brings wind so cold and chill;
Drives the cattle from the hill.

April brings us sun and showers,
And the pretty wildwood flowers.

May brings grass and leafy trees,
Waving in each gentle breeze.

June brings roses, fresh and fair,
And the cherries, ripe and rare.

July brings the greatest heat,
Cloudless skies and dusty street.

August brings the golden grain;
Harvest time begins again.

Mild September brings us more
Fruit and grain, for winter store.

Brown October brings the last
Of ripening gifts, from summer past.

Dull November brings the blast;
Down from the trees the leaves fall fast.

Cold December ends the rime
With blazing fires and Christmas Time.

THE FROST

BY HANNAH FLETCHER GOULD

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
 And whispered: "Now I shall be out of sight;
 So through the valley and over the height
 In silence I'll take my way.
 I will not go on like that blustering train—
 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
 But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its
 crest;
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 With diamond beads; and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear
 That he hung on its margin, far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the morn were seen
 Most beautiful things: there were flowers and
 trees,
 There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;
 There were cities, and temples, and towers; and
 these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
 He went to the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
 "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
 And this glass of water they have left for me
 Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I am drinking."

SPRING SONG

BY GEORGE ELIOT

SPRING comes hither,
 Buds the rose;
 Roses wither,
 Sweet spring goes.

Summer soars,
 Wide-winged day;
 White light pours,
 Flies away.

Soft winds blow,
 Westward born;
 Onward go
 Toward the morn.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

BY ANNA B. WARNER

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
 Came up in the cold,
 Through the brown mould,
 Although the March breezes
 Blew keen on her face,
 Although the white snow
 Lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly
 Had heard under ground,
 The sweet rushing sound
 Of the streams, as they broke
 From their white winter chains,
 Of the whistling spring winds,
 And the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy,
 Deep down in her heart,
 "It's time I should start."
 So she pushed her soft leaves
 Through the hard frozen ground,
 Quite up to the surface,
 And then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,
 Gray clouds overhead;
 The trees all looked dead:
 Then how do you think
 Poor Daffy-down felt,
 When the sun would not shine,
 And the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy,
 Still working away,
 "The earth's hard to-day!
 There's but a half inch
 Of my leaves to be seen,
 And two-thirds of that
 Is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet,
 But I'll do what I can:
 It's well I began!
 For, unless I can manage
 To lift up my head,
 The people will think
 That the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little,
 She brought her leaves out,
 All clustered about;
 And then her bright flowers
 Began to unfold,
 Till Daffy stood robed
 In her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly,
 So brave and so true!
 I wish all were like you!
 So ready for duty
 In all sorts of weather,
 And loyal to courage
 And duty together.

THE TREE

BY BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;

"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;

"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.

"No, leave them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
 Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:
 Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

JACK IN THE PULPIT

BY CLARA SMITH

JACK in the pulpit
 Preaches to-day,
 Under the green trees
 Just over the way.
 Squirrel and song-sparrow,
 High on their perch,
 Hear the sweet lily-bells
 Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
 Rises to say,
 In his low painted pulpit
 This calm Sabbath-day.
 Fair is the canopy
 Over him seen,
 Penciled by Nature's hand,
 Black, brown, and green,
 Green is his surplice,
 Green are his bands;
 In his queer little pulpit
 The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
 So gorgeous to see,
 Comes with his bass voice
 The chorister bee.
 Green fingers playing
 Unseen on wind-lyres,
 Low singing bird voices,—
 These are his choirs.
 The violets are deacons,
 I know by the sign
 That the cups which they carry
 Are purple with wine.
 And the columbines bravely
 As sentinels stand
 On the look-out with all their
 Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,
 Drooping and sad;
 Great yellow violets,
 Smiling out glad;
 Buttercups' faces,
 Beaming and bright;
 Clovers, with bonnets,—
 Some red and some white;
 Daisies, their white fingers
 Half-clasped in prayer;
 Dandelions, proud of
 The gold of their hair;
 Innocents, children,
 Guileless and frail,
 Meek little faces
 Upturned and pale;
 Wild-wood geraniums,
 All in their best,
 Languidly leaning
 In purple gauze dressed:—
 All are assembled
 This sweet Sabbath-day
 To hear what the priest
 In his pulpit will say.

Look! white Indian pipes
 On the green mosses lie!
 Who has been smoking
 Profanely so nigh?
 Rebuked by the preacher
 The mischief is stopped,
 But the sinners, in haste,
 Have their little pipes dropped.
 Let the wind, with the fragrance
 Of fern and black birch,
 Blow the smell of the smoking
 Clean out of our church!

So much for the preacher:
 The sermon comes next,—
 Shall we tell how he preached it,
 And where was his text?
 Alas! like too many
 Grown-up folks who play
 At worship in churches
 Man-built to-day,—
 We heard not the preacher
 Expound or discuss;
 But we looked at the people,
 And they looked at us.
 We saw all their dresses,
 Their colors and shapes;
 The trim of their bonnets,
 The cut of their capes.
 We heard the wind-organ,
 The bee, and the bird,
 But of Jack in the Pulpit
 We heard not a word!

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do.
 I gave you a wisp of hay,
 But didn't take your nest away,
 Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
 Now what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree, to-day?"

Said the Turtle Dove: "Coo-coo!
 Let me speak a word, too.
 Who stole that pretty nest
 From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
 I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
 I gave hairs the nest to make,
 But the nest I did not take.
 Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
 I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
 Now what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
 Let me speak a word, too!
 Who stole that pretty nest
 From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
 I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
 I gave wool the nest to line,
 But the nest was none of mine.
 Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no,
 I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
 Now what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
 Let me speak a word, too!
 Who stole that pretty nest
 From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
 "I should like to know
 What thief took away
 A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
 "Don't ask me again;
 Why, I haven't a chick
 Would do such a trick.
 We all gave her a feather,
 And she wove them together.
 I'd scorn to intrude
 On her and her brood.
 Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
 "Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
 All the birds make a stir!
 Let us find out his name,
 And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
 Said little Mary Green;
 "I think I never heard
 Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
 Said little Alice Neal;
 "I wonder if he knew
 How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
 And went and hid behind the bed,
 For he stole that pretty nest
 From poor little yellow-breast,
 And he felt so full of shame,
 He didn't like to tell his name.

THE NEW MOON

BY ELIZA L. C. FOLLEN

DEAR mother, how pretty
 The moon looks to-night!
 She was never so lovely before;
 Her two little horns
 Are so sharp and so bright,
 I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
 With you and my friends,
 I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
 I'd sit in the middle
 And hold by both ends;
 Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
 To keep out of the way,
 Lest we should rock over their toes;
 And there I would rock
 Till the dawn of the day,
 And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
 In the beautiful skies,
 And through the bright clouds we would roam;
 We would see the sun set,
 And see the sun rise,
 And on the next rainbow come home.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

THE lily has an air,
 And the snowdrop a grace,
 And the sweet-pea a way,
 And the heart's-ease a face;
 Yet there's nothing like the rose,
 When she blows.

DEWDROPS

BY MARY FRANCES BUTTS

A MILLION little diamonds
 Sparkled on the trees;
 And all the little maidens cried:
 "Give me a diamond, please!"

But while they held their hands out far,
 To catch the diamonds gay,
 A million little sunbeams came,
 And stole them all away.

THE CHILD AND THE STAR

BY M. L. ELLIOTT

LITTLE star that shines so bright,
 Come and peep at me to-night,
 For I often watch for you
 In the pretty sky so blue.
 Little star! Oh, tell me, pray,
 Where you hide yourself all day?
 Have you got a home like me,
 And a father kind to see?

"Little Child! at you I peep
 When you lie so fast asleep;
 But when morn begins to break,
 I my homeward journey take.
 For I've many friends on high,
 Living with me in the sky;
 And a loving Father, too,
 Who commands what I'm to do."

THE LONESOME PRINCESS

BY HAPGOOD MOORE

DEAR little lonesome Princess,
 She plays alone all day,
 With always a nurse beside her
 To see that she does not stray.
 No wandering in the wildwood
 Where vagrant dryads be,
 And never a chance for a fairy dance
 Beneath the rowan tree.

Dear little lonesome Princess,
 She can't go down the street,
 Or search with other children
 Adventures fair to meet,
 Or peer from prisoned alleys
 On gardens of delight
 Or walk with the band, each hand in hand,
 When the lamps are all alight.

Dear little lonesome Princess,
 She goes alone to bed,
 And no one tells her a story
 Or smooths her tired head,
 And nobody cuddles a Princess
 And hears her say her prayers,
 Alone she seems, even in her dreams,
 In her golden bed up-stairs.

THE PIPER ON THE HILL

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

THERE sits a piper on the hill
 Who pipes the livelong day;
 And when he pipes both loud and shrill,
 The frightened people say:
 "The wind, the wind is blowing up,
 'Tis rising to a gale."
 The women hurry to the shore
 To watch some distant sail.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
Is blowing to a gale.

But when he pipes all sweet and low,
 The piper on the hill,
 I hear the merry women go
 With laughter, loud and shrill:
 "The wind, the wind is coming south,
 'Twill blow a gentle day."
 They gather on the meadow-land
 To toss the yellow hay.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
Is blowing south to-day.

And in the morn, when winter comes,
 To keep the piper warm,
 The little angels shake their wings
 To make a feather storm:
 "The snow, the snow has come at last!"
 The happy children call,
 And "ring around" they dance in glee,
 And watch the snowflakes fall.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
Has spread a snowy pall.

But when at night the piper plays,
 I have not any fear,
 Because God's windows open wide
 The pretty tune to hear;
 And when each crowding spirit looks,
 From its star window-pane,
 A watching mother may behold
 Her little child again.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
May blow her home again.

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
 With a horse to drive, like the peddler-man!
 Where he comes from nobody knows,
 Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
 And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes
 through;
 He has a wife, with a baby brown,
 And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
 He clashes the basins like a bell;
 Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
 Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
 But his house is just like a bathing-machine;
 The world is round, and he can ride,
 Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the peddler-man I should like to roam,
 And write a book when I came home;
 All the people would read my book,
 Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!



THE LONESOME PRINCESS
From a painting by Maxfield Parrish

JACK FROST

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window-pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

THE GIRL WHO CRIED

WINIFRED WATERS sat and sighed
Under a weeping willow;
When she went to bed she cried,
Wetting all the pillow.

Kept on crying night and day,
Till her friends lost patience,
"What shall we do to stop her, pray?"
So said her relations.

Send her to the sandy plains,
In the zone called torrid:

Send her where it never rains,
Where the heat is horrid!

Mind that she has only flour
For her daily feeding;
Let her have a page an hour
Of the driest reading.

When the poor girl has endured
Six months of this drying,
Winifred will come back cured,
Let us hope, of crying.

TIME TO RISE

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

LITTLE BY LITTLE

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew.

Downward it sent out a thread-like root.
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot;
Day by day, and year by year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

THE COW

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow-grass
And eats the meadow-flowers.

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

BY CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang out of my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name.

"Now Dasher, now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall;
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.



As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
 His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath:
 He had a broad face and a little round belly
 That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump—a light jolly old elf—
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
 And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

WISE SAYINGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

THEM ez aims, hits
 Them ez has, gits.
 Them as waits, win.
 Them ez *will, kin.*
—Edward Rowland Sill.

Jog on, jog on the footpath way
 And merrily hent the stile-a;
 A merry heart goes all the way,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—William Shakespeare.

TOMMY's tears and Mary's fears
 Will make them old before their years.

COCK crows in the morning to tell us to rise,
 And he who lies late will never be wise;
 For early to bed and early to rise
 Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

A CHILD should always say what's true
 And speak when he is spoken to,
 And behave mannerly at table;
 At least as far as he is able.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WORK while you work,
 Play while you play;
 This is the way
 To be happy and gay.
 All that you do,
 Do with your might;
 Things done by halves
 Are never done right.

HEARTS, like doors, will ope with ease
 To very, very little keys;
 And don't forget that two of these
 Are "I thank you" and "If you please."

SELDOM "can't,"
 Seldom "don't";
 Never "sha'n't,"
 Never "won't."

TO MOTHER FAIRIE

BY ALICE CARY

Good old Mother Fairie,
 Sitting by your fire,
 Have you any little folk
 You would like to hire?

I want no chubby drudges
 To milk, and churn, and spin,
 Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
 With grizzly beards, and thin;

But patient little people,
 With hands of busy care,
 And gentle speech, and loving hearts:
 Say, have you such to spare?

They must be very cunning,
 To make the future shine
 Like leaves, and flowers, and straw-
 berries,
 A-growing on one vine.

Good old Mother Fairie,
 Since my need you know,
 Tell me, have you any folk
 Wise enough to go?

A TRAGIC POEM

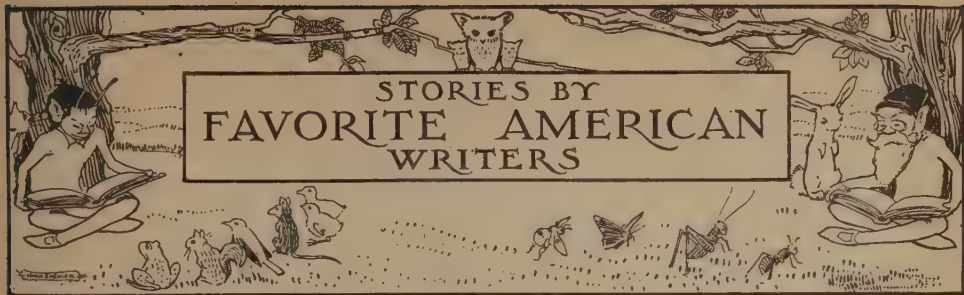
<i>Canto one</i>	<i>Canto two</i>
Boy,	Gun
Gun;	Bust;
Joy,	Boy,
Fun.	Dust.

RAINBOW SIGNS

RAINBOW at night
 Is the sailor's delight;
 Rainbow at morning,
 Sailors, take warning.

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
 For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
 For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
 For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
 For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
 And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.



THE FLAG-BEARER

BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THE primary class had a very beautiful American flag, and some child was going to carry it from the schoolroom across the park and into the Town Hall on the holiday. All the primary children would march after the flag, and they were going to sing "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner." It would be a wonderful day and each child wanted to carry the flag.

No one was sure who would be chosen as flag-bearer, but their teacher had said the week before: "It will be the child who loves his country the most who will carry the Stars and Stripes. Try and do something for your country during the week."

So the children had been very busy ever since doing all sorts of things that would show how they loved their country.

Marjory had been knitting for soldiers. Her grandmother had given her a pair of pretty yellow needles and a ball of soft gray yarn and had started a scarf. But the stitches would drop, and there was still enough snow for sliding on the hill back of Marjory's house. Her knitting was not much further along on Saturday than on Monday.

"I will show how much I love my country," Hubert said, and he asked his mother to take the gilt buttons from his great-grandfather's soldier coat that hung in the attic and sew them on his reefer. Then he showed the bright buttons to all the other children, and they thought that Hubert looked very fine indeed.

"I shall wear them when I carry the flag next week," Hubert told them.

But the children thought that perhaps Roger would be chosen as flag-bearer because he bought such a large flag with the money in his bank, and put it up on the flagpole in his front yard. Roger's father helped him raise the flag on a rope so that he could pull it down at night, but once

the Stars and Stripes were flying Roger forgot all about them. His flag stayed out in the wind and sleet, and its bright colors faded and the stripes were torn.

After all, the children decided, it would be Edward who would carry the flag. Edward had a dog named Trusty, and he decided to train him to be a Red Cross dog. He put a white band with a red cross on it around Trusty and harnessed him to a little express wagon to carry bundles. Trusty had never worn a harness in his life, or been fastened to anything. He tried to get away from the wagon, but Edward strapped the harness more tightly. The straps hurt Trusty, and it hurt his feelings to be made to drag the cart; but Edward drove him to and from the drug-store and the grocery and the butcher's, carrying the parcels that Edward had always brought alone before.

The other children, too, all tried to do unusual things to win themselves the place of flag-bearer. They played their drums in the street and made soldier caps and wooden swords and drilled. The little girls dressed up and played army nurse with their dolls. The boys bought toy soldiers and horns at the toy shop. There was a great deal of noise everywhere.

Then it was the holiday, and everyone was greatly excited over what was going to happen. Whoever had a red ribbon, or a blue necktie, or a red-white-and-blue badge felt very proud indeed to wear it. Every child sat as still as a mouse as the teacher spoke to them.

"Marjory showed me five rows that she had knitted for a soldier when I went to her house a few days ago," she said. "I wonder how many rows she has finished now?"

"Only five," Marjory said softly.

Hubert touched the buttons on his reefer and sat up very straight in his place.

"I am wearing my great-grandfather's soldier buttons," he said.

"That ought to make you feel as brave as he was, when he earned the right to wear them in battle," the teacher said; and Hubert suddenly thought that gilt buttons had not made him into a soldier at all.

The other children began to think, too, as they looked up at the Stars and Stripes at the end of the room. Edward remembered how the harness had hurt Trusty, and the boy with the drum remembered how he had awakened the baby from her nap. Roger thought of his torn flag, flapping in the wind on the top of the flagpole. No one said anything until the teacher looked at the end of the class and smiled, and said:

"Well, Peter!"

Peter smiled back, and tried to cover up the holes in his jacket sleeves, and tucked his old shoes under the seat. Peter's father had gone to be a soldier, and there were his mother, and the two babies, and his grandfather who was blind, at home.

"What have you been doing all the week, Peter?" the teacher asked.

"Tending the babies so that mother could go to the factory and sew the soldiers' uniforms," Peter said. "And leading grandfather out for a walk when it was a sunny day."

"Peter's got a little flag hanging out of the window," one of the children said, "and he's so careful of it. He takes it in every night and puts it out again in the morning."

"He saluted the flag and took off his hat to it when the parade went by the other day," said another child. Everyone loved merry, ragged Peter, who could play so gayly when he had time for a game.

Just then they heard the band outside. It was playing, "The Red, White and Blue," the music to which the children were to march with the flag.

"Who shall be our flag-bearer?" the teacher asked.

The children knew now. They were quite sure.

"Peter!" they said.

So Peter carried the Stars and Stripes across the park and into the Town Hall, with all the primary children marching like soldiers behind. The wind blew it around him like a cloak to cover up the holes in his jacket sleeves and his old shoes. Wherever he looked he could see the colors; the sky was as blue as the field in the flag, a few snow stars lay on the ground and the first robin redbreast sang on a branch over his head. And the children following Peter knew what the colors told them to do for their country—to be brave, and good, and true at home.

JOHNNY CHUCK FINDS THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD*

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

OLD MOTHER WEST WIND had stopped to talk with the Slender Fir Tree.

"I've just come across the Green Meadows," said Old Mother West Wind, "and there I saw the Best Thing in the World."

Striped Chipmunk was sitting under the Slender Fir Tree, and he couldn't help hearing what Old Mother West Wind said. "The Best Thing in the World—now what can that be?" thought Striped Chipmunk. "Why, it must be heaps and heaps of nuts and acorns! I'll go and find it."

So Striped Chipmunk started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could run. Pretty soon he met Peter Rabbit.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Striped Chipmunk?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World," replied Striped Chipmunk, and ran faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Peter

Rabbit, "why, that must be a great pile of carrots and cabbage! I think I'll go and find it."

So Peter Rabbit started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk.

As they passed the great hollow tree Bobby Coon put his head out. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Bobby Coon.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, and both began to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Bobby Coon to himself; "why, that must be a whole field of sweet milky corn. I think I'll go and find it."

So Bobby Coon climbed down out of the great hollow tree and started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, for

* From "Old Mother West Wind," by Thornton W. Burgess; used by permission of the author and the publishers, Little, Brown & Company.

there is nothing that Bobby Coon likes to eat so well as sweet milky corn.

At the edge of the wood they met Jimmy Skunk. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon. Then they all tried to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Jimmy Skunk. "Why, that must be packs and packs of beetles!" And for once in his life Jimmy Skunk began to hurry down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon.

They were all running so fast that they didn't see Reddy Fox until he jumped out of the long grass and asked:

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, and each did his best to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Reddy Fox to himself, "why, that must be a whole pen full of tender young chickens, and I must have them."

So away went Reddy Fox as fast as he could run down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk, Peter Rabbit, Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk.

By-and-by they all came to the house of Johnny Chuck.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"To find the Best Thing in the World," shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, and Reddy Fox.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Johnny Chuck. "Why, I don't know of anything better than my own little home, and the warm sunshine, and the beautiful blue sky."

So Johnny Chuck stayed at home and played all day among the flowers with the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind, and was as happy as could be.

But all day long Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Reddy Fox, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, ran this way and ran that way over the Green Meadows trying to find the Best Thing in the World. The sun was very, very warm, and they ran so far and ran so fast that they were very, very hot and tired, and still they hadn't found the Best Thing in the World.

When the long day was over they started up the Lone Little Path past Johnny Chuck's house to their own homes. They didn't hurry now, for they were so very, very tired! And they were cross—oh, so cross!

Striped Chipmunk hadn't found so much as the leaf of a cabbage. Bobby Coon hadn't found the tiniest bit of sweet milky corn. Jimmy Skunk hadn't seen a single beetle. Reddy Fox hadn't heard so much as the peep of a chicken. And all were hungry as hungry could be.

Half way up the Lone Little Path they met Old Mother West Wind going to her home behind the hill. "Did you find the Best Thing in the World?" asked Old Mother West Wind.

"No!" shouted Striped Chipmunk, and Peter Rabbit, and Bobby Coon, and Jimmy Skunk, and Reddy Fox, all together.

"Johnny Chuck has it," said Old Mother West Wind. "It is being happy with the things you have, and not wanting things which some one else has. And it is called Con-tent-ment."

LITTLE WEE PUMPKIN'S THANKSGIVING*

BY MADGE A. BINGHAM

It was the night before Thanksgiving in Peter Pumpkin-eater's garden. Great Big Pumpkin, Middle-Sized Pumpkin, and Little Wee Pumpkin were speaking together.

"All here?" asked Great Big Pumpkin.

"I'm here," answered Middle-Sized Pumpkin.

"I'm here," answered Little Wee Pumpkin.

"But I heard Peter say that he would pull us to-morrow and send us away."

"That will be fine!" said Great Big Pumpkin.

"I hope we shall make good pies for some one's dinner. I wish we could go to the palace."

"So do I," said Middle-Sized Pumpkin. "Maybe we could see the King."

"I should like to see Cinderella," said Little Wee Pumpkin. "But I am not large enough to go to the palace. Still, I wish I could make some one glad on Thanksgiving Day."

Little Wee Pumpkin was the first to wake in the morning. Peter had opened the garden gate, and Cinderella was walking into the garden.

Little Wee Pumpkin opened her eyes and listened.

Cinderella was beautiful, and Little Wee Pump-

* From "Mother Goose Village," by Madge A. Bingham, published by Rand, McNally & Company, and used by special arrangement.

kin knew that she was good and kind. She was carrying a basket full of yellow flowers.

"They are for you, Peter," she said, laughing. "I have brought them from the palace garden. They are for your Thanksgiving."

"Now you must help me find the right pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern. It is to make a little girl glad. She has been ill a long time, and must have a jack-o'-lantern for Thanksgiving."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter; and they went from vine to vine.

First, they stopped at Great Big Pumpkin, but that was too large. Then they stopped at Middle-Sized Pumpkin, but that was too flat. Then

they stopped at Little Wee Pumpkin, and that was just right.

"This is the pumpkin for the jack-o'-lantern, Peter," she said, pointing to Little Wee Pumpkin. "This will make the little girl glad."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter, as he pulled Little Wee Pumpkin from the vine.

"The two large pumpkins shall go to the palace, to the King," said Cinderella. "They will make fine pies for his Thanksgiving dinner."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter, as he pulled the two pumpkins from the vines.

So Great Big, Middle-Sized, and Little Wee all had their wishes.

THE COMING OF THE KING*

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

SOME children were at play in their playground one day when a herald rode through the town, blowing a trumpet, and crying aloud: "The King! The King passes by this road today!"

"Did you hear that?" they said. "The King is coming. He may look over the wall and see our playground: who knows? We must put it in order."

The playground was sadly dirty, and in the corners were scraps of paper and broken toys—for these were careless children! But now, one brought a hoe, and another a rake, and a third ran to fetch the wheelbarrow from behind the garden gate. They labored hard, till at length all was clean and tidy.

"Now it is clean!" they said; "but we must make it pretty, too, for kings are used to fine things; maybe he would not notice mere cleanliness, for he may have it all the time."

Then one brought sweet rushes and strewed them on the ground; and others made garlands of oak leaves and pine tassels and hung them on the walls; and the littlest one pulled marigold buds and threw them all about the playground.

When all was done the playground was so beautiful that the children stood and looked at it, and clapped their hands with pleasure.

"Let us keep it always like this!" said the littlest one; and the others cried: "Yes! yes!"

They waited all day for the coming of the King, but he did not come; only, toward sunset, a man with travel-worn clothes, and a kind, tired face passed along the road, and stopped to look over the wall.

"What a pleasant place!" said the man. "May I come in and rest, dear children?"

The children brought him in gladly, and set him on the seat that they had made out of an old cask. They had covered it with an old red cloak, to make it look like a throne; and it made a very good one.

"It is our playground!" they said. "We made it pretty for the King, but he did not come, and now we mean to keep it so for ourselves."

"That is good!" said the man.

"Because we think pretty and clean is nicer than ugly and dirty!" said another.

"That is better!" said the man.

"And for tired people to rest in!" said the littlest one.

"That is best of all!" said the man.

He sat and rested, and looked at the children with such kind eyes that they came about him, and told him all they knew; about the five puppies in the barn, and the thrush's nest with four blue eggs, and the shore where the gold shells grew: and the man nodded, and understood all about it.

By-and-by he asked for a cup of water, and they brought it to him in the best cup, with the gold sprigs on it: then he thanked the children, and rose and went on his way; but before he went he laid his hand on their heads for a moment, and the touch went warm to their hearts.

The children stood by the wall and watched the man as he went slowly along. The sun was setting, and the light fell in long slanting rays across the road.

"He looks so tired!" said one of the children.

"But he was so kind!" said another.

"See!" said the littlest one. "How the sun shines on his hair! it looks like a crown of gold."

* From "The Golden Windows," by Laura E. Richards; published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

The Coming of the King



THE LITTLE PIG*

BY MAUD LINDSAY

ONCE upon a time a little black-and-white pig with a curly tail went out to take a morning walk. He intended to go to the Mud Puddle, but before he got there he came to a garden gate that was stretched wide open.

"Umph, umph," said the little pig, when he saw it; "isn't this fine? I have wanted to get into this garden ever since I can remember." And in he went as fast as his four short legs could carry him.

The garden was full of flowers. There were pansies, and daisies, and violets, and honeysuckles, and all the bright flowers that you can name. Everything was in the proper place. There were tulips on either side of the garden walk, and hollyhocks stood in a straight row against the fence. The pansies had a garden bed all to themselves, and the young vines were just beginning to climb up on the frame that the gardener had made for their special benefit.

"Umph, umph, nice place," said the little pig; and he put his nose down in the pansy bed and began to root up the pansies, for he thought that was the way to behave in a garden.

While he was enjoying himself there the brown hen came down the road with her family. She had thirteen children, and she was looking for a nice rich spot where they might scratch for their breakfast. When she saw the open gate she was delighted.

"Cluck, cluck, come on," she said to her chicks.

"Peep, peep, peep," said the little chickens, "is it a worm?"

"It is a beautiful garden, and there is nothing that I like better than to scratch in a garden," answered the hen, as she bustled through the gate. The chickens followed her, and soon they were all busy scratching among the violets.

They had not been there very long when the red cow walked by the garden. She was on her

way to the Pond, but when she saw the open garden gate she decided at once to go in.

"Moo, moo," she said, "this is delightful. Tender flowers are such a treat." And she swished her tail over her back as she nipped the daisies from their stems.

"Cluck," said the hen, "Peep," said the chicks, "Umph," said the little pig, for they were pleased to have company. While they were talking a rabbit with very bright eyes peeped in at the gate.

"Oh, is it a party?" he said when he saw the red cow, and the pig with a curly tail, and the hen and chickens.

"Come in," said the pig, "and help yourself. There is plenty of room." So the rabbit hopped into the garden and nibbled the green leaves and the young vines.

"How many of us are here?" asked the red cow, but before any of them could count, the gardener came home.

When he looked into the garden he began to cry: "Oh, my pretty pansies! my dear daisies! my sweet violets! my tender young vines!"

"What is he talking about?" said the chickens.

"I suppose he wants us to go out," answered the hen; and she ruffled her feathers and quarreled as the gardener came hurrying toward them.

Then the cow ran one way and the pig ran another. The little chickens got lost in the bushes, and the rabbit hid in the vines. The hen cackled, and the pig squealed, and the gardener scolded. By the time he had driven them all out of the garden the sun was high in the sky.

"Umph, umph," cried the little pig, as he scampered down the road, "we will all come back to-morrow."

But when they went back the next day the garden gate was fastened close, and not even the smallest chicken could get inside.

THE TRAVELS OF THE LITTLE TOY SOLDIER

BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

HE was the largest and the best dressed and the bravest looking of all the toy soldiers in the toy shop. Some of the toy soldiers were made of paper, and these tore easily if they even tried to drill. Some of the toy soldiers were made of tin, and these bent if they had an encounter.

But this toy soldier, who stood head and shoulders above the others, was made of wood. He had once been part of a great pine tree that stood in the forest, and his heart was as brave and true as the heart of the tree.

His trousers were painted green, with yellow

* From "More Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsay; used by permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

stripes; and his jacket was painted red, with gold buttons. He wore a painted blue cap upon the side of his head, with a band that went under his chin, and he carried a wooden gun in one arm. He could stand alone, for his wooden legs were glued to a block of wood, and his eyes were black and shining, and his mouth was painted in a smile.

When the Toy Soldier went from the toy shop to live in Gregory's house the little boy thought that he had never seen such a fine soldier in his life. He made him captain of all the soldier ninepins and guard of the toy train, and he took him to bed with him at night. Then, one day, James, who lived next door and was Gregory's neighbor, came over to play with Gregory.

"What a nice Toy Soldier!" James said.

"Yes, he's mine," Gregory said.

"May I play with him?" James asked.

"No, I said he was my Toy Soldier," Gregory answered.

"Then I'll take him," James said.

"I won't let you," Gregory said.

Then the two little boys began pulling the Toy Soldier to see which could get him away from the other, and the Toy Soldier did not like it at all. He was fond of a good battle, but not of a quarrel. He decided that he would not stay in a house where there was a quarrelsome boy, and so he tumbled out of a window that was close by and fell, down, down, to the street below.

The Toy Soldier had not lain long on the sidewalk when Harold passed by and picked him up.

"I wanted a toy soldier and here is the finest one I ever saw," Harold said; and he slipped the soldier inside his coat and started on, for he was going to school. The Toy Soldier lay close to Harold's watch that was tick, tick, ticking the time away, but Harold loitered, and at last he stopped to play a game of marbles with another little boy whom he met. "I don't care if I am late for school," he said.

"Oho!" thought the Toy Soldier, and as the two little boys played he dropped out from under Harold's coat and into the gutter. When Harold

reached school, late, the Toy Soldier was gone.

Joe found the Toy Soldier in the gutter and ran home with him to his mother.

"I have a Toy Soldier!" he said.

"How brave he looks," said Joe's mother.

All the rest of the day the Toy Soldier went about with Joe and listened to what he said and watched what he did.

"I can't go to the grocer's; I'm afraid of his dog."

"I can't put in that nail. I am afraid that the hammer will slip and hit my finger." This was what the Toy Soldier heard.

Then it was Joe's bedtime, and the Toy Soldier went upstairs with him to bed, but Joe cried all the way.

"I'm afraid of the dark!" he said.

When Joe was asleep the Toy Soldier slipped out of his hand and fell into a scrap basket. He knew very well that he couldn't stay with a child who was a coward.

No one saw the Toy Soldier when the basket was emptied in the morning. He went with the scraps into a huge bag, and then into a wagon, and then into a factory where men sorted the cloth to make it into paper. One of these men found the Toy Soldier and took him home to his little boy, who was lame and had to stay alone all day.

"Has it been a good day, John?" his father asked.

"Oh, yes!" laughed John as he hugged the Toy Soldier.

"You have my supper ready just in time," his father said, watching the soup bubbling in a shining pot on the stove.

"And I cleaned a little and set the table," John said.

"Has your back hurt you very much to-day?" asked his father.

"A little, but I don't mind that," John said. "See how fine the Toy Soldier looks standing on the table!"

"Oho!" thought the Toy Soldier, "now I have found a place where I can stay. Here is another soldier, cheerful and willing to work, and brave!"

WHAT HAPPENED TO DUMPS

BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

ONCE upon a time there was a queer little elf named Dumps, who lived all by himself in a dark little house down in a valley. Ever since he could remember, things had gone wrong with him.

He shivered in the cold and kicked the coal bucket when the fire wouldn't burn. He howled

when he stumbled over his own dinner pots that he had left in the middle of the floor; and he stood in his front door and scowled when other happy elves went by without speaking to him.

He and his family had lived like that for years. When any elf wanted to describe something very

sad he would say it was "Down in the Dumps." And so Dumps went on without a single happy day.

But suddenly the elves decided to give a party. Oh, it was going to be a very jolly party indeed, and Dumps heard about it. Almost every elf who passed was whistling, or singing something cheerful. And some of them carried their best green suits to the Wood Fairy's house to be pressed. And when Dumps heard about the party, he cried so loud because he knew he wouldn't be invited that the Wood Fairy heard him. The noise disturbed her, and she went down to Dumps' house to see what was the matter with him *now*.

"Tell me all about it, from the beginning, my dear," she said to poor little Dumps.

"I can't see the sunshine!" Dumps howled.

"Of course, you can't," said the Wood Fairy. "Your windows are dirty. Get some nice spring water in your little pail and wash them."

Dumps had never thought of doing that. When he washed the windows the sunbeams streamed in like a golden ladder.

"Is there something else the matter?" the Wood Fairy asked.

"My fire won't burn, even though I kick the coal bucket every day," Dumps sobbed.

"Well, try blowing the fire," the Wood Fairy suggested.

Dumps had never thought of doing that. His bellows were stiff, but he blew them very hard,

and—crackle—there was a nice bright fire, and his kettle began to sing!

"Is that all?" asked the Wood Fairy.

"Oh, no!" Dumps sighed, "The other elves are giving a party, and I'm not invited."

"It is for all the elves, and you don't have to be invited," the Wood Fairy said. "Stand up straight and let me brush your suit. Now run along, my dear."

So Dumps started up the hill to the party, laughing all the way, for he just couldn't help it. You see, he had so many years of being one of the Dumps to make up for! He laughed until all his wrinkles were gone, and he was puffed out with happiness. He started bees buzzing, and grasshoppers fiddling, and crickets chirping.

"Who can this new, fat, cheerful elf be?" asked all the other elves, as Dumps arrived at the party, turning a double-somersault into their midst. "We are all here except Dumps, and of course this isn't he?"

Then Dumps showed them how he could turn back-somersaults, and make a see-saw out of a rush leaf. He taught them how to play baseball with white clover heads, and how to make a swing of braided grasses. He surprised himself with all the good times he was able to think up.

"Of course, this isn't Dumps," the other elves decided. "His name must be Delight." And Dumps never told them their mistake, for it wasn't really a mistake at all. Now, was it?



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns.
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light.
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

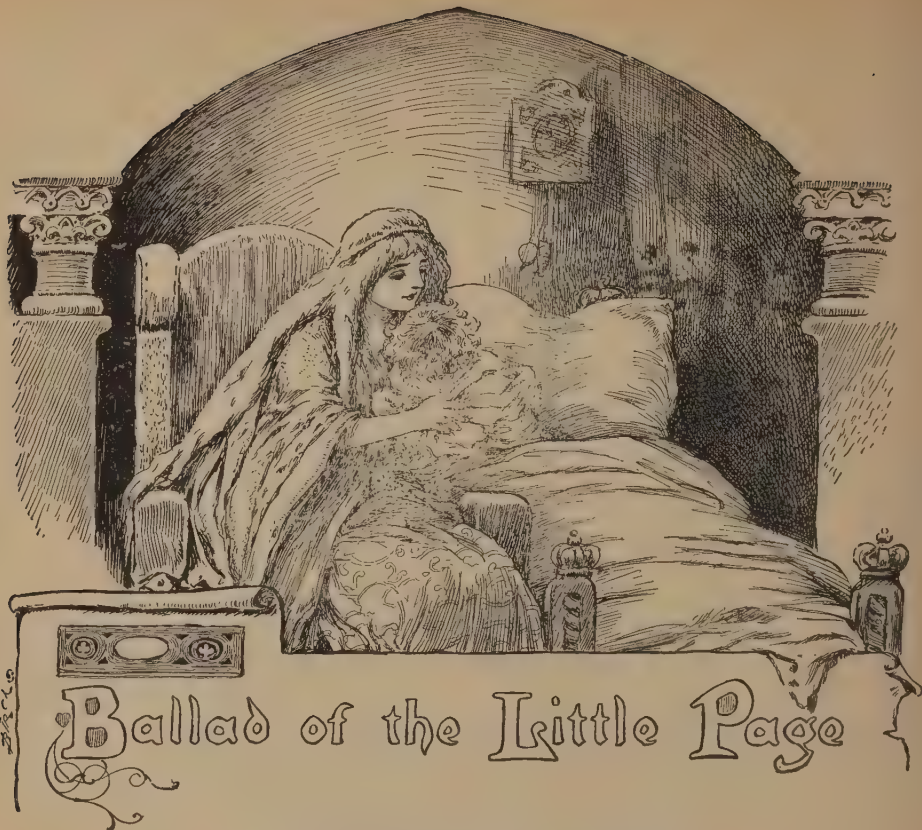
She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.



Ballad of the Little Page

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

It was a little, little page,
Was brought from far away,
To bear the great queen's velvet train
Upon her bridal day.

His yellow curls were long and bright,
His page's suit was blue,
With golden clasps at neck and knee,
And ruffles fair and new.

And faith, he was the smallest page
The court had ever known:
His head scarce reached the topmost step
That led up to the throne.

And oh, 't was but a little lad
Had never been before
So many leagues from kin and friends,
And from his father's door!

And oh!—'t was but a little child
Who never yet, I wis,
Had stolen lonely to his bed
Without his mother's kiss.

He had not seen the noble queen,
Of whom his heart had fear;
He knew no friend at court to give
A welcome and good cheer.

It was the busy night before
The great queen's wedding-day,
And all was bustle, haste, and noise,
And every one was gay;

And each one had his task to do,
And none had time to spare
To tend a weeping little page
Whose mother was not there.

Far in a big and gloomy room
Within the castle keep,
The little page lay all alone,
And wept, and could not sleep.

The little page lay all alone,
And hid his head and cried,
Until it seemed his aching heart
Would burst his little side.

The chamber door was set ajar,
And one was passing by

Who heard the little page's sobs
And then his piteous cry.

Then some one lifted up the latch
And pushed the heavy door,
And then a lady entered in
And crossed the chamber floor—

A lady tall and sweet and fair,
In bridal white who stepped;
She stood beside the page's bed,
And asked him why he wept.



"—AND NONE HAD TIME TO SPARE
TO TEND A LITTLE WEeping PAGE—"



"HE TREMBLED AND LOOKED DOWN"

And then he sobbed about a "kiss,"
His "mother," and his "home,"
And wished the queen had called no page,
And wished he had not come;

For she was "such a proud, great queen"
He was afraid, he said;
And he was "lost and lonely" there
In that huge, gloomy bed.

And then the lady bent her down
And kissed him on the lips,
And smoothed his yellow, silken curls
With tender finger-tips.

The tears stood in her gentle eyes;
"Poor little lad!" she said,

And cuddled him up in her arms
And knelt down by the bed.

And so she held him, close and warm,
And sang him off to sleep,
While at her nod her waiting-maids
A silent watch did keep.

And when the morning smiled again
The little page awoke.
They clad him in a suit of white,
With velvet cap and cloak,

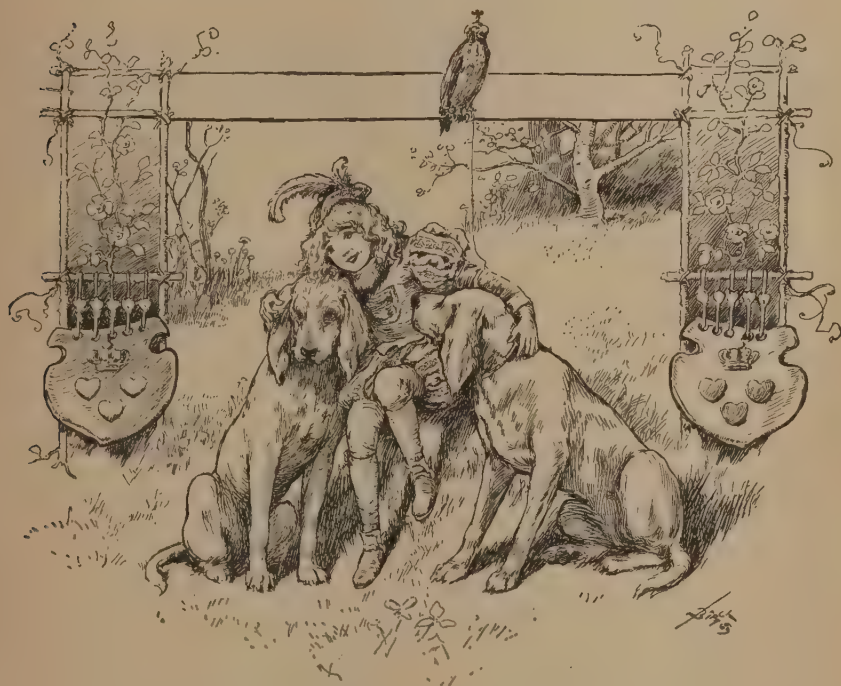
And crystal buckles on his shoes,
And led him to the queen,
All lovely in her bridal gear,
The fairest ever seen.

And he was such a tiny page,
He trembled and looked down,
For he was sore afraid to see
The great queen sternly frown.

But lo! he heard a soft voice say,
"O little page, look here!
Am I, who sing to sleep so well,
A queen for child to fear?"

He raised his eyes, and lo! the bride
Looked on the page and smiled,
And then he knew the queen had played
At nurse-maid for a child.

And well he graced the wedding-feast
And bore her velvet train,
And at his dear queen's side thenceforth
Was never sad again.



THE SNOW-IMAGE

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ONE afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her

parents and other people who were familiar with her used to call Violet.

But her brother was known by the title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phi, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.

"Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go and play in the snow."

Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom.

Then what a merry time had they! To look at them frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow—an image of a little girl—and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor, for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight—those bright little souls at their tasks. Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skillfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure.

It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

Now, for a few moments there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two chil-

dren's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit; while Peony acted rather as a laborer and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snowdrift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweet?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted, "Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out and see what a nice 'ittle girl we are making!"

"What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her and she shall sit down close by me and drink some of my warm milk."

"Oh, no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully:

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud! And the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes, it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see

up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red—redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!"

Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimble finger to summon the two children in when they both cried out to her with one voice:

"Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

"What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing now that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent.

But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children.

Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children!

A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives.

The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them.

So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere out of doors was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind.

There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood the lady could remember no such face, with its pure white and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks.

And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl when sending her out to play in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them except a very thin pair of white slippers.

Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'tittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands.

Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man, with a weary and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all the day long and was glad to get back to his quiet home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset, too.

He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all!—no piled-up heap of snow!—nothing whatever save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be

our 'tittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who had a plain matter-of-fact way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can."

So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half-vexed, half-laughing. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer now. I must take care of this little girl, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

And so, with a most benevolent smile, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her toward the house.

She followed them, droopingly and reluctant, for all the glow and sparkle were gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw.

As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks, and entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearthrug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden as she stood on the hearthrug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once she threw a glance toward the window, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs and the stars glimmering frostily and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window panes as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings. Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him.

Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he re-entered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beautiful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw, too. In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife.

She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearthrug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and—I shudder to say—shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be. What for did you bring her in?"

And the stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

THE CASTLE OF GEMS

BY SOPHIE MAY

ONCE upon a time, though I cannot tell when, and in what country I do not now remember, there lived a maiden as fair as a lily, as gentle as a dewdrop, and as modest as a violet. A pure, sweet name she had: It was *Blanche*.

She stood one evening, with her friend Victor, by the shore of a lake. Never had the youth or maiden seen the moonlight so enchanting; but they did not know—

"It was midsummer day,
When all the fairy people
From elf-land came away."

Presently, while they gazed at the lake, which shone like liquid emerald and sapphire and topaz, a boat, laden with strangely beautiful beings, glided toward them across the waters. The fair voyagers were clad in robes of misty blue,

with white mantles about their waists, and on their heads wreaths of valley-lilies.

They were all as fair as need be; but fairest of all was the helms-woman, the Queen of the Fairies. Her face was soft and clear like moonlight; and she wore a crown of nine large diamonds, which refracted the evening rays, and formed nine lunar rainbows.

The fairies were singing a roundelay; and, as the melody floated over the water, Victor and Blanche listened with throbbing hearts. Fairy music has almost passed away from the earth; but those who hear it are strangely moved, and have dreams of beautiful things which have been, and may be again.

"It makes me think of the days of long ago when there was no sin," whispered Blanche.

"It makes me long to be a hero," answered Victor with a sparkling eye.

All the while the pearly boat was drifting toward the youth and maiden; and, when it had touched the shore the Queen stepped out upon the land as lightly as if she had been made entirely of dewdrops.

"I am Fontana," said she: "and is this Blanche?"

She laid her soft hand upon the maiden's shoulder; and Blanche thought she would like to die then and there, so full was she of joy.

"I have heard of thy good heart, my maiden: now what would please thee most?" inquired the Queen.

Blanche bowed her head, and dared not speak.

Queen Fontana smiled. When she smiled it was as if a soft cloud had slid away from the moon, revealing a beautiful light.

"Say pearls and diamonds," said Victor in her ear.

"I don't know," whispered Blanche; "they are not the best things."

"No," said the Queen kindly; "pearls and diamonds are *not* the best things."

Then Blanche knew that her whisper had been overheard, and she hid her face in her hands for shame. But the Queen only smiled down on her, and without speaking dropped into the ground a little seed. Right at the feet of Blanche it fell; and in a moment two green leaves shot upward, and between them a spotless lily, which hung its head with modest grace.

Victor gazed at the perfect flower in wonder, and before he knew it said aloud: "Ah, how like Blanche!"

The Queen herself broke it from the stem, and gave it to the maiden, saying:

"Take it! It is my choicest gift. Till it fades

(which will never be), love will be thine; and in time to come it will have power to open the strongest locks, and swing back the heaviest doors.

"Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of this magic wand."

Blanche looked up to thank the Queen; but no words came—only tears.

"I see a wish in thine eyes," said Fontana.

"It is for Victor," faltered Blanche, at last; "he wishes to be rich and great."

The Queen looked grave.

"Shall I make him one of the great men of the earth, little Blanche? Then he may one day go to the ends of the world, and forget thee."

Blanche only smiled, and Victor's cheek flushed.

"I shall be a great man," said he—"perhaps a prince; but where I go Blanche shall go: she will be my wife."

"That is well," said the Queen. "Never forget Blanche, for her love will be your dearest blessing."

Then, removing from her girdle a pair of spectacles, she placed them in the youth's hand. He drew back in surprise. "Does she take me for an old man?" thought he. He had expected a casket of gems at least; perhaps a crown.

"Wait," said Fontana; "they are the eyes of Wisdom. When you have learned their use, you will not despise my gift. Keep a pure heart, and always remember Blanche. And now farewell!"

So saying, she moved on to the boat, floating over the ground as softly as a creeping mist.

When Blanche awoke next morning, her first thought was, "Happy are the maidens who have sweet dreams!" for she believed she had only been wandering in a midsummer's night's dream; so, when she saw her lily in the broken pitcher where she had placed it, great was her delight. But a change had come over it during the night. It was no longer a common lily; its petals were now large pearls, and the green leaves were green emeralds. This strange thing had happened to the flower, that it might never fade.

After this, people looked at Blanche and said: "How is it? She grows fairer every day!" And every one loved her; for the human heart has no choice but to love what is good and gentle.

As for Victor, he at first put on his spectacles with a scornful smile; but, when he had worn them a moment, he found them very wonderful things. When he looked through them, he could see people's thoughts written out on their faces; he could easily decipher the fine writing which you see traced on green leaves; and found there

were long stories written on pebbles in little black and gray dots.

When he wore the spectacles, he looked so wise that Blanche hardly dared speak to him. She saw that one day he was to become great.

At last Victor said he must leave his home, and sail across the seas. Tears filled the eyes of Blanche; but the youth whispered:

"I am going away to find a home for you and me. So adieu, dearest Blanche!"

Now Victor thought the ship in which he sailed moved very slowly; for he longed to reach the land which he could see through his magic spectacles. It was a beautiful kingdom, rich with mines of gold and silver.

When the ship touched shore, the streets were lined with people who walked to and fro with sad faces. The King's daughter, a beautiful young maiden, was very ill, and it was feared she must die.

Victor asked one of the people if there was no hope.

So it happened that this man was the greatest physician in the kingdom and he answered:

"Alas, there is no hope!"

Then Victor went to a distant forest where he knew a healing spring was to be found. Very few remembered it was there; and those who had seen it did not know of its power to heal disease.

Victor filled a crystal goblet with the precious water and carried it to the palace. The old King shook his head sadly, but consented to let the attendants moisten the parched lips of the Princess with the water, as it could do no harm. Far from doing harm, it wrought a great good; and in time the royal maiden was restored to health.

Then, for gratitude, the King would have given his daughter to Victor for a wife; but Victor remembered Blanche, and knew that no other maiden must be bride of his.

Not long after this the King was lost overboard at sea during a storm. Now the people must have a new ruler. They determined to choose a wise and brave man; and, young as he was, no man could be found braver and wiser than Victor; so the people elected him for their King. Thus Fontana's gift of the eyes of Wisdom had made him truly "one of the great men of earth."

In her humble home Blanche dreamed every night of Victor, and hoped he would grow good, if he did not become great; and Victor remembered Blanche, and knew that her love was his dearest blessing.

"This old palace," thought he, "will never do for my beautiful bride."

So he called together his people, and told them he must have a castle of gems. Some of the walls were to be of rubies, some of emeralds, some of pearls. There was to be any amount of beaten gold for doors and pillars; and the ceilings were to be of milk-white opals, with a rosy light which comes and goes.

All was done as he desired; and when the castle of gems was finished it would need a pen of jaspynyx dipped in rainbows to describe it.

Victor thought he would not have a guard of soldiers for his castle, but would lock the four golden gates with a magic key, so that no one could enter unless the gates should swing back of their own accord.

When the castle of gems was just completed, and not a soul was in it, Victor locked the gates with a magic key, and then dropped the key into the ocean.

"Now," thought he, "I have done a wise thing. None but the good and true can enter my castle of gems. The gates will not swing open for men with base thoughts or proud hearts!"

Then he hid himself under the shadow of a tree, and watched the people trying to enter. But they were proud men, and so the gates would not open.

King Victor laughed, and said to himself:

"I have done a wise thing with my magic key. How safe I shall be in my castle of gems!"

So he stepped out of his hiding place, and said to the people:

"None but the good and true can get in."

Then he tried to go in himself; but the gates would not move.

The King bowed his head in shame, and walked back to his old palace.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "wise and great as I am, I thought I could go in. I see it must be because I am filled with pride. Let me hide my face; for what would Blanche say if she knew, that, because my heart is proud, I am shut out of my own castle? I am not worthy that she should love me; but I hope I shall learn of her to be humble and good."

The next day he sailed for the home of his childhood. When Blanche saw him she blushed and cast down her eyes; but Victor knew they were full of tears of joy. He held her hand, and whispered:

"Will you go with me and be my bride, beautiful Blanche?"

"I will go with you," she answered softly; and Victor's heart rejoiced.

All the while Blanche never dreamed that he was a great Prince, and that the men who came with him were his courtiers.

When they reached Victor's kingdom, and the people shouted "Long live the Queen!" Blanche veiled her face and trembled; for Victor whispered in her ear that the shouts were for her. And as the people saw her beautiful face through her gossamer veil, they cried all the more loudly:

"Long live Queen Blanche! Thrice welcome, fair lady!"

The sun was sinking in the west, and his rays fell with dazzling splendor upon the castle of gems. When Blanche saw the silent, closed castle and its golden gates she remembered the words of Queen Fontana, who had said that her lily should have power to "open the strongest locks, and swing back the heaviest doors."

Like one walking in a dream, she led Victor toward the resplendent castle. She touched with her lily the lock which fastened one of the gates.

"Gates of gold could not withstand
One touch of that magic wand."

In an instant, the hinges trembled; and the

massive door swung open so far that forty people could walk in side by side. Then it slowly closed, and locked itself without noise.

One of the people who passed in was the King, whose heart was no longer proud. The others, who had entered unwittingly, could not speak for wonder. Some of them were poor, and some were lame or blind; but all were good and true.

At the rising of the moon a wonderful thing came to pass. The people entered the castle of gems and became beautiful. This was through the power of the magic lily.

Now there were no more crooked backs, and lame feet, and sightless eyes; and the King looked at these people, who were beautiful as well as good, and declared he would have them live in the castle; and the gentlemen should be knights; and the ladies maids of honor.

To this day Victor and Blanche rule the kingdom; and such is the charm of the lily—so like the pure heart of the Queen—that the people are becoming gentle and good.

Until Queen Fontana shall call for the magic spectacles and the lily of pearl, it is believed that Victor and Blanche will live in the castle of gems, though the time should be a hundred years.

THE HEN THAT HATCHED DUCKS

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

ONCE there was a nice young hen that we will call Mrs. Feathertop. She was a hen of most excellent family, being a direct descendant of the Bolton Grays, and as pretty a young fowl as you wish to see of a summer's day. She was, moreover, as fortunately situated in life as it was possible for a hen to be. She was bought by young Master Fred Little John, with four or five family connections of hers, and a lively young cock, who was held to be as brisk a scratcher and as capable a head of a family as any half-dozen sensible hens could desire.

I can't say that at first Mrs. Feathertop was a very sensible hen. She was very pretty and lively, to be sure, and a great favorite with Master Bolton Gray Cock, on account of her bright eyes, her finely shaded feathers, and certain saucy dashing ways that she had, which seemed greatly to take his fancy. But old Mrs. Scratchard, living in the neighboring yard, assured all the neighborhood that Gray Cock was a fool for thinking so much of that flighty young thing—that she had not the smallest notion how to get on in life, and thought of nothing in the

world but her own pretty feathers. "Wait till she comes to have chickens," said Mrs. Scratchard. "Then you will see. I have brought up ten broods myself—as likely and respectable chickens as ever were a blessing to society—and I think I ought to know a good hatcher and brooder when I see her; and I know *that* fine piece of trumpery, with her white feathers tipped with gray, never will come down to family life. *She* scratch for chickens! Bless me, she never did anything in all her days but run round and eat the worms which somebody else scratched up for her!"

When Master Bolton Gray heard this he crowed very loudly, like a cock of spirit, and declared that old Mrs. Scratchard was envious because she had lost all her own tail-feathers, and looked more like a worn-out old feather duster than a respectable hen, and that therefore she was filled with sheer envy of anybody that was young and pretty. So young Mrs. Feathertop cackled gay defiance at her busy rubbishy neighbor, as she sunned herself under the bushes on fine June afternoons.

Now Master Fred Little John had been allowed to have these hens by his mamma on the condition that he would build their house himself, and take all the care of it; and, to do Master Fred justice, he executed the job in a small way quite creditably. He chose a sunny sloping bank covered with a thick growth of bushes, and erected there a nice little hen-house, with two glass windows, a little door, and a good pole for his family to roost on. He made, moreover, a row of nice little boxes with hay in them for nests, and he bought three or four little smooth white china eggs to put in them, so that, when his hens *did* lay, he might carry off their eggs without their being missed. The hen-house stood in a little grove that sloped down to a wide river, just where there was a little cove which reached almost to the hen-house.

The situation inspired one of Master Fred's boy advisers with a new scheme in relation to his poultry enterprise. "Hullo! I say, Fred," said Tom Seymour, "you ought to raise ducks—you've got a capital place for ducks there."

"Yes, but I've bought *hens*, you see," said Freddy; "so it's no use trying."

"No use! Of course there is! Just as if your hens couldn't hatch ducks' eggs. Now, you just wait till one of your hens wants to set, and you put ducks' eggs under her, and you'll have a family of ducks in a twinkling. You can buy ducks' eggs, a plenty, of old Sam under the hill; he always has hens hatch his ducks."

So Freddy thought it would be a good experiment, and informed his mother the next morning that he intended to furnish the ducks for the next Christmas dinner; and when she wondered how he was to come by them, he said, mysteriously, "O, I will show you how!" but did not further explain himself. The next day he went with Tom Seymour, and made a trade with old Sam, and gave him a middle-aged jack-knife for eight of his ducks' eggs. Sam, by the bye, was a woolly-headed old negro man, who lived by the pond hard by, and who had long cast envying eyes on Fred's jack-knife, because it was of extra-fine steel, having been a Christmas present the year before. But Fred knew very well there were any number more of jack-knives where that came from, and that, in order to get a new one, he must dispose of the old; so he made the trade and came home rejoicing.

Now, about this time Mrs. Feathertop, having laid her eggs daily with great credit to herself, notwithstanding Mrs. Scratchard's predictions, began to find herself suddenly attacked with nervous symptoms. She lost her gay spirits, grew

dumpish and morose, stuck up her feathers in a bristling way, and pecked at her neighbors if they did so much as look at her. Master Gray Cock was greatly concerned, and went to old Doctor Peppercorn, who looked solemn and recommended an infusion of angle-worms, and said he would look in on the patient twice a day till she was better.

"Gracious me, Gray Cock!" said old Goody Kertarkut, who had been lolling at the corner as he passed, "a'n't you a fool?—cocks always are fools. Don't you know what's the matter with your wife? She wants to set—that's all; and you just let her set! A fiddlestick for Doctor Peppercorn! Why, any good old hen that has brought up a family knows more than a doctor about such things. You just go home and tell her to set, if she wants to, and behave herself."

When Gray Cock came home, he found that Master Freddy had been before him, and established Mrs. Feathertop upon eight nice eggs, where she was sitting in gloomy grandeur. He tried to make a little affable conversation with her, and to relate his interview with the Doctor and Goody Kertarkut, but she was morose and sullen, and only pecked at him now and then in a very sharp, unpleasant way; so, after a few more efforts to make himself agreeable, he left her, and went out promenading with the captivating Mrs. Red Comb, a charming young Spanish widow, who had just been imported into the neighboring yard.

"Bless my soul!" said he, "you've no idea how cross my wife is."

"O you horrid creature!" said Mrs. Red Comb; "how little you feel for the weaknesses of us poor hens!"

"On my word, ma'am," said Gray Cock, "you do me injustice. But when a hen gives way to temper, ma'am and no longer meets her husband with a smile—when she even pecks at him whom she is bound to honor and obey—"

"Horrid monster! talking of obedience! I should say, sir, you came straight from Turkey!" And Mrs. Red Comb tossed her head with a most bewitching air, and pretended to run away, and old Mrs. Scratchard looked out of her coop and called to Goody Kertarkut:

"Look how Mr. Gray Cock is flirting with that widow. I always knew she was a baggage."

"And his poor wife left at home alone," said Goody Kertarkut. "It's the way with 'em all!"

"Yes, yes," said Dame Scratchard, "she'll know what real life is now, and she won't go about holding her head so high, and looking down on her practical neighbors that have raised families."

"Poor thing, what'll she do with a family?" said Goody Kertarkut.

"Well, what business have such young flirts to get married," said Dame Scratchard. "I don't expect she'll raise a single chick; and there's Gray Cock flirting about fine as ever. Folks didn't do so when I was young. I'm sure my husband knew what treatment a setting hen ought to have—poor old Long Spur—he never minded a peck or so now and then. I must say these modern fowls a'n't what fowls used to be."

Meanwhile the sun rose and set, and Master Fred was almost the only friend and associate of poor little Mrs. Feathertop, whom he fed daily with meal and water, and only interrupted her sad reflections by pulling her up occasionally to see how the eggs were coming on.

At last "Peep, peep, peep!" began to be heard in the nest, and one little downy head after another poked forth from under the feathers, surveying the world with round, bright, winking eyes; and gradually the brood was hatched, and Mrs. Feathertop arose, a proud and happy mother, with all the bustling, scratching, caretaking instincts of family life warm within her breast. She clucked and scratched, and cuddled the little downy bits of things as handily and discreetly as a seven-year-old hen could have done, exciting thereby the wonder of the community.

Master Gray Cock came home in high spirits and complimented her; told her she was looking charmingly once more, and said, "Very well, very nice!" as he surveyed the young brood. So that Mrs. Feathertop began to feel the world going well with her, when suddenly in came Dame Scratchard and Goody Kertarkut to make a morning call.

"Let's see the chicks," said Dame Scratchard.

"Goodness me," said Goody Kertarkut, "what a likeness to their dear papa!"

"Well, but bless me, what's the matter with their bills?" said Dame Scratchard. "Why, my dear, these chicks are deformed! I'm sorry for you, my dear, but it's all the result of your inexperience; you ought to have eaten pebble-stones with your meal when you were setting. Don't you see, Dame Kertarkut, what bills they have? That'll increase, and they'll be frightful!"

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Feathertop, now greatly alarmed.

"Nothing as I know of," said Dame Scratchard, "since you didn't come to me before you set. I could have told you all about it. Maybe it won't kill 'em, but they'll always be deformed."

And so the gossips departed, leaving a sting under the pin-feathers of the poor little hen

mamma, who began to see that her darlings had curious little spoon-bills different from her own, and to worry and fret about it.

"My dear," she said to her spouse, "do get Doctor Peppercorn to come in and look at their bills, and see if anything can be done."

Doctor Peppercorn came in, and put on a monstrous pair of spectacles and said: "Hum! Ha! Extraordinary case—very singular!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, Doctor?" said both parents, in a breath.

"I've read of such cases. It's a calcareous enlargement of the vascular bony tissue, threatening ossification," said the Doctor.

"Oh, dreadful!—can it be possible?" shrieked both parents. "Can anything be done?"

"Well, I should recommend a daily lotion made of mosquitoes' horns and bicarbonate of frogs' toes together with a powder, to be taken morning and night, of muriate of fleas. One thing you must be careful about: they must never wet their feet, nor drink any water."

"Dear me, Doctor, I don't know what I *shall* do, for they seem to have a particular fancy for getting into water."

"Yes, a morbid tendency often found in these cases of bony tumification of the vascular tissue of the mouth; but you must resist it, ma'am, as their life depends upon it." And with that Doctor Peppercorn glared gloomily on the young ducks, who were stealthily poking the objectionable little spoon-bills out from under their mothers' feathers.

After this poor Mrs. Feathertop led a weary life of it; for the young fry were as healthy and enterprising a brood of young ducks as ever carried saucepans on the end of their noses, and they most utterly set themselves against the doctor's prescriptions, murmured at the muriate of fleas and the bicarbonate of frogs' toes and took every opportunity to waddle their little ways down to the mud and water which was in their near vicinity. So their bills grew larger and larger, as did the rest of their bodies, and family government grew weaker and weaker.

"You'll wear me out, children, you certainly will," said poor Mrs. Feathertop.

"You'll go to destruction, do ye hear?" said Master Gray Cock.

"Did you ever see such frights as poor Mrs. Feathertop has got?" said Dame Scratchard. "I knew what would come of *her* family—all deformed, and with a dreadful sort of madness, which makes them love to shovel mud with those shocking spoon-bills of theirs."

"It's a kind of idiocy," said Goody Kertarkut.



"THEY MUST NEVER WET THEIR FEET, NOR DRINK ANY WATER," SAID THE DOCTOR

"Poor things! they can't be kept from the water, nor made to take powders, and so they got worse and worse."

"I understand it's affecting their feet so that they can't walk, and a dreadful sort of net is growing between their toes; what a shocking visitation!"

"She brought it on herself," said Dame Scratchard. "Why didn't she come to me before she set? She was always an upstart, self-conceited thing, but I'm sure I pity her."

Meanwhile the young ducks thrived apace. Their necks grew glossy like changeable green and gold satin, and though they would not take the doctor's medicine, and would waddle in the mud and water—for which they always felt themselves to be very naughty ducks—yet they grew quite vigorous and hearty. At last one day the whole little tribe waddled off down to the bank of the river. It was a beautiful day, and the river was dancing and dimpling and winking as the little breezes shook the trees that hung over it.

"Well," said the biggest of the little ducks, "in spite of Doctor Peppercorn I can't help longing for the water. I don't believe it is going to hurt me; at any rate, here goes." And in he plumped, and in went every duck after him, and they threw out their great brown feet as cleverly as if they had taken rowing lessons all their lives, and sailed off on the river, away, away, among the ferns, under the pink azalias, through reeds and rushes and arrow-heads and pickerel-weed, the happiest ducks that ever were born; and soon they were quite out of sight.

"Well, Mrs. Feathertop, this is a dispensation," said Mrs. Scratchard. "Your children are all drowned at last, just as I knew they'd be. The old music-teacher Master Bullfrog, that lives down in Water-Dock Lane, saw 'em all plump madly into the water together this morning; that's what comes of not knowing how to bring up a family."

Mrs. Feathertop gave only one shriek and fainted dead away, and was carried home on a cabbage leaf, and Mr. Gray Cock was sent for, where he was waiting on Mrs. Red Comb through the squash vines.

"It's a serious time in your family, sir," said Goody Kertarkut, "and you ought to be at home supporting your wife. Send for Doctor Peppercorn without delay."

Now as the case was a very dreadful one, Doctor Peppercorn called a council from the barnyard of the Squire two miles off, and a brisk young Doctor Partlett appeared in a fine suit of brown and gold, with tail-feathers like meteors. A fine young fellow he was, lately from Paris, with all the modern scientific improvements fresh in his head.

When he had listened to the whole story, he clapped his spur into the ground, and, leaning back laughed so loud that all the cocks in the neighborhood crowed.

Mrs. Feathertop rose up out of her swoon, and Mr. Gray Cock was greatly enraged.

"What do you mean, sir, by such behavior in the house of mourning?"

"My dear sir, pardon me, but there is no occasion for mourning. My dear madam, let me congratulate you. There is no harm done. The simple matter is, dear madam, you have been under a hallucination all along. The neighborhood and my learned friend the doctor have all made a mistake in thinking that these children of yours were hens at all. They are ducks, ma'am, evidently ducks, and very finely formed ducks, I dare say."

At this moment a quack was heard, and at a distance the whole tribe were seen coming waddling home, their feathers gleaming in green and gold, and they themselves in high good spirits.

"Such a splendid day as we have had!" they all cried in a breath. "And we know now how to get our own living; we can take care of ourselves in future, so you need have no further trouble with us."

"Madam," said the Doctor, making a bow with an air which displayed his tail-feathers to advantage, "let me congratulate you on the charming family you have raised. A finer brood of young healthy ducks I never saw. Give claw, my dear friend," he said, addressing the elder son. "In our barnyard no family is more respected than that of the ducks."

And so Madam Feathertop came off glorious at last; and when after this the ducks used to go swimming up and down the river, like so many nabobs, among the admiring hens, Doctor Peppercorn used to look after them and say: "Ah! I had the care of their infancy!"

And Mr. Gray Cock and his wife used to say to each other: "It was our system of education that!"

THE BALLAD OF PIPING WILL

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

THERE was a lad named Piping Will
With tattered coat and poor;
He had no home to bide him in,
But roamed from door to door.

This lad had naught except a pipe
On which he used to play;
Yet never lad did laugh so free,
Nor had a look so gay.

"Nay, bide, thou merry piper-boy!"
The kindly house-dames said.
"The roads are rough, the skies are wild,
And thou dost lack for bread.

"The hills are steep, the stones unkind—
Why wilt thou always roam?
And winter turns a barren heart
To them that have no home."

Then would he smile and pipe awhile,
But would not ever stay.
How strange that he could be so poor,
Yet have a heart so gay!

And so the good folk shook their heads,
And they would turn and stare
To see him piping through the fields.
What was he doing there?

It fell about the blithe Yule-tide,
When winter winds were keen,
The Burgomaster's little maid
Slipped from the house unseen;

For she had heard that in the wood
The dear snow-children run,
And play where shadows are most cold
And where there is no sun.

But lo, the evening hurried on,
And bitter sleet blew cold;
It whitened all her scarlet cloak
And flying locks of gold.

The road was hid, and she was lost,
And knew not where to go;

And still the sharp blast swept her on,
Whether she would or no.

Now who is this amid the sleet?
His face she cannot see!
He tunes his pipe against the wind,
As merry as can be.

He tunes his pipe against the wind
With music sweet and wild,
When lo, a fluttering scarlet cape,
The sobbing of a child!

He took her up and held her close;
"I 'll take you home," he said.
But still the little maid sobbed on,
Nor was she comforted.

"What! Cold and hungry, little maid,
And frightened of the storm?
I 'll play upon my pipe," said he,
"And that will keep you warm!"

And lo, when first he blew his pipe,
It was a wondrous thing—
The sleet and snow turned all to flowers,
The birds began to sing!

When next he blew upon his pipe,
She marveled more and more;
For, built of gold with strange device,
A palace rose before!

A lovely lady led them in,
And there they sat them down;
The piper wore a purple cloak,
And she a snow-white gown.

And there was song and light and cheer,
Feasting and everything!
Who would have thought that Piping Will
Could be so great a king?

The third time that he blew his pipe
They took her to the queen;
Her hair was yellow as the sun,
And she was clothed in green.



"THEY TOOK HER TO THE QUEEN"

Yet did she kiss that little maid,
 Who should no longer roam—
 When lo, the dear dream flashed away,
 And there she was at home!

"Make this thy home, thou Piping Will,"
 The Burgomaster cried.
 "Thou hast restored our little maid!
 I tell thee, thou must bide."



fin f. p.
'NAY, BIDE, THOU MERRY PIPER BOY!'
THE KINDLY HOUSE-DAMES SAID "



"Make this thy home, thou Piping Will,"
The bustling mother said.
"Come, warm thyself before the hearth
And eat the good white bread."

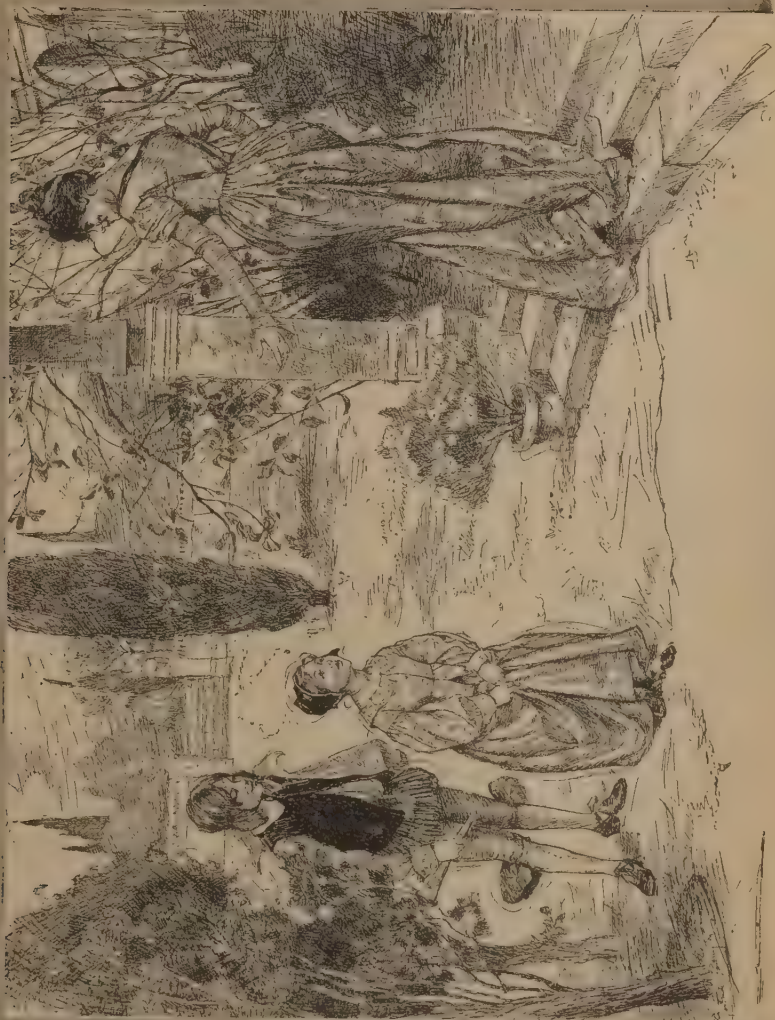
But Piping Will would only smile:
"Good friends, I cannot wait!"
(Who could have thought that tattered coat
Had been a robe of state!)

So forth he fared into the night,
And, piping, went his way.
"How strange," they said, "a lad so poor
Can have a heart so gay!"

Only the little maid that sat
Upon her father's knee
Remembered how they two had fared
That night right pleasantly.

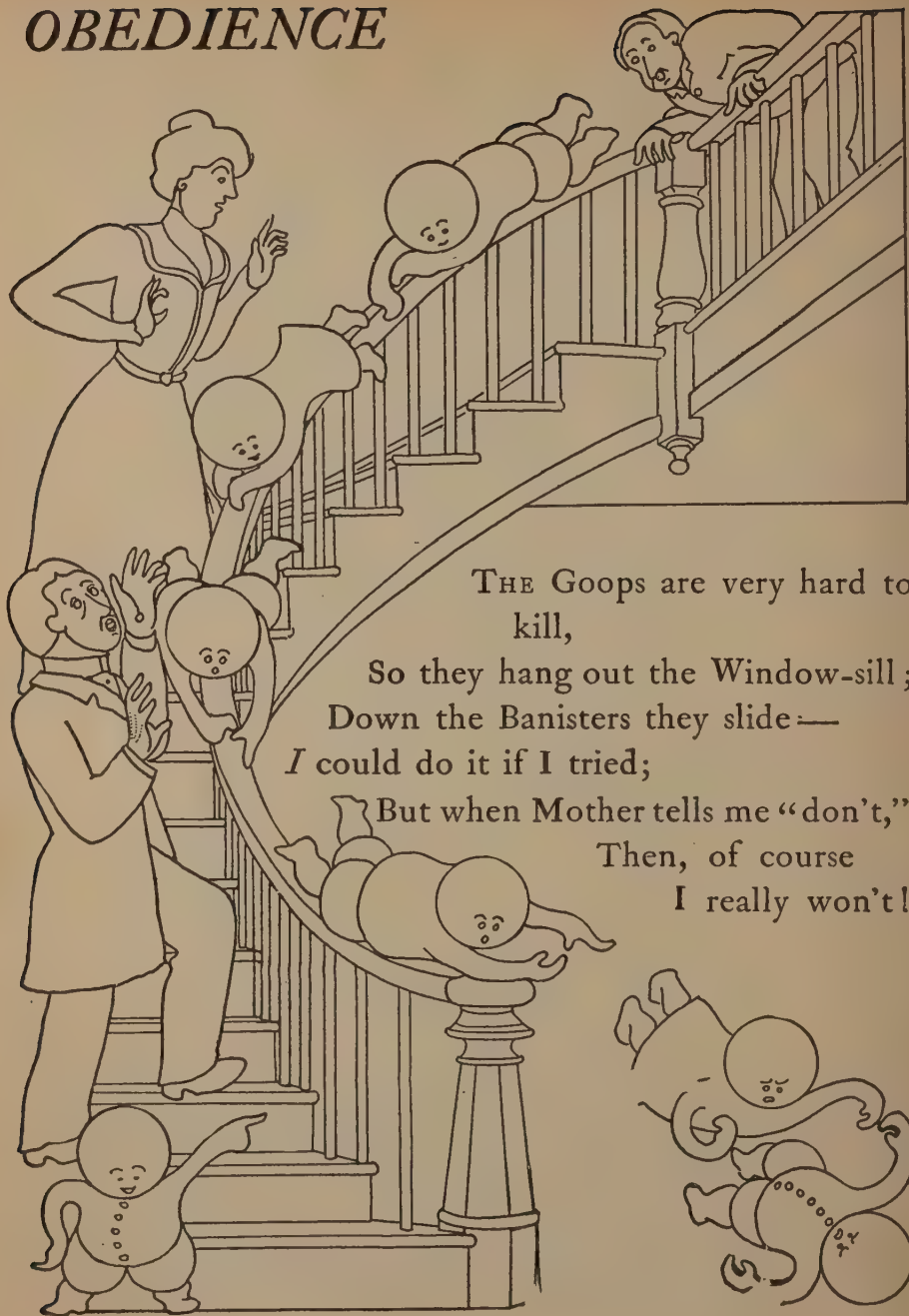
And as she ate her bread and milk,
So close and safe and warm,
She wondered what strange, lovely lands
He wrought of wind and storm.

For he that plays a fairy pipe
Is lord of everything!
She laughed to think that Piping Will
Should be so great a king.



"A LOVELY LADY LED THEM IN "

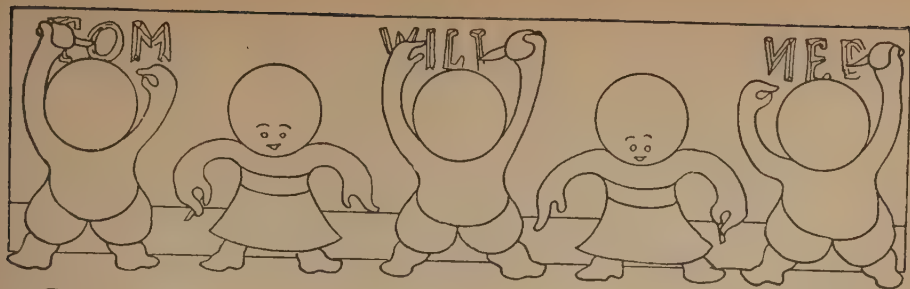
OBEDIENCE



THE Goops are very hard to
kill,
So they hang out the Window-sill;
Down the Banisters they slide—
I could do it if I tried;
But when Mother tells me “don’t,”
Then, of course
I really won’t!

GOOPS

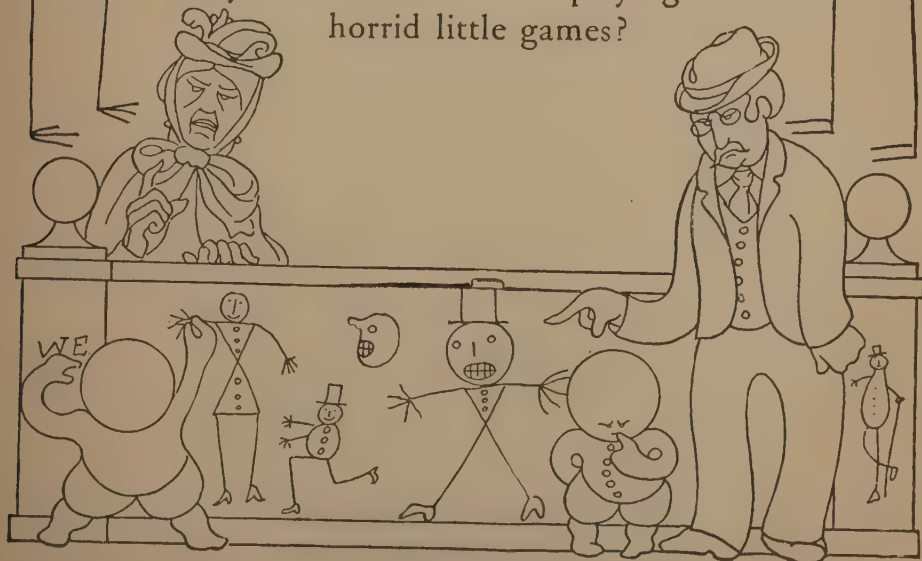
BY GELETT BURGESS



DISFIGURATION

HAVE you ever seen the scrawls
On the fences and the walls,
All the horrid little pictures and the horrid
little names?

Don't you think it is a shame?
Are the Goops the ones to blame?
Did you ever catch them playing at their
horrid little games?



GOOPS

BY GELETT BURGESS

LITTLE ANNIE'S DREAM, OR THE FAIRY FLOWER

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

In a large and pleasant garden sat little Annie, all alone, and she seemed very sad, for drops that were not dew fell fast upon the flowers beside her, which looked wonderingly up, and bent still nearer, as if they longed to cheer and comfort her. The warm wind lifted up her shining hair, and softly kissed her cheek, while the sunbeams, looking most kindly in her face, made little rainbows in her tears, and lingered lovingly about her. But Annie paid no heed to sun, or wind, or flower; still the bright tears fell, and she forgot all but her sorrow.

"Little Annie, tell me why you weep," said a low voice in her ear; and, looking up, the child beheld a little figure standing on a vine leaf at her side; a lovely face smiled on her from amid bright locks of hair, and shining wings were folded on a white and glittering robe that fluttered in the wind.

"Who are you, lovely little thing?" cried Annie, smiling through her tears.

"I am a Fairy, little child, and am come to help and comfort you; now tell me why you weep, and let me be your friend," replied the spirit, as she smiled more kindly still on Annie's wondering face.

"And are you really, then, a little Elf, such as I read of in my fairy books? Do you ride on butterflies, sleep in flower-cups, and live among the clouds?"

"Yes, all these things I do, and many stranger still that all your fairy books can never tell; but now, dear Annie," said the Fairy, bending nearer, "tell me why I found no sunshine on your face; why are these great drops shining on the flowers, and why do you sit alone when bird and bee are calling you to play?"

"Ah, you will not love me any more if I should tell you all," said Annie, while the tears began to fall again; "I am not happy, for I am not good; how shall I learn to be a patient, gentle child? Good little Fairy, will you teach me how?"

"Gladly will I aid you Annie. The task is hard, but I will give this fairy flower to help and counsel you. Bend hither, that I may place it on your breast; no hand can take it hence, till I unsay the spell that holds it there."

As thus she spoke, the Elf took from her bosom a graceful flower, whose snow-white leaves shone with a strange, soft light. "This is a fairy flower," said the Elf, "invisible to every eye save yours; now listen while I tell its power,

Annie. When your heart is filled with loving thoughts, when some kindly deed has been done, some duty well performed, then from the flower there will arise the sweetest, softest fragrance, to reward and gladden you. But when an unkind word is on your lips, when a selfish, angry feeling rises in your heart, or an unkind, cruel deed is to be done, then will you hear the soft, low chime of the flower bell; listen to its warning, let the word remain unspoken, the deed undone, and in the quiet joy of your own heart, and the magic perfume of your bosom flower, you will find a sweet reward."

"O kind and generous Fairy, how can I ever thank you for this lovely gift!" cried Annie. "I will be true, and listen to my little bell whenever it may ring. But shall I never see you more? Ah! if you would only stay with me, I should indeed be good."

"I cannot stay now, little Annie," said the Elf, "but when another Spring comes round, I shall be here again, to see how well the fairy gift has done its work. And now farewell, dear child; be faithful to yourself, and the magic flower will never fade."

Then the gentle Fairy folded her little arms around Annie's neck, laid a soft kiss on her cheek, and, spreading wide her shining wings, flew singing up among the white clouds floating in the sky.

And little Annie sat among her flowers, and watched with wondering joy the fairy blossom shining on her breast.

The pleasant days of Spring and Summer passed away, and in little Annie's garden Autumn flowers were blooming everywhere, with each day's sun and dew growing still more beautiful and bright; but the fairy flower, that should have been the loveliest of all, hung pale and drooping on little Annie's bosom; its fragrance seemed quite gone, and the clear, low music of its warning chime rang often in her ear.

When first the Fairy placed it there, she had been pleased with her new gift, and for a while obeyed the fairy bell, and often tried to win some fragrance from the flower by kind and pleasant words and actions; then, as the Fairy said, she found a sweet reward in the strange, soft perfume of the magic blossom as it shone upon her breast; but selfish thoughts would come to tempt her, she would yield, and unkind words fell from her lips; and then the flower drooped pale and scent-

less, the fairy bell rang mournfully, Annie would forget her better resolutions, and be again a selfish, willful little child.

At last she tried no longer, but grew angry with the faithful flower, and would have torn it from her breast; but the fairy spell still held it fast, and all her angry words but made it ring a louder, sadder peal. Then she paid no heed to the silvery music sounding in her ear, and each day grew still more unhappy, discontented, and unkind; so, when the Autumn days came round, she was no better for the gentle Fairy's gift, and longed for Spring, that it might be returned; for now the constant echo of the mournful music made her very sad.

One sunny morning, when the fresh, cool winds were blowing, and not a cloud was in the sky, little Annie walked among her flowers, looking carefully into each, hoping thus to find the Fairy, who alone could take the magic blossom from her breast. But she lifted up their drooping leaves, peeped into their dewy cups in vain; no little Elf lay hidden there, and she turned sadly from them all, saying: "I will go out into the fields and woods, and seek her there. I will not listen to this tiresome music more, nor wear this withered flower longer." So out into the fields she went, where the long grass rustled as she passed, and timid birds looked at her from their nests; where lovely wild flowers nodded in the wind, and opened wide their fragrant leaves to welcome in the murmuring bees, while butterflies, like winged flowers, danced and glittered in the sun.

Little Annie looked, searched, and asked them all if any one could tell her of the Fairy whom she sought; but the birds looked wonderingly at her with their soft, bright eyes, and still sang on; the flowers nodded wisely on their stems, but did not speak, while butterfly and bee buzzed and fluttered away, one far too busy, the other too idle, to stay and tell her what she asked.

Then she went through broad fields of yellow grain that waved around her like a golden forest; here crickets chirped, grasshoppers leaped, and busy ants worked, but they could not tell her what she longed to know.

"Now will I go among the hills," said Annie, "she may be there." So up and down the green hillsides went her little feet; long she searched and vainly she called; but still no Fairy came. Then by the riverside she went, and asked the gay dragon flies and the cool white lilies if the Fairy had been there; but the blue waves rippled on the white sand at her feet, and no voice answered her.

Then into the forest little Annie went; and as she passed along the dim, cool paths, the wood-flowers smiled up in her face, gay squirrels peeped at her, as they swung amid the vines, and doves cooed softly as she wandered by; but none could answer her. So, weary with her long and useless search, she sat amid the ferns, and feasted on the rosy strawberries that grew beside her, watching meanwhile the crimson evening clouds that glowed around the setting sun.

The night-wind rustled through the boughs, and when the autumn moon rose up, her silver light shone on the child, where, pillowed on green moss, she lay asleep amid the wood-flowers in the dim old forest.

And all night long beside her stood the Fairy she had sought, and by elfin spell and charm sent to the sleeping child this dream.

Little Annie dreamed she sat in her own garden, as she had often sat before, with angry feelings in her heart, and unkind words upon her lips. The magic flower was ringing its soft warning, but she paid no heed to anything, save her own troubled thoughts; thus she sat, when suddenly a low voice whispered in her ear: "Little Annie, look and see the evil things that you are cherishing."

Then Annie saw, with fear and wonder, that the angry words she uttered changed to dark, unlovely forms, each showing plainly from what fault or passion it had sprung. Some of the shapes had scowling faces and bright, fiery eyes; these were the spirits of Anger. Others, with sullen, anxious, looks seemed gathering up all they could reach, and Annie saw that the more they gained, the less they seemed to have; and these she knew were shapes of Selfishness. Spirits of Pride were there, who folded their shadowy garments round them, and turned scornfully away from all the rest. These and many others little Annie saw, which had come from her own heart, and taken form before her eyes.

When first she saw them, they were small and weak; but as she looked they seemed to grow and gather strength, and each gained a strange power over her. She could not drive them from her sight, and they grew ever stronger, darker, and more unlovely to her eyes. They seemed to cast black shadows over all around, to dim the sunshine, blight the flowers, and drive away all bright and lovely things; while rising slowly round her Annie saw a high, dark wall, that seemed to shut out everything she loved; she dared not move, or speak, but, with a strange fear at her heart, sat watching the dim shapes that hovered round her.

Higher and higher rose the shadowy wall. Slowly the flowers near her died, lingeringly the sunlight faded; but at last they both were gone, and left her all alone behind the gloomy wall. Then she could hear no more, but, sinking down among the withered flowers, wept sad and bitter tears, for her lost liberty and joy; then through the gloom there shone a faint, soft light, and on her breast she saw her fairy flower, upon whose snow-white leaves her tears lay shining.

Clearer and brighter grew the radiant light, till the evil spirits turned away to the dark shadow of the wall, and left the child alone.

The light and perfume of the flower seemed to bring new strength to Annie, and she rose up, saying, as she bent to kiss the blossom on her breast: "Dear flower, help and guide me now, and I will listen to your voice, and cheerfully obey my faithful fairy bell."

Then in her dreams she felt how hard the spirits tried to tempt and trouble her, and how, but for her flower, they would have led her back, and made all dark and dreary as before. Long and hard she struggled, and tears often fell; but after each new trial, brighter shone her magic flower, and sweeter grew its breath, while the spirits lost still more their power to tempt her. Meanwhile, green, flowering vines crept up the high, dark wall, and hid its roughness from her sight; and over these she watched most tenderly, for soon, wherever green leaves and flowers bloomed, the wall beneath grew weak, and fell apart. Thus little Annie worked and hoped, till one by one the evil spirits fled away, and in their place came shining forms, with gentle eyes and smiling lips, who gathered round her with such loving words, and brought such strength and joy to Annie's heart, that nothing evil dared to enter in; while slowly sank the gloomy wall, and, over wreaths of fragrant flowers, she passed out into the pleasant world again, the fairy gift no longer pale and drooping, but now shining like a star upon her breast.

Then the low voice spoke again in Annie's sleeping ear, saying: "Remember well the lesson of the dream, dear child, and let the shining spirits make your heart their home."

And with that voice sounding in her ear, little Annie woke to find it was a dream; but like other dreams it did not pass away; and as she sat alone, bathed in the rosy morning light, and watched the forest waken into life, she silently resolved to strive, as she had striven in her dream, to bring back light and beauty to its faded leaves, by being what the Fairy hoped to render her, a patient, gentle little child. And as the

thought came to her mind, the flower raised its drooping head, and, looking up into the earnest little face bent over it, seemed by its fragrant breath to answer Annie's silent thought, and strengthen her for what might come.

Meanwhile the forest was astir, birds sang their gay good-morrows from tree to tree, while leaf and flower turned to greet the sun, who rose up smiling on the world; and so beneath the forest boughs and through the dewy fields went little Annie home, better and wiser for her dream.

Autumn flowers were dead and gone, white winter snow fell softly down; yet now, when all without looked dark and dreary, on little Annie's breast the fairy flower bloomed more beautiful than ever. The memory of her forest dream had never passed away, and through trial and temptation she had been true, and kept her resolution still unbroken; seldom now did the warning bell sound in her ear, and seldom did the flower's fragrance cease to float about her, or the fairy light to brighten all whereon it fell.

So, through the long, cold winter, little Annie dwelt like a sunbeam in her home, each day growing richer in the love of others, and happier in herself; often was she tempted, but, remembering her dream, she listened only to the music of the fairy bell, and the unkind thought or feeling fled away, the smiling spirits of gentleness and love nestled in her heart, and all was bright again.

At length, one day, as she sat singing in the sunny nook where all her fairest flowers bloomed, weary with gazing at the far-off sky for the little forms she hoped would come, she bent to look with joyful love upon her bosom flower; and as she looked, its folded leaves spread wide apart, and, rising slowly from the deep white cup, appeared the smiling face of the lovely Elf whose coming she had waited for so long.

"Dear Annie, look for me no longer; I am here on your breast, for you have learned to love my gift, and it has done its work most faithfully and well," the Fairy said, as she looked into the happy child's bright face, and laid her little arms most tenderly about her neck.

"And now have I brought another gift from Fairy-land, as a fit reward for you, dear child," she said, when Annie had told all her gratitude and love; then, touching the child with her shining wand, the Fairy bid her look and listen silently.

And suddenly the world, to Annie, seemed changed for the air was filled with strange, sweet

sounds, and all around her floated lovely forms. In every flower sat little smiling Elves, singing gayly as they rocked amid the leaves. On every breeze, bright, airy spirits came floating by; some fanned her cheek with their cool breath, and waved her long hair to and fro, while others rang the flower-bells, and made a pleasant rustling among the leaves. In the fountain, where the water danced and sparkled in the sun, astride of every drop she saw merry little spirits, who plashed and floated in the clear, cool waves, and sang as gayly as the flowers, on whom they scattered glittering dew. The tall trees, as their branches rustled in the wind, sang a low, dreamy song, while the waving grass was filled with little voices she had never heard before. Butterflies whispered lovely tales in her ear, and birds sang cheerful songs in a sweet language she had never understood before. Earth and air seemed filled with beauty and with music she had never dreamed of until now.

"Oh, tell me what it means, dear Fairy! is it another and a lovelier dream, or is the earth in truth so beautiful as this?" she cried, looking with wondering joy upon the Elf, who lay upon the flower on her breast.

"Yes, it is true, dear child," replied the Fairy,

"and few are the mortals to whom we give this lovely gift; what to you is now so full of music and of light, to others is but a pleasant summer world; they never know the language of butterfly or bird or flower, and they are blind to all that I have given you the power to see. These fair things are your friends and playmates now, and they will teach you many pleasant lessons, and give you many happy hours; while the garden where you once sat, weeping sad and bitter tears, is now brightened by your own happiness, filled with loving friends by your own kindly thoughts and feelings; and thus rendered a pleasant summer home for the gentle, happy child, whose bosom flower will never fade. And now, dear Annie, I must go; but every springtime, with the earliest flowers, will I come again to visit you, and bring some fairy gift. Guard well the magic flower, that I may find all fair and bright when next I come."

Then, with a kind farewell, the gentle Fairy floated upward through the sunny air, smiling down upon the child, until she vanished in the soft, white clouds; and little Annie stood alone in her enchanted garden, where all was brightened with the radiant light, and fragrant with the perfume of her fairy flower.





A GREAT many children live on the borders of Fairy-land and never visit it at all, and really there are people who grow up and are not very unhappy who will not believe they have lived near to it all their lives. But if once you have been in that pleasant country you never quite forget it, and when some stupid man says, "It is all stuff and nonsense," you do not say much, even if you yourself have come to be an old fellow with hair of two colors, but you feel proud to know how much more you have seen of the world than he has. Children are the best travelers in Fairy-land, and there also is another kingdom which is easy for them to reach and hard for some older folks.

Once upon a time there was a small boy who lived so near to Fairy-land that he sometimes got over the fence and inside of that lovely country, but, being a little afraid, never went very far, and was quick to run home if he saw Blue Beard or an Ogre or even Goody Two-Shoes. Once or twice he went a little farther, and saw things which may be seen but can never be written.

Sometimes he told his father that he had been into Fairy-land; but his father, who was a brick-maker and lived in the wood, only laughed, and cried aloud: "Next time you go, be sure to fetch back some fairy money."

One day the small boy, whose real name was Little Boy, told his father that he had gone a mile into Fairy-land, and that there the people were born old and grew younger all the time, and that on this account the hands of their clocks went backward. When his father heard this, he said that boy was only fit to sing songs and be in the sun, and would never make bricks worth a penny. Then he added, sharply, that his son must get to work at once and stop going over the fence to Fairy-land. So, after that, Little Boy was set to dig clay and make bricks for a palace which the King was building. He made a great many bricks of all colors, and did seem to work so very hard that his father began to think he might in time come to make the best of bricks. But if you

are making bricks you must not even be thinking of fairies, because something is sure to get into the bricks and spoil them for building anything except a Spanish castle or a palace of Aladdin.

I am sorry to say that while Little Boy made bricks and patted them well and helped to bake them hard he was forever thinking of a Fairy who had kissed him one day in the wood. This was a very strange Fairy, large, with white limbs, and eyes which were full of joy for a child, but to such as being old looked upon them, were, as the poet says, "lakes of sadness." Perhaps, being little, you who read can understand this. I cannot; but whoever has once seen this Fairy loves the sun and the woods and all living creatures, and knows things without being taught, and what men will say before they say it. Yet, while he knows all these strange things, and what birds talk about, and what songs the winds sing to the trees, he can never make good bricks.

And this was why Little Boy's bricks were badly made; on account of which the King's palace, having many poor bricks in it, fell down one fine day and cracked the crowns of twenty-three courtiers and had like to have killed the King himself. This made the King very angry, so he put on his crown and said wicked words, and told everybody he would give one hundred pieces of gold to whoever would find the person who had made the bad bricks. When Little Boy's father heard this, he knew it must have been his son who was to blame. So he told his son that he had been very careless, and that surely the King would kill him, and that the best thing he could do would be to run away and hide in Fairy-land.

Little Boy was very badly scared, and was well pleased when his mother had put some cakes and apples in a bag and slung it over his shoulder and told him to run quickly away; and this he was glad to do, because he saw the King's soldiers coming over the hill to take him. When they came to his father's house his father told them that it was his son who had made the bad bricks.

After hearing this, they let the man go, and went after Little Boy. As their legs were long and his were short, they soon got very near to him, and he had just time to scramble over the fence into Fairy-land. Then the soldiers began to get over the fence, too; but at this moment the giant Fee-Faw-Fum came out of the wood, and said, in a voice that was as loud as the roar of the winds of a winter night: "What do you want here?" This gave them such a fright that they all sat there in a row on top of the fence like sparrows, and could not move for a week. You may be sure Little Boy did not stop to look at them, but ran away, far away into Fairy-land. Of course, he soon got lost, because in the geographies there is not a word about Fairy-land, and nobody knows even what bounds it on the north.

It is sad to be lost, but not in Fairy-land. The sooner you lose yourself, the happier you are. And then such queer things chance to you—things no one could dream would happen. Mostly it is the children for whom they occur, and the grown-up person who is quite happy in this joyous land is not often to be met with. Perhaps you think I will tell you all about the fairy country. Not I, indeed. I have been there in my time; but my travels there I cannot write, or else I might never be allowed to return again.

By-and-by Little Boy grew tired and went into a deep wood and there sat down and ate a cake, and saw very soon that the squirrels were throwing him nuts from the trees. Of course, as he was in Fairy-land, this was just what one might have expected. He tried to crack the nuts with his teeth, but could not, and this troubled the squirrels so much that presently nine of them came down and sat around him and began to crack nuts for him and to laugh.

When Little Boy had finished his meal, he lay down and tried to go to sleep, for it was pleasant and warm, and the moss was soft to lie upon, and strange birds came and went and sang love-songs. But just 'as he was almost asleep he was shaken quite roughly, and when he looked up saw a beautiful Prince.

"Ho! ho!" said the Prince, "I heard you getting ready to snore. A moment more and I should have been too late."

"How is that?" said Little Boy, "and who are you?"

"Sir, I am Fine Ear, and before things happen I hear them. Do not you know, Fair Sir" (this is the way fairies speak), "that if you fall asleep the first day that you are in Fairy-land, it is years before you wake? Some people don't wake."

Little Boy felt that he was in high society, so he said, politely:

"Gracious Prince, a million thanks; but how can I keep awake?"

"It is only for one night, young sir. Come with me. My sister, Goody Two-Shoes, lives close by, and she may help us."

So they went along through the twilight and walked far, until Little Boy was ready to drop. At last Fine Ear said that as he heard his sister breathing, she could not be more than three miles away. As they climbed a great hill, it became dark, and Little Boy grew more and more sleepy, and could not see his way, and tumbled about so much that at last the Prince stood still and said: "My dear fellow, this won't do; you will be in Dream-land before I can pinch you." Then he whistled, and a little silver star—a shining white light—fell out of the fairy sky and rolled beside them, making all the road as bright as day, and quite waking up Little Boy.

After this they walked on, and the Prince said he would ask Jack the Giant-killer to supper. Little Boy replied that he would be proud to meet him. Just as they came near to the house, which was built of pearls and rubies, the Prince said: "Alas! here comes that tiresome fool, Humpty Dumpty." When Little Boy looked, he saw a short man very crooked in the back, and with a head all to one side, not having been well mended by the doctors, as you may recall. Also his mouth was very large, which was a pity, because when he stopped before them and bowed in a polite way, all of a sudden he opened this great mouth and gaped; and when poor, sleepy Little Boy saw this, what could he do but gape for company, and at once fall down sound asleep before the kind Prince could move?

"Alas! fool," said Fine Ear, "why must you gape at a mortal? You knew what would happen. It was lucky you did not sneeze."

Meanwhile, there lay Little Boy sound asleep, and what was to be done? As last he was carried into the house of Goody Two-Shoes and put on a bed. Every one knew that he could not be waked up, and so they put fairy food in his mouth twice a day, and just let him alone, so that for several years he slept soundly, and by reason of being fed with fairy food grew tall and beautiful; what was more strange, his clothes grew also.

At the end of seven years a great Sayer of Sooth came by on his way to visit his fairy god-mother, and when he heard about Little Boy's sleep he stood still and uttered a loud Sooth. When Goody Two-Shoes heard it she was sorry, because it was told her that Little Boy would

never wake until he was carried back to the country of mortals, when he would wake up at once. Now by this time she had come to love him very much, and was sorry to part with him, because in seven years he had never spoken one cross word!

But Sooths must be obeyed; so she sent for a gentle Giant, and told him to carry Little Boy to the Queen's tailor and to dress him like a fairy Prince, and to set him down on the roadside near his father's house. Then when the Giant took him up in his great arms, all sound asleep, she put around Little Boy's neck a fairy kiss tied fast to a gold chain, and this was for good luck. After this the Giant walked away, and Goody Two-Shoes went into the house and cried for two days and a night.

When the Giant came to Common-Folks'-land, he laid Little Boy beside the high-road and went home. Toward evening, the King's daughter went by, and seeing Little Boy, who, as I have said, was now grown tall and dressed all in velvet and jewels, she came and stood by him, and when she saw the fairy kiss hanging around his neck she knelt down and kissed him. Then all the old ladies cried, "Fy! for shame!" but you know she could not help it. As for Little Boy, he kept ever so still, being now wide awake, but having hopes that she would kiss him again, which she did, twice. As he still seemed to sleep, he was put in the Princess's chariot and taken to the King's palace.

At last, when every one had looked at him, they put him on a bed, and when morning came he opened his eyes, and began to walk around to stretch his legs. But as he went downstairs he met the King, who said to him: "Fair Sir, what is the name of thy beautiful self?" To which he answered: "I am called Prince Little Boy." "Ha! ha!" said the King. "That was the name of the bad brick-maker. Perchance thou art he." Then he called his guards, and Little Boy was at once shut up in a huge tower, for the King was not quite sure, or else he would have put him to death at once. But after Little Boy had been there three days he put his head out of a window and saw the Princess in the garden. Then he said:

"Sweet lady, look up."

"Alas!" said she, "they have sent for thy mother, and if she says thou art Little Boy they will kill thee, and, alas! I love thee."

"Ah!" he cried, "come to this tower at midnight, and cast me kisses a many through the night; blow a kiss to the north, blow a kiss to the south, to the east, to the west, from the flower

of thy mouth and it may be that one will float to Fairy-land and fetch us help, for if not, I be but a dead man."

All this she did because she was brave and loved him. She stood in the dark and blew kisses to the four winds, and then listened, and by and by came a noise like great wings, and all the air was filled with strange, sweet odors, the like of which that Princess never smelled again.

As for Little Boy, he was aware of a Giant who was as tall as the tower. "Sir," said the Giant, "it is told me that you must keep your eyes shut until I bid them to open. I have brought the Kiss Queen to pay you a visit. No man has ever seen her; for if he did he could never, never kiss or be kissed of any mortal lips."

"Sir," said Little Boy, "the Princess is more sweet than any that kiss in Fairy-land."

"Prince," said the Giant, "your education has been but slight, or else you would know that all kisses are made in Fairy-land. But shut your eyes and stir not."

Then Little Boy did close his two eyes. At once he felt a tiny kiss from lips that might have been as long as one's fingernail, and once he was kissed on each cheek and once on his chin, and then he felt faint for a moment. All was still for a while, until the Giant said: "You are lucky. Open your eyes, Fair Sir," and went away.

Next day all the people came to see the King try Little Boy. When Little Boy saw his mother he was almost ready to cry, but he kept still and waited. Then the King said to her: "Tell me, is this your son? and do not deceive me, or dreadful things will happen to you and to him."

At this the good woman looked at him with care. "This looks like my son," she said; "but it is not my son, because this young man has a dimple on each cheek and one on his chin. Who ever saw any one with three dimples?"

When the King heard this and Little Boy's father declared also that his lost son had no dimples, the King bade them all go free, and said he had been now nine years angry about those bricks, and that whoever would find the bad brick-maker should marry the Princess. When Prince Little Boy heard this he said that he was the bad boy who had made those bricks. But the King was as good as his word, and ordered that the Prince should marry the Princess, and not have his head cut off, because the Princess did wisely say that a husband with no head wasn't much good as a husband. Therefore they were married that minute, and I have heard that they spent their honeymoon in Fairy-land. And this is the end of the Story of Prince Little Boy.



"SHE PUT AROUND LITTLE BOY'S NECK A FAIRY KISS"

THE BEE-MAN OF ORN*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

IN the ancient country of Orn there lived an old man who was called the Bee-man, because his whole time was spent in the company of bees. He lived in a small hut, which was nothing more than an immense bee-hive, for these little creatures had built their honeycombs in every corner of the one room it contained—on the shelves, under the little table, all about the rough bench on which the old man sat, and even about the head-board and along the sides of his low bed.

All day the air of the room was thick with buzzing insects, but this did not interfere in any way with the old Bee-man, who walked in among them, ate his meals, and went to sleep, without the slightest fear of being stung.

He had lived with the bees so long, they had become so accustomed to him, and his skin was so tough and hard, that the bees no more thought of stinging him than they would of stinging a tree or a stone. A swarm of bees had made their hive in a pocket of his old leathern doublet; and when he put on this coat to take one of his long walks in the forest in search of wild bees' nests, he was very glad to have this hive with him, for, if he did not find any wild honey, he would put his hand in his pocket and take out a piece of a comb for a luncheon. The bees in his pocket worked very industriously, and he was always certain of having something to eat with him wherever he went. He lived principally upon honey; and when he needed bread or meat, he carried some fine combs to a village not far away and bartered them for other food. He was ugly, untidy, shrivelled, and brown. He was poor, and the bees seemed to be his only friends. But, for all that, he was happy and contented; he had all the honey he wanted, and his bees, whom he considered the best company in the world, were as friendly and sociable as they could be, and seemed to increase in number every day.

One day there stopped at the hut of the Bee-man a Junior Sorcerer. This young person, who was a student of magic, was much interested in the Bee-man, whom he had often noticed in his wanderings, and he considered him an admirable subject for study. He had got a great deal of useful practice by trying to find out, by the various rules and laws of sorcery, exactly why the old Bee-man did not happen to be something that he was

not, and why he was what he happened to be. He had studied a long time at this matter, and had found out something.

"Do you know," he said, when the Bee-man came out of his hut, "that you have been transformed?"

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, much surprised.

"You have surely heard of animals and human beings who have been magically transformed into different kinds of creatures?"

"Yes, I have heard of these things," said the Bee-man; "but what have I been transformed from?"

"That is more than I know," said the Junior Sorcerer. "But one thing is certain; you ought to be changed back. If you will find out what you have been transformed from, I will see that you are made all right again. Nothing would please me better than to attend to such a case."

And, having a great many things to study and investigate, the Junior Sorcerer went his way.

This information greatly disturbed the mind of the Bee-man. If he had been changed from something else, he ought to be that other thing, whatever it was. He ran after the young man, and overtook him.

"If you know, kind sir," he said, "that I have been transformed, you surely are able to tell me what it is that I was."

"No," said the Junior Sorcerer, "my studies have not proceeded far enough for that. When I become a Senior I can tell you all about it. But, in the meantime, it will be well for you to try to find out for yourself your original form; and when you have done that, I will get some of the learned masters of my art to restore you to it. It will be easy enough to do that, but you could not expect them to take the time and trouble to find out what it was."

And, with these words, he hurried away, and was soon lost to view.

Greatly disturbed, the Bee-man retraced his steps, and went to his hut. Never before had he heard anything which had so troubled him.

"I wonder what I was transformed from?" he thought, seating himself on his rough bench. "Could it have been a giant, or a powerful prince, or some gorgeous being whom the magicians or

* From "The Bee-Man of Orn, and Other Fanciful Tales"; copyright, 1887, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

the fairies wished to punish? It may be that I was a dog or a horse, or perhaps a fiery dragon or a horrid snake. I hope it was not one of these. But whatever it was, everyone has certainly a right to his original form, and I am resolved to find out mine. I will start early to-morrow morning; and I am sorry now that I have not more pockets to my old doublet, so that I might carry more bees and more honey for my journey."

He spent the rest of the day in making a hive of twigs and straw; and, having transferred to this a number of honeycombs and a colony of bees which had just swarmed, he rose before sunrise the next day, and having put on his leathern doublet and having bound his new hive to his back, he set forth on his quest, the bees who were to accompany him buzzing around him like a cloud.

As the Bee-man pressed through the little village the people greatly wondered at his queer appearance, with the hive upon his back. "The Bee-man is going on a long journey this time," they said; but no one imagined the strange business on which he was bent.

About noon he sat down under a tree, near a beautiful meadow covered with blossoms, and ate a little honey. Then he untied his hive and stretched himself out on the grass to rest. As he gazed upon his bees hovering about him, some going out to the blossoms in the sunshine, and some returning laden with the sweet pollen, he said to himself: "They know just what they have to do, and they do it; but alas for me! I know not what I may have to do. And yet, whatever it may be, I am determined to do it. In some way or other I will find out what was my original form, and then I will have myself changed back to it."

And now the thought came to him that perhaps his original form might have been something very disagreeable, or even horrid.

"But it does not matter," he said sturdily. "Whatever I was that shall I be again. It is not right for anyone to keep a form which does not properly belong to him. I have no doubt I shall discover my original form in the same way that I find the trees in which the wild bees hive. When I first catch sight of a bee tree I am drawn toward it, I know not how. Something says to me: 'That is what you are looking for.' In the same way I believe that I shall find my original form. When I see it, I shall be drawn toward it. Something will say to me: 'That is it.'"

When the Bee-man was rested he started off again, and in about an hour he entered a fair domain. Around him were beautiful lawns, grand trees, and lovely gardens; while at a little distance

stood the stately palace of the Lord of the Domain. Richly dressed people were walking about or sitting in the shade of the trees and arbors; splendidly equipped horses were waiting for their riders; and everywhere were seen signs of wealth and gayety.

"I think," said the Bee-man to himself, "that I should like to stop here for a time. If it should happen that I was originally like any of these happy creatures it would please me much."

He untied his hive, and hid it behind some bushes, and, taking off his old doublet, laid that beside it. It would not do to have his bees flying about him if he wished to go among the inhabitants of this fair domain.

For two days the Bee-man wandered about the palace and its grounds, avoiding notice as much as possible, but looking at everything. He saw handsome men and lovely ladies; the finest horses, dogs, and cattle that were ever known; beautiful birds in cages, and fishes in crystal globes; and it seemed to him that the best of all living things were here collected.

At the close of the second day the Bee-man said to himself: "There is one being here toward whom I feel very much drawn, and that is the Lord of the Domain. I cannot feel certain that I was once like him, but it would be a very fine thing if it were so; and it seems impossible for me to be drawn toward any other being in the domain when I look upon him, so handsome, rich, and powerful. But I must observe him more closely, and feel more sure of the matter, before applying to the sorcerers to change me back into a lord of a fair domain."

The next morning the Bee-man saw the Lord of the Domain walking in his gardens. He slipped along the shady paths, and followed him so as to observe him closely, and find out if he were really drawn toward this noble and handsome being. The Lord of the Domain walked on for some time, not noticing that the Bee-man was behind him. But suddenly turning, he saw the little old man.

"What are you doing here, you vile beggar?" he cried; and he gave him a kick that sent him into some bushes which grew by the side of the path.

The Bee-man scrambled to his feet, and ran as fast as he could to the place where he had hidden his hive and his old doublet.

"If I am certain of anything," he thought, "it is that I was never a person who would kick a poor old man. I will leave this place. I was transformed from nothing that I see here."

He now traveled for a day or two longer, and

then he came to a great black mountain, near the bottom of which was an opening like the mouth of a cave.

This mountain he had heard was filled with caverns and underground passages, which were the abodes of dragons, evil spirits, and horrid creatures of all kinds.

"Ah me!" said the Bee-man with a sigh, "I suppose I ought to visit this place. If I am going to do this thing properly, I should look on all sides of the subject, and I may have been one of those horrid creatures myself."

Thereupon he went to the mountain, and as he approached the opening of the passage which led into its inmost recesses, he saw, sitting upon the ground, and leaning his back against a tree, a Languid Youth.

"Good-day," said this individual when he saw the Bee-man. "Are you going inside?"

"Yes," said the Bee-man, "that is what I intend to do."

"Then," said the Languid Youth, slowly rising to his feet, "I think I will go with you. I was told that if I went in there I should get my energies toned up, and they need it very much; but I did not feel equal to entering by myself, and I thought I would wait until some one came along. I am very glad to see you, and we will go in together."

So the two went into the cave, and they had proceeded but a short distance when they met a very little creature, whom it was easy to recognize as a Very Imp. He was about two feet high, and resembled in color a freshly polished pair of boots. He was extremely lively and active, and came bounding toward them.

"What did you two people come here for?" he asked.

"I came," said the Languid Youth, "to have my energies toned up."

"You have come to the right place," said the Very Imp. "We will tone you up. And what does that old Bee-man want?"

"He has been transformed from something, and wants to find out what it is. He thinks he may have been one of the things in here."

"I should not wonder if that were so," said the Very Imp, rolling his head on one side, and eying the Bee-man with a critical gaze.

"All right," said the Very Imp; "he can go around, and pick out his previous existence. We have here all sorts of vile creepers, crawlers, hissing, and snorters. I suppose he thinks anything will be better than a Bee-man."

"It is not because I want to be better than I am," said the Bee-man, "that I started out on

this search. I have simply an honest desire to become what I originally was."

"Oh; that is it, is it?" said the other. "There is an idiotic moon-calf here with a clam head, which must be just what you used to be."

"Nonsense," said the Bee-man. "You have not the least idea what an honest purpose is. I shall go about and see for myself."

"Go ahead," said the Very Imp, "and I will attend to this fellow who wants to be toned up." So saying he joined the Languid Youth.

"Look here," said the Youth, "do you black and shine yourself every morning?"

"No," said the other, "it is water-proof varnish. You want to be invigorated, don't you? Well, I will tell you a splendid way to begin. You see that Bee-man has put down his hive and his coat with the bees in it. Just wait till he gets out of sight, and then catch a lot of those bees, and squeeze them flat. If you spread them on a sticky rag, and make a plaster, and put it on the small of your back, it will invigorate you like everything, especially if some of the bees are not quite dead."

"Yes," said the Languid Youth, looking at him with his mild eyes, "but if I had energy enough to catch a bee I would be satisfied. Suppose you catch a lot for me."

"The subject is changed," said the Very Imp. "We are now about to visit the spacious chamber of the King of the Snap-dragons."

"That is a flower," said the Languid Youth.

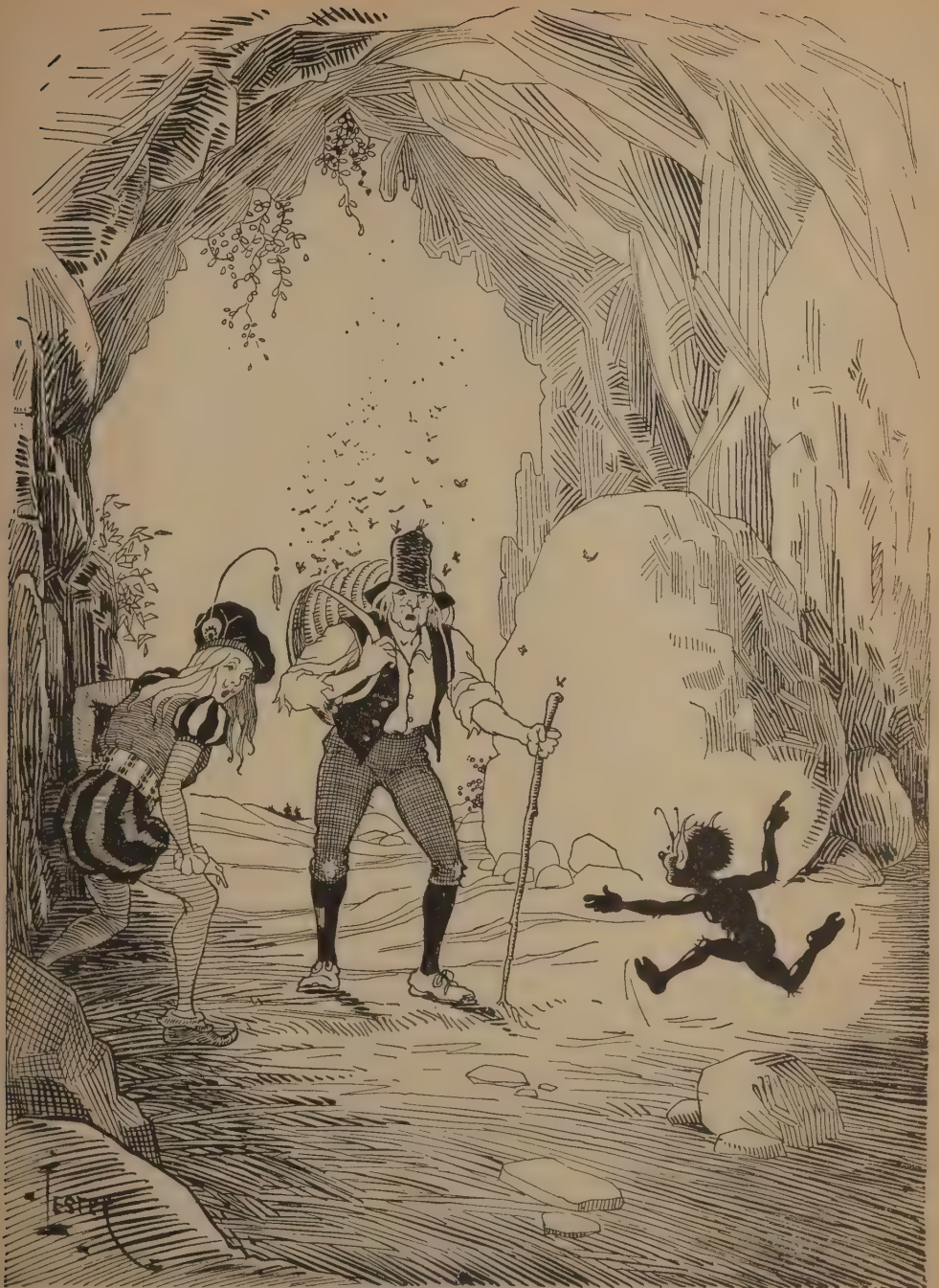
"You will find him a gay old blossom," said the other. "When he has chased you round his room, and has blown sparks at you, and has snorted and howled, and cracked his tail, and snapped his jaws like a pair of anvils, your energies will be toned up higher than ever before in your life."

"No doubt of it," said the Languid Youth; "but I think I will begin with something a little milder."

"Well, then," said the other, "there is a flat-tailed Demon of the Gorge in here. He is generally asleep, and, if you say so, you can slip into the farthest corner of his cave, and I'll solder his tail to the opposite wall. Then he will rage and roar, but he can't get at you, for he doesn't reach all the way across his cave; I have measured him. It will tone you up wonderfully to sit there and watch him."

"Very likely," said the Languid Youth; "but I would rather stay outside and let you go up in the corner. The performance in that way will be more interesting to me."

"You are dreadfully hard to please," said the Very Imp. "I have offered them to you loose,



"HE WAS EXTREMELY LIVELY AND ACTIVE, AND CAME BOUNDING TOWARD THEM"

and I offered them fastened to a wall, and now the best thing I can do is to give you a chance at one of them that can't move at all. It is the Ghostly Griffin, and is enchanted. He can't stir so much as the tip of his whiskers for a thousand years. You can go to his cave and examine him just as if he were stuffed, and then you can sit on his back and think how it would be if you should live to be a thousand years old, and he should wake up while you are sitting there. It would be easy to imagine a lot of horrible things he would do to you when you look at his open mouth with its awful fangs, his dreadful claws, and his horrible wings all covered with spikes."

"I think that might suit me," said the Languid Youth. "I would much rather imagine the exercises of these monsters than to see them really going on."

"Come on, then," said the Very Imp; and he led the way to the cave of the Ghostly Griffin.

The Bee-man went by himself through a great part of the mountain, and looked into many of its gloomy caves and recesses, recoiling in horror from most of the dreadful monsters who met his eyes. While he was wandering about, an awful roar was heard resounding through the passages of the mountain, and soon there came flapping along an enormous dragon, with body black as night, and wings and tail of fiery red. In his great fore-claws he bore a little baby.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the Bee-man. "He is taking that little creature to his cave to devour it."

He saw the dragon enter a cave not far away, and, following, looked in. The dragon was crouched upon the ground with the little baby lying before him. It did not seem to be hurt, but was frightened and crying. The monster was looking upon it with delight, as if he intended to make a dainty meal of it as soon as his appetite should be a little stronger.

"It is too bad!" thought the Bee-man. "Somebody ought to do something." And turning around, he ran away as fast as he could.

He ran through various passages until he came to the spot where he had left his bee-hive. Picking it up, he hurried back, carrying the hive in his two hands before him. When he reached the cave of the dragon, he looked in and saw the monster still crouched over the weeping child. Without a moment's hesitation, the Bee-man rushed into the cave and threw his hive straight into the face of the dragon. The bees, enraged by the shock, rushed upon the head, mouth, eyes, and nose of the dragon.

The great monster, astounded by this sudden attack, and driven almost wild by the numberless

stings of the bees, sprang back to the farthest corner of his cave, still followed by the bees, at whom he flapped wildly with his great wings and struck with his paws. While the dragon was thus engaged with the bees, the Bee-man rushed forward, and seizing the child, he hurried away. He did not stop to pick up his doublet, but kept on until he saw the Very Imp hopping along on one leg, and rubbing his back and shoulders with his hands, and stopped to inquire what was the matter, and what had become of the Languid Youth.

"He is no kind of a fellow," said the Very Imp. "He disappointed me dreadfully. I took him up to the Ghostly Griffin, and told him the thing was enchanted, and that he might sit on its back and think about what it could do if it was awake; and when he came near it the wretched creature opened its eyes, and raised its head, and then you ought to have seen how mad that simpleton was. He made a dash at me and seized me by the ears; he kicked and beat me till I can scarcely move."

"His energies must have been toned up a good deal," said the Bee-man.

"Toned up! I should say so!" cried the other. "I raised a howl, and a Scissor-jawed Clipper came out of his hole, and got after him; but that lazy fool ran so fast that he could not be caught."

The Bee-man now ran on and soon overtook the Languid Youth.

"You need not be in a hurry now," said the latter, "for the rules of this institution don't allow the creatures inside to come out of this opening, or to hang around it. If they did, they would frighten away visitors. They go in and out of holes in the upper part of the mountain."

The two proceeded on their way.

"What are you going to do with that baby?" said the Languid Youth.

"I shall carry it along with me," said the Bee-man, "as I go on with my search, and perhaps I may find its mother. If I do not, I shall give it to somebody in that little village yonder. Anything would be better than leaving it to be devoured by that horrid dragon."

"Let me carry it, I feel quite strong enough now to carry a baby."

"Thank you," said the Bee-man; "but I can take it myself. I like to carry something, and I have now neither my hive nor my doublet."

"It is very well that you had to leave them behind," said the Youth, "for the bees would have stung the baby."

"My bees never sting babies," said the other.

"They probably never had a chance," remarked his companion.

They soon entered the village, and after walking a short distance the Youth exclaimed: "Do you see that woman over there sitting at the door of her house? She has beautiful hair, and she is tearing it all to pieces. She should not be allowed to do that."

"No," said the Bee-man. "Her friends should tie her hands."

"Perhaps she is the mother of this child," said the Youth, "and if you give it to her she will no longer think of tearing her hair."

"But," said the Bee-man, "you don't really think this is her child?"

"Suppose you go over and see," said the other.

The Bee-man hesitated a moment, and then he walked toward the woman. Hearing him coming, she raised her head, and when she saw the child she rushed toward it, snatched it into her arms, and screaming with joy she covered it with kisses. Then with happy tears she begged to know the story of the rescue of her child, whom she never expected to see again; and she loaded the Bee-man with thanks and blessings. The friends and neighbors gathered around, and there was great rejoicing. The mother urged the Bee-man and the Youth to stay with her, and rest and refresh themselves, which they were glad to do, as they were tired and hungry.

They remained at the cottage all night, and in the afternoon of the next day the Bee-man said to the Youth: "It may seem an odd thing to you, but never in all my life have I felt myself drawn toward any living being as I am drawn toward this baby. Therefore I believe that I have been transformed from a baby."

"Good!" cried the Youth. "It is my opinion that you have hit the truth. And now would you like to be changed back to your original form?"

"Indeed I would!" said the Bee-man. "I have

the strongest yearning to be what I originally was."

The Youth, who had now lost every trace of languid feeling, took a great interest in the matter, and early the next morning started off to tell the Junior Sorcerer that the Bee-man had discovered what he had been transformed from, and desired to be changed back to it.

The Junior Sorcerer and his learned Masters were filled with delight when they heard this report, and they at once set out for the mother's cottage. And there by magic arts the Bee-man was changed back into a baby. The mother was so grateful for what the Bee-man had done for her that she agreed to take charge of this baby, and to bring it up as her own.

"It will be a grand thing for him," said the Junior Sorcerer, "and I am glad that I studied his case. He will now have a fresh start in life, and will have a chance to become something better than a miserable old man living in a wretched hut with no friends or companions but buzzing bees."

The Junior Sorcerer and his Masters then returned to their homes, happy in the success of their great performance; and the Youth went back to his home anxious to begin a life of activity and energy.

Years and years afterward, when the Junior Sorcerer had become a Senior and was very old indeed, he passed through the country of Orn, and noticed a small hut about which swarms of bees were flying. He approached it, and looking in at the door he saw an old man in a leathern doublet, sitting at a table, eating honey. By his magic art he knew this was the baby which had been transformed from the Bee-man.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Sorcerer, "he has grown into the same thing again!"

THE POT OF GOLD*

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE Flower family lived in a little house in a broad grassy meadow, which sloped a few rods from their front door down to a gentle, silvery river. Right across the river rose a lovely dark green mountain, and when there was a rainbow, as there frequently was, nothing could have looked more enchanting than it did rising from the opposite bank of the stream with the wet, shadowy mountain for a background. All the Flower family would invariably run to their front windows and their door to see it.

The Flower family numbered nine: Father and Mother Flower, and seven children. Father Flower was an unappreciated poet, Mother Flower was very much like all mothers, and the seven children were very sweet and interesting. Their first names all matched beautifully with their last name, and with their personal appearance. For instance, the oldest girl, who had soft blue eyes and flaxen curls, was called Flax Flower; the little boy, who came next, and had very red cheeks and loved to sleep late in the morning, was called

* From "The Pot of Gold and Other Stories," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; used by special arrangement.

Poppy Flower, and so on. This charming suitability of their names was owing to Father Flower. He had a theory that a great deal of the misery and discord in the world comes from things not matching properly as they should; and he thought there ought to be a certain correspondence between all things that were in juxtaposition to each other, just as there ought to be between the last two words of a couplet of poetry. But he found, very often, there was no correspondence at all, just as words in poetry do not always rhyme when they should. However, he did his best to remedy it. He saw that every one of his children's names was suitable and accorded with their personal characteristics; and in his flower-garden—for he raised flowers for the market—only those of complementary colors were allowed to grow in adjoining beds, and, as often as possible, they rhymed in their names. But that was a more difficult matter to manage, and very few flowers were rhymed, or, if they were, none rhymed correctly. He had a bed of box next to one of phlox, and a trellis of woodbine grew next to one of eglantine, and a thicket of elderblows was next to one of rose; but he was forced to let his violets and honeysuckles and many others go entirely unrhymed—this disturbed him considerably, but he reflected that it was not his fault, but that of the man who made the language and named the different flowers—he should have looked to it that those of complementary colors had names to rhyme with each other, then all would have been harmonious and as it should have been.

Father Flower had chosen this way of earning his livelihood when he realized that he was doomed to be an unappreciated poet, because it suited so well with his name; and if the flowers had only rhymed a little better he would have been very well contented. As it was, he never grumbled. He also saw to it that the furniture in his little house and the cooking utensils rhymed as nearly as possible, though that too was oftentimes a difficult matter to bring about, and required a vast deal of thought and hard study. The table always stood under the gable end of the roof, the footstool always stood where it was cool, and the big rocking-chair in a glare of sunlight; the lamp, too, he kept down cellar where it was damp. But all these were rather far-fetched, and sometimes quite inconvenient. Occasionally there would be an article that he could not rhyme until he had spent years of thought over it, and when he did it would disturb the comfort of the family greatly. There was the spider. He puzzled over that exceedingly, and when he rhymed it at last, Mother

Flower or one of the little girls had always to take the spider beside her, when she sat down, which was of course quite troublesome. The kettle he rhymed first with nettle, and hung a bunch of nettle over it, till all the children got dreadfully stung. Then he tried settle, and hung the kettle over the settle. But that was no place for it; they had to go without their tea, and everybody who sat on the settle bumped his head against the kettle. At last it occurred to Father Flower that if he should make a slight change in the language the kettle could rhyme with the skillet, and sit beside it on the stove, as it ought, leaving harmony out of the question, to do. Accordingly all the children were instructed to call the skillet a skettle, and the kettle stood by its side on the stove ever afterward.

The house was a very pretty one, although it was quite rude and very simple. It was built of logs and had a thatched roof, which projected far out over the walls. But it was all overrun with the loveliest flowering vines imaginable, and, inside, nothing could have been more exquisitely neat and homelike; although there was only one room and a little garret over it. All around the house were the flower-beds and the vine-trellises and the blooming shrubs, and they were always in the most beautiful order. Now, although all this was very pretty to see, and seemingly very simple to bring to pass, yet there was a vast deal of labor in it for some one; for flowers do not look so trim and thriving without tending, and houses do not look so spotlessly clean without constant care. All the Flower family worked hard; even the littlest children had their daily tasks set them. The oldest girl, especially, little Flax Flower, was kept busy from morning till night taking care of her younger brothers and sisters, and weeding flowers. But for all that she was a very happy little girl, as indeed were the whole family, as they did not mind working, and loved each other dearly.

Father Flower, to be sure, felt a little sad sometimes; for, although his lot in life was a pleasant one, it was not exactly what he would have chosen. Once in a while he had a great longing for something different. He confided a great many of his feelings to Flax Flower; she was more like him than any of the other children, and could understand him even better than his wife, he thought.

One day, when there had been a heavy shower and a beautiful rainbow, he and Flax were out in the garden tying up some rose-bushes, which the rain had beaten down, and he said to her how he wished he could find the Pot of Gold at the

end of the rainbow. Flax, if you will believe me, had never heard of it; so he had to tell her all about it, and also say a little poem he had made about it to her.

The poem ran something in this way:

O what is it shineth so golden-clear

At the rainbow's foot on the dark green hill?

'Tis the Pot of Gold, that for many a year

Has shone, and is shining and dazzling still.

And whom is it for, O Pilgrim, pray?

For thee, Sweetheart, shouldst thou go that way.

Flax listened with her soft blue eyes very wide open. "I suppose if we should find that pot of gold it would make us very rich, wouldn't it, father?" said she.

"Yes," replied her father; "we could then have a grand house, and keep a gardener, and a maid to take care of the children, and we should no longer have to work so hard." He sighed as he spoke, and tears stood in his gentle blue eyes, which were very much like Flax's. "However, we shall never find it," he added.

"Why couldn't we run ever so fast when we saw the rainbow," inquired Flax, "and get the Pot of Gold?"

"Don't be foolish, child!" said her father; "you could not possibly reach it before the rainbow was quite faded away!"

"True," said Flax, but she fell to thinking as she tied up the dripping roses.

The next rainbow they had she eyed very closely, standing out on the front door-step in the rain, and she saw that one end of it seemed to touch the ground at the foot of a pine-tree on the side of the mountain, which was quite conspicuous amongst its fellows, it was so tall. The other end had nothing especial to mark it.

"I will try the end where the tall pine-tree is first," said Flax to herself, "because that will be the easiest to find—if the Pot of Gold isn't there I will try to find the other end."

A few days after that it was very hot and sultry, and at noon the thunder heads were piled high all around the horizon.

"I don't doubt but we shall have showers this afternoon," said Father Flower, when he came in from the garden for his dinner.

After the dinner-dishes were washed up, and the baby rocked to sleep, Flax came to her mother with a petition.

"Mother," said she, "won't you give me a holiday this afternoon?"

"Why, where do you want to go, Flax?" said her mother.

"I want to go over on the mountain and hunt for wild flowers," replied Flax.

"But I think it is going to rain, child, and you will get wet."

"That won't hurt me any, mother," said Flax, laughing.

"Well, I don't know as I care," said her mother, hesitatingly. "You have been a very good industrious girl, and deserve a little holiday. Only don't go so far that you cannot soon run home if a shower should come up."

So Flax curled her flaxen hair and tied it up with a blue ribbon, and put on her blue and white checked dress. By the time she was ready to go the clouds over in the northwest were piled up very high and black, and it was quite late in the afternoon. Very likely her mother would not have let her go if she had been at home, but she had taken the baby, who had waked from his nap, and gone to call on her nearest neighbor, half a mile away. As for her father, he was busy in the garden, and all the other children were with him, and they did not notice Flax when she stole out of the front door. She crossed the river on a pretty arched stone bridge nearly opposite the house, and went directly into the woods on the side of the mountain.

Everything was very still and dark and solemn in the woods. They knew about the storm that was coming. Now and then Flax heard the leaves talking in queer little rustling voices. She inherited the ability to understand what they said from her father. They were talking to each other now in the words of her father's song. Very likely he had heard them saying it sometime, and that was how he happened to know it.

O what is it shineth so golden-clear

At the rainbow's foot on the dark green hill?"

Flax heard the maple-leaves inquire. And the pine-leaves answered back:

'Tis the Pot of Gold, that for many a year

Has shone, and is shining and dazzling still."

Then the maple-leaves asked:

"And whom is it for, O Pilgrim, pray?"

And the pine-leaves answered:

"For thee, Sweetheart, shouldst thou go that way."

Flax did not exactly understand the sense of the last question and answer between maple and pine-leaves. But they kept on saying it over and over as she ran along. She was going straight

to the tall pine-tree. She knew just where it was, for she had often been there. Now the rain-drops began to splash through the green boughs, and the thunder rolled along the sky. The leaves all tossed about in a strong wind and their soft rustles grew into a roar, and the branches and the whole tree caught it up and called out so loud, as they writhed and twisted about that Flax was almost deafened, the words of the song:

"O what is it shineth so golden-clear?"

Flax sped along through the wind and the rain and the thunder. She was very much afraid that she should not reach the tall pine which was quite a way distant before the sun shon out, and the rainbow came.

The sun was already breaking through the clouds when she came in sight of it, way up above her on a rock. The rain-drops on the trees began to shine like diamonds, and the words of the song rushed out from their midst, louder and sweeter:

"O what is it shineth so golden-clear?"

Flax climbed for dear life. Red and green and golden rays were already falling thick around her, and at the foot of the pine-tree something was shining wonderfully clear and bright.

At last she reached it, and just at that instant the rainbow became a perfect one, and there at the foot of the wonderful arch of glory was the Pot of Gold. Flax could see it brighter than all the brightness of the rainbow. She sank down beside it and put her hand on it, then she closed her eyes and sat still, bathed in red and green and violet light—that, and the golden light from the Pot, made her blind and dizzy. As she sat there with her hand on the Pot of Gold at the foot of the rainbow, she could hear the leaves over her singing louder and louder, till the tones fairly rushed like a wind through her ears. But this time they only sang the last words of the song:

"And whom is it for, O Pilgrim, pray?

"For thee, Sweetheart, shouldst thou go that way."

At last she ventured to open her eyes. The rainbow had faded almost entirely away, only a few tender rose and green shades were arching over her; but the Pot of Gold under her hand was still there, and shining brighter than ever. All the pine needles with which the ground around it was thickly spread, were turned to needles of gold, and some stray couplets of leaves which were springing up through them were all gilded.



AT THE FOOT OF THE PINE-TREE SOMETHING
WAS SHINING WONDERFULLY CLEAR
AND BRIGHT

Flax bent over it trembling and lifted the lid off the Pot. She expected, of course, to find it full of gold pieces that would buy the grand house and the gardener and the maid that her father had spoken about. But to her astonishment, when she had lifted the lid off and bent over the Pot to look into it, the first thing she saw was the face of her mother looking out of it at her. It was smaller of course, but just the same loving, kindly face she had left at home. Then, as she looked longer, she saw her father smiling gently up at her, then came Poppy and the baby and all the rest of her dear little brothers and sisters smiling up at her out of the golden gloom inside the Pot. At last she actually saw the garden and her father in it tying up the roses, and the pretty little vine-covered house, and, finally, she could see right into the dear little room where her mother sat with the baby in her lap, and all the others around her.

Flax jumped up. "I will run home," said she, "it is late, and I do want to see them all dreadfully."

So she left the Golden Pot shining all alone under the pine-tree, and ran home as fast as she could.

When she reached the house it was almost twilight, but her father was still in the garden.

Every rose and lily had to be tied up after the shower, and he was but just finishing. He had the tin milk pan hung on him like a shield, because it rhymed with man. It certainly was a beautiful rhyme, but it was very inconvenient. Poor Mother Flower was at her wits' end to know what to do without it, and it was very awkward for Father Flower to work with it fastened to him.

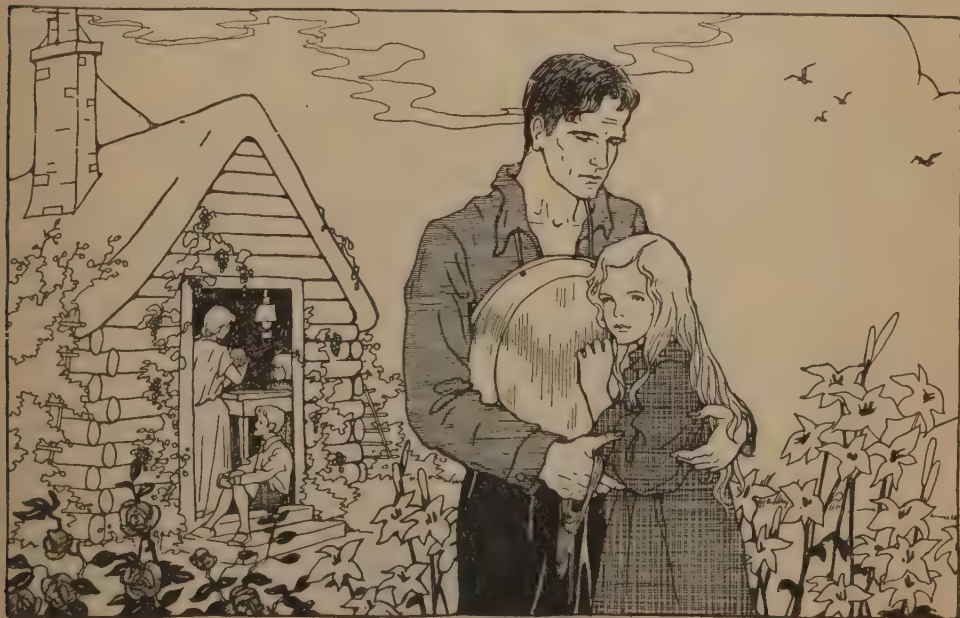
Flax ran breathlessly into the garden, and threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him. She bumped her nose against the milk pan, but she did not mind that; she was so glad to see him again. Somehow, she never remembered being so glad to see him as she was now since she had seen his face in the Pot of Gold.

"Dear father," cried she, "how glad I am to see you! I found the Pot of Gold at the end of the rainbow!"

Her father stared at her in amazement.

"Yes, I did, truly, father," said she. "But it was not full of gold, after all. You were in it, and mother and the children and the house and garden—everything."

"You were mistaken, dear," said her father, looking at her with his gentle, sorrowful eyes. "You could not have found the true end of the rainbow, nor the true Pot of Gold—that is surely



SHE NEVER REMEMBERED BEING SO GLAD TO SEE HIM

full of the most beautiful gold pieces, with an angel stamped on every one."

"But I did, father," persisted Flax.

"You had better go in to your mother, Flax," said her father; "she will be anxious to see you. I know better than you about the Pot of Gold at the end of the rainbow."

So Flax went sorrowfully into the house. There was the tea-kettle singing beside the "skettle," which had some nice smelling soup in it, the table was laid for supper, and there sat her mother with the baby in her lap and the others all around her—just as they had looked in the Pot of Gold.

Flax had never been so glad to see them before—and if she didn't hug and kiss them all!

"I found the Pot of Gold at the end of the rainbow, mother," cried she, "and it was not full of gold, at all; but you and father and the chil-

dren looked out of it at me, and I saw the house and garden and everything in it."

Her mother looked at her lovingly. "Yes, Flax dear," said she.

"But father said I was mistaken," said Flax, "and did not find it."

"Well dear," said her mother, "your father is a poet, and very wise; we will say no more about it. You can sit down here and hold the baby now, while I make the tea."

Flax was perfectly ready to do that; and, as she sat there with her darling little baby brother crowing in her lap, and watched her pretty little brothers and sisters and her dear mother, she felt so happy that she did not care any longer whether she found the true Pot of Gold or not.

But, after all, do you know, I think her father was mistaken, and that she had.

CAMP HAMPERFORD

BY HARRIET A. CHEEVER

THE mail was due at five o'clock P. M. in the border town of Parrisville, so it was not strange that half the male population of the place turned out a little before that time on Tuesdays and Fridays, and congregated about the little building used as a post office.

Joe Fanshaw was rarely late, but on his powerful great iron-gray horse would dash gayly up to the door of the office, fling down his heavy leathern bag, and dismount, answering good-naturedly the waiting crowd.

It was a thriving little village, this Parrisville, and many of its inhabitants were getting into quite comfortable circumstances, sending their stock and grain East in summer, and their furs and skins in winter.

Their relations with the Indians of the neighboring forests had been chiefly friendly. It is true, a marauding band had occasionally appeared, making some mischief and disturbance, but the decided and united action of citizens in dealing with such visitors had usually brought about a speedy disappearance.

One midsummer afternoon just after haying, three boys of about fourteen or fifteen were standing near the post-office, while a fourth, a little fellow, was sitting on the broad, low steps.

Joe Fanshaw had been and gone, the mail had been distributed, but many still lingered, discussing the news in papers and letters.

All at once a strange figure was noticed emerging from the woods at a little distance; grotesque

enough of itself, it was splendidly mounted on a snow-white pony elegantly equipped, the saddle of wampum skilfully embroidered.

"Halloo," shouted Phil Hamlin, one of the larger boys, "here comes old Nomantic on one of those magnificent white ponies! How would *that* suit you, Davy boy?"

He turned as he spoke to the child on the steps, with a glance at the crutches beside him. It was a very longing, pitiful look which Phil cast at his lame little brother; but the latter replied cheerfully enough:

"Wish we could buy that little white beauty, Phil. We'll see what the letter from Uncle Philip says when we get home."

Horses were scarce among these settlers. Oxen were stronger for labor, and could both draw and plow, and any superfluous property was not thought of.

By this time Nomantic had approached the group before the office door, and at once began trying to sell the beautiful animal with its richly wrought saddle. The Indian was chief of a tribe whose wigwams were three miles away in the forest from which the tawny tradesman had just emerged. He, as well as many of his tribe, squaws included, used often to visit Parrisville, trading off baskets, game, and fish; and once in a great while, one of the more prominent men, or perhaps the chief himself, as in the present instance, would come to offer for sale some fine and well-broken pony sent to their camp by Indians

of the distant prairie. There were but two ponies in town, however, as the purchasers of the rare little horses usually sent them east, selling at a great profit.

But this evening Nomantic seemed doomed to disappointment. It seemed to make no difference that his queenly young daughter, of whom the savage father was exceedingly proud, had herself wrought the saddle; no one wanted to buy, as he proposed no barter, only cash.

"Supposing I ask what he'll take," said Phil Hamlin, looking at Tom Perkins.

"Do," replied Harry Ford; "only remember you'll have to cut him short if you do, or he'll hang on like a midsummer night's dream."

It took some time to make the wary old chief fix a price. He grunted a good deal about the positive necessity of disposing of the pony. They were going to break camp soon, and go farther west; "too much Pale Face here." After which he offered the animal for "one hundred dollar."

A shout of derision followed this offer, whereupon he immediately came down to seventy-five; but the significant manner in which the boys turned their backs upon him and whistled, brought him down to fifty. But there he stopped. Then he pleaded as only an old Indian can plead.

"Wouldn't good Pale Face buy of poor Indian? Little squaw's own hands work saddle—pretty saddle. Pray buy of poor Indian!"

Regretfully enough the boys insisted they couldn't buy that evening. Nevertheless he followed Phil and Davy Hamlin to their father's

stable, and to the very house door, all the time imploring, "Please buy of poor Indian!"

Not until the boys entered and closed the door, did the importunities cease. Then as the old chief turned back and remounted the pony, the boys softly stepped out and watched the graceful creature canter away, and as horse and rider again entered the woods, Phil turned just in time to see two great glistening drops in Davy's eyes as he stood leaning on his crutches.

"Come, Davy," said the great boy tenderly, "let's go in and see what Uncle Philip writes."

The letter said nothing of money; however, later in the evening when the boys recounted the incident, Phil added in his bluff way:

"Be a grand thing to mount Davy in that style, wouldn't it, father?"

"Indeed it would," replied Mr. Hamlin, "and I heartily wish I could; it might really strengthen him; but we still have need of great prudence. Your Uncle Philip writes that money is very hard in Boston, and I suppose you might as well ask for a coach-and-four, my son," he added slowly, "as for fifty dollars."

For three successive days Nomantic appeared with the snow-white pony, and each time stopped at Mr. Hamlin's stable door, but not once did he offer the pony with its wrought wampum saddle, for less than "fifty dollar," insisting that the saddle was "so much worth," chiefly it would seem from being the work of the skilful fingers of his darling child.

No one yet had possessed even a trinket from



"PLEASE BUY OF POOR INDIAN"

the handsome maiden. She was occasionally allowed to accompany her father on his trading excursions to the village, where her clear, olive cheeks, starry eyes and graceful figure, attracted great attention; but she was far too choice a treasure to old Nomantic to be allowed to trade or chatter with the Pale Faces.

As we have said, the haying was over, and it was just that "meantime" between haying and harvesting, when it was most convenient to spare the boys for a few days' frolic. Once a year the Parrisville boys were allowed to camp for a few days in the woods, with only one restriction: they must not go *too* far from home.

The Parrisville boys greatly enjoyed this annual "pow-wow." The three friends, Phil Hamlin, Tom Perkins, and Harry Ford, usually clubbed together, and their camp was sportively named for each, taking the first syllable of the last names; consequently, "Camp Hamperford."

There was only one drawback to Phil Hamlin's perfect happiness on these occasions—the wistful face of little lame Davy when they started off. He would gladly have taken him, but the child was delicate, and the nights were likely to be chill in the forest even in summer, and the campfires were not always sufficient to keep out a dampness harmless enough to a rugged fellow, but dangerous to a fragile, rheumatic boy.

They had decided this time to camp in a lovely spot some three miles distant, and all they could talk about for several days previous was the charming sport in anticipation.

Now we must diverge here to say that every country store has its pet loafer, the inactive being who can tell the best story, and is always ready with his little joke, and that Parrisville was no exception. Go when you might, there, in a chair by the door in summer, or by the stove in winter, lounged Sam Crofts, an oracle to the small boys who never tired of his high-flown stories or time-worn jokes. This Crofts had always evinced a fondness for the delicate little Davy Hamlin, partly perhaps on account of his lameness, and partly because of the child's satisfaction in listening to his stories.

On this occasion as the boys went jubilantly to and from the store, making small, but to them immensely important purchases, Sam had all sorts of jovial advice to give, together with sundry warnings, all of which went into one ear and straightway out of the other with the older lads. But the afternoon before they were to start, as Davy was about finishing an errand, Sam spoke to him with great apparent solemnity, while he slyly winked at some of the bystanders:

"Have the boys bought their ginger yet? Never oughter go into the woods without plenty o' ginger. Bad sign to go inter the woods without ginger; *very* bad sign!"

"Don't believe they have," said Davy thoughtfully.

"Then you better remind 'em," said Sam earnestly, adding, with a knowing twist of his empty head, "wouldn't let a boy o' mine go inter a forest without his ginger, any more'n I'd let him go without his gun; unluckiest thing that could be done. And they better fix it all ready to take, too," added the mischievous fellow.

Now the dearest object on earth next his mother, to Davy Hamlin, was his brother Phil. The two boys were the only children of the family, and their attachment to each other was something beautiful, Davy looking up to fifteen-year-old Phil as the very embodiment of everything grand and noble in boyhood, while Phil looked upon delicate little Davy as something to be most tenderly cared for and considered on all occasions. "The precious little morsel!" he once called him.

So it followed that what the crafty Sam Crofts had said made a deep impression on Davy's mind, and he resolved that his dear brother should not go to the woods lacking anything it would be unlucky to be without. Such a superstitious idea would have been foolish in a stronger or older boy, but eight-year-old Davy was frail and nervous, and took alarm easily. That night at supper Davy announced his anxiety.

"Say, Phil! Sam Crofts says you mustn't go out camping without your ginger! He says it is unlucky."

For reply, Phil threw back his head and laughed knowingly, while his father remarked gravely:

"I think Sam would be luckier if he was less particular about taking his ginger."

But Davy didn't understand at all what Sam Crofts had meant by "ginger," and his father did not care to enlighten him, when he saw his innocent ignorance. Meantime Davy resolved firmly that his careless brother should not depart without a bottle of the lucky tonic, and moreover that he would follow out Sam's advice carefully, and prepare it ready for use. Accordingly after supper he quietly searched about for a large bottle with a firm, strong cork; then going as quietly to his mother's medicine closet, he looked for the bottle marked "Jamaica Ginger," which, to his delight, he found nearly full. Pouring most of its contents into the empty bottle, he proceeded to fill it with water; then he managed to obtain a good quantity of sugar from the bowl. He shook the

mixture long and vigorously, then tasted, and found it didn't quite flay his tongue; in fact, he thought it really quite palatable after it ceased to burn. His next visit was to his mother's room for three pins; then creeping down to the front hall, he placed the bottle in the large, deep breast pocket of Phil's ulster—of course he would take his ulster—securely pinning it across. He argued that Phil wouldn't notice any extra weight about his coat, as all its pockets were well stuffed, in the excitement of getting off, yet would probably detect it later.

The next day was all that could be desired of fine weather, but Davy's soft, large, blue eyes, as usual, were full of tears as he watched the trio start off, though he managed to conceal them until they had gone. And he was greatly relieved when Phil, sure enough, slung his ulster over his arm, only remarking:

"This always was the heaviest old coat!"

They took with them two well-trained dogs; Phil's own, a splendid retriever named "Samson" in consideration of his unusual strength, and for short, called Samp. The other belonged to Mr. Ford, and was loaned to Harry for the occasion. He was a powerful bull-mastiff, "Watch," by name. These dogs were the best of friends; so it was eminently proper they should go in company as guards and fellow-sportsmen of the three fine boys setting out for a midsummer's frolic.

They reached the camping ground a little before noon, having taken the two miles and a half very leisurely, with frequent halts; for the weather was warm, the beauty of the old forest beguiling, and the little hand wagon heavy to draw.

Soon after their arrival, as Phil was hanging

his ulster on a peg driven into one of the tent poles, he exclaimed:

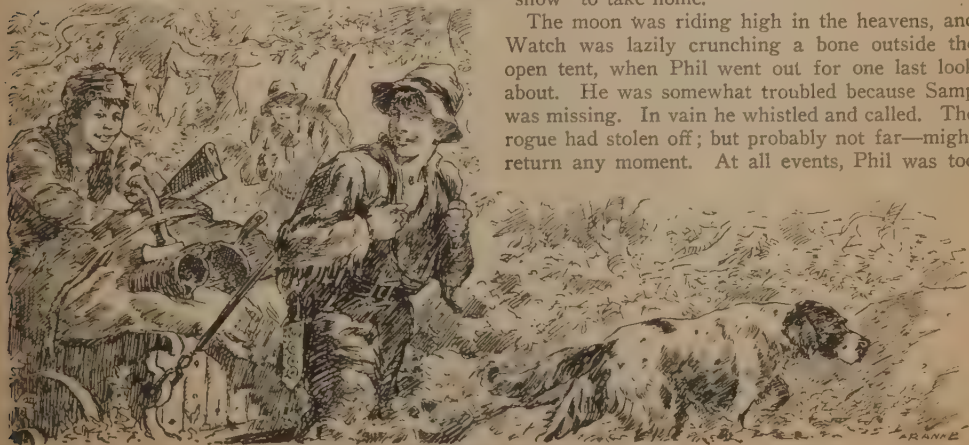
"Bless me, this old coat was never so heavy before!" and just then something or other in one of the pockets settled with a bounce. "I do believe someone has been stuffing some everlastingly heavy thing in one of these pockets a-purpose!" he exclaimed, and began an examination. After extracting sundry pins which confined a great round object in the breast pocket, he produced the bottle marked carefully in Davy's queer little hand, "Jamaica Ginger."

"Oh ho!" roared Phil; "if Davy hasn't succeeded in tucking some ginger off onto me after all"; then he added, his voice full of fondness, "the dear little idiot!" After his laugh, in the bustle and hurry which followed, he placed the bottle back in the same pocket, and went on with the work of "fixing up."

We cannot stop to tell what merry sports were enjoyed during the three days of this outing; but the weather was charming throughout, the moon was at her highest and fullest, the game abundant, and the good nature and overflowing spirits of the boys unchecked by any untoward event. There was a hunt every morning, and a feast every afternoon. The late evenings were spent in strolling about near camp and story-telling, and the vigorous exercise and keen enjoyment had added heightened color to the bronzed cheeks of the happy campers.

At length the last night, the fourth, of their wild woods' sport had arrived. Next day they must "pull up stakes" and start for home; but they had made the most of this last day. Rising at dawn and taking the guns and dogs, sufficient game and wild fowl had been secured to provide a last grand feast, and also leave quite a little "show" to take home.

The moon was riding high in the heavens, and Watch was lazily crunching a bone outside the open tent, when Phil went out for one last look about. He was somewhat troubled because Samp was missing. In vain he whistled and called. The rogue had stolen off; but probably not far—might return any moment. At all events, Phil was too



HIKING TO CAMP



PHIL FINDS THE SICK GIRL

sleepy to wait up for him. They were not unguarded either; for woe betide the luckless intruder who dared Watch's mighty grip!

Silence reigned throughout the forest save for the whispering of the leaves overhead, the twittering of some uneasy birds, the occasional hoot of an owl, or the flapping wings of a nighthawk.

It was past midnight, although it seemed as if he had been sleeping but a few moments, when Phil became conscious of a cold nose rubbing against his cheek, and of a whining, coaxing, urgent appeal—Samp. Samp had returned. He half-opened his eyes, spoke impatiently:

"Down, Samp! quiet old fellow! behave yourself!"

But Samp would neither "down," "quiet," nor "behave." Finding Phil was waking, he pulled eagerly at the hem of his trousers, whining and crying in an unaccountable manner. In vain Phil scolded and soothed by turns. The dog persisted. At length Phil sat upright, rubbed his eyes, and said softly and kindly: "Well, now, old fellow, what's up? What ails you?"

During all this time the other boys had not stirred, and Tom Perkins drowned all sounds anyway, by a most tremendous snoring. But Samp, now that he felt Phil was broad awake, grew more excited than ever, taking long leaps and bounds outside the tent, then crawling back along the ground, almost voicing his entreaties to Phil to "come!"

"Well, Samp," said the boy at last, "you surely never would behave in this way for nothing, and I don't believe you're the boy to coax me into any danger. I don't much believe you are, Samson Hamlin. Oh, I'm coming," he added, patting him; "just wait one moment, do!"

He took his gun, hung a pistol in his belt, then feeling a decided chilliness in the air, muttered:

"Guess I'll don my ulster. Whew!" he added, drawing it on, "this heavy coat feels good! I declare it does!"

Then he paused and reflected. Should he wake the others?

"What for?" was his next thought. "Of course I sha'n't go far, and I'm well protected, armed as I am, and with Samp along; besides there's nothing to be afraid of."

Fear was an element almost wanting in the character of a border boy, and neither Phil nor his companions formed exceptions to the general rule.

Just then he glanced at Samp standing mutely regarding him with such a human look in his pleading eyes, and he could but smile as to another boy.

"Come, old trusty!" he said. "I'm ready for you!"

With impatient, eager bounds, the dog led the way farther into the woods. Phil followed at a brisk, steady pace. He had tramped about half a mile when Samp, leaping forward, then back, as if to make sure his master would follow, turned aside into a little glen thickly surrounded by trees. At a glance, Phil saw a long, dark object lying along the ground, the head raised, but the entire form motionless. For an instant his fingers closed over the revolver at his side as he whistled softly to Samp; then he advanced, and, entering the glen, saw by the clear moonlight that it was the figure of a woman which lay there alone in the still, deep forest. As Samp licked her white cheek, he thought he heard a soft moan.

The next instant Phil was kneeling beside a

dying girl, whom he now saw plainly was no other than the cherished daughter of Nomantic, the old Indian chief.

He knew at once that according to traditional custom of the Indians, the girl had been left there to die. Yes, he understood the fact at once. She had sickened in the morning, and as her sufferings grew more intense, the chief had consulted a doctor at the village, a Pale Face. But the physician not caring to visit the camp, had written a prescription, and the medicine had done no good, and toward night it had become apparent that there was no more hope for her. So with loud cries and moans from the women, and bitter grief on the father's part, he had, according to the tribal custom, borne her in his strong arms to this sheltered spot, piled high a pillow of summer leaves, and withdrawn from a sight he had no strength or courage to witness.

Phil's young heart had never known before any such great solemn ache as this. He wished he had waked the other boys. He thought of sending Samp back for them. But then, what could they do?

"Ginger blue!" he ejaculated. "What can a fellow do in such a case as this? I wonder"—for at the instant of his boyish exclamation the remembrance of Davy's bottle of ginger flashed across his mind, and clapping his hand to his breast pocket, there it was, sure enough.

"Probably it won't do much good," he soliloquized, "but I guess I'll try it."

Raising her heavy head carefully, he poured a little of the liquid into the girl's mouth. There was a contraction of the brow, a struggle, and it was swallowed. Phil waited a few moments, then repeated the action.

"Well, you haven't killed her yet," he said to himself in an encouraging tone; and just then she moaned, Phil fancied, and not as feebly as before. He laid her head softly back, waited several moments, then again raising her gently, administered at intervals several swallows until a decidedly good dose of the hot mixture had been taken; and this time, to his unspeakable gratification, as he laid the pretty head back on its leafy pillow, the great black eyes opened languidly and looked into his face.

"Going to live, I do believe," thought the boy. "Bless that little goose of a Davy and his ginger! Wish the little chap could see how his 'lucky stuff' is working now."

Glancing up at the moon, he was surprised to find he must have been absent from camp a full hour, but he could not think of leaving his deserted patient. Poor child of the forest!

A great restful feeling of relief was creeping over Phil; moreover, unmistakably the young girl was reviving. She probably was to live. The eyes had opened wider now, and at last they fixed on his face.

"Do you feel better?" asked Phil, bending toward her, and smiling half shyly.

She moved her lips, and made what sounded like a little affirmative moan.

"A little more of Davy's lucky ginger," thought Phil; and this time, although taken with some difficulty, it was evidently taken intelligently. In the course of another half-hour the girl could move her head and hands, and after a while Phil helped her to sit up, resting against a tree, while he rubbed her hands and bathed her forehead—with ginger.

He was all unconscious, however, that at this time two piercing eyes, keen as a hawk's, far-seeing as an eagle's, were watching his movements. Even the sagacious Samson had failed to prick a silken ear at the stealthy advance through the thicket of the dusky form creeping along like a panther on all-fours.

But suddenly now Samson sat upright, every nerve alert and quivering. Turning quickly, Phil saw but a few paces off, the tall, erect figure of a plumed and painted savage. The form was that of Nomantic, but the features, even at that near distance, were indistinguishable.

Just here they made a striking picture in the moonlight of the grand old forest. Phil had sprung to his feet, and was standing close to the Indian maiden's side, one end of his gun resting on the ground, yet firmly held in both hands. Samson crouched "couchant," ready for a deadly spring at a half-instant's notice—aye, and what a spring it would have been—while a few yards off stood the motionless figure of Nomantic.

But the scene remained in tableau but for a moment; for suddenly from the Indian girl herself came a cry half of joy, half of pain, and in another moment she was clasped in her own father's arms.

He had thought that all must by this time be over, and unable longer to control his bitter grief and longing, had stolen out to see if his darling young princess were indeed dead, and waiting to be made ready for her burial.

No words could express his astonishment, when, on nearing the spot, he saw her not only still alive, but reviving.

Lifting her as though she were a child, and grunting forth some strange sounds meant for thanks to Phil, who with rare presence of mind handed him the bottle containing what remained

of Davy's lucky "ginger," he strode with his daughter back to the camping grounds but a short distance away.

But as the sturdy old Indian started away, the pretty creature turned her face toward Phil with a look in her starry eyes he never quite forgot. Touching her pale lips with her slender finger-tips, she waved her own sweet thanks, and half-bashfully Phil smiled and waved back a sort of "by-by."

When half-way back Phil met the entire Camp Hamperford, turned out "to rescue him," as Harry Ford remarked. They explained that a dismal howl from Watch had awakened them, and then they discovered his "nowhereness." It was a long and exciting story to which the boys listened, but there was still an hour or two left before sunrise, and the camp again slept soundly.

Home was reached safely that afternoon. There were exciting tales to be told that evening in the three households, and it would have done anyone good to have witnessed Davy's unbounded satisfaction at the part he had played in the event of the trip.

It was on the third morning after the arrival home, that Mr. Hamlin awoke Phil at an early hour, telling him a message had been sent him during the night, and he must arise and attend to the matter at once, adding that Mike was somewhere in the garden, and would tell him about it.

There was something mysterious about his father's manner, and on expressing the opinion to

Davy during his hurried dressing, Davy said yes, he thought so too.

Phil hurried downstairs, burst out of the back door, bounded like a squirrel through the garden to find Mike, when lo and behold! there at the stable door, firmly fastened and secured, patiently stood a lovely snow-white pony, with wampum saddle curiously embroidered, and bridled and stirred in style enchanting.

Going up to the graceful creature Phil saw that an enormous piece of yellowish-white paper had been folded and pinned to the saddle. Taking it down he read with considerable difficulty, what some more enlightened "Red Face" had been coaxed or hired to prepare, for the "undersigned" could neither read nor write:

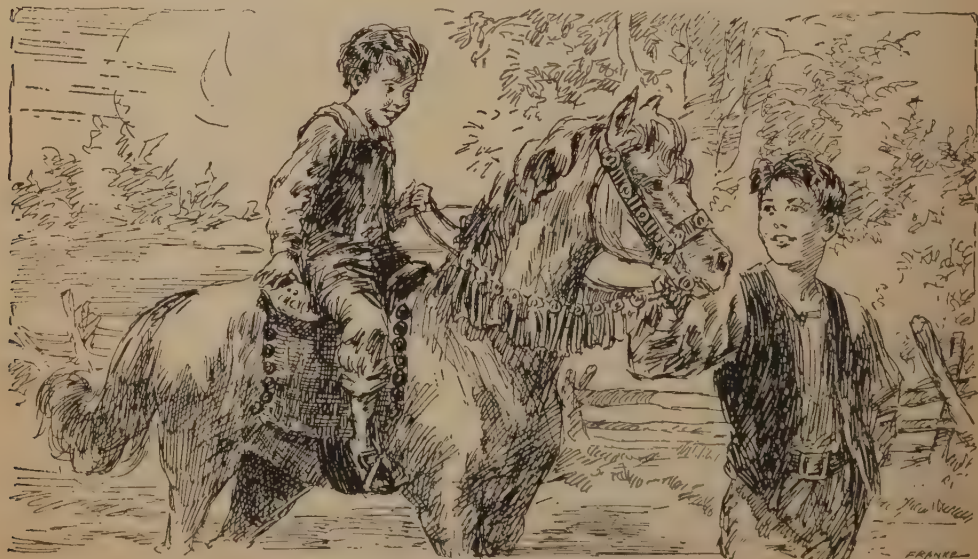
"We brake camp terday and speed the far West. With forrests full of thanks we send him poney to kind Pale Face, and Star Eyes work um saddle. May Great Spirit spred loving wings over deer yung Pale Face. We take with us him gift of good fire water, and saved the loved yung squar.

"CHIEF NOMANTIC X (his mark).

"STAR EYES = (her mark)."

Back sped Phil to the house, his face radiant and his eyes aflame. He rushed over the stairs and into his room just as the little crippled brother had finished the slow task of dressing.

"Oh, you duck of a Davy," he cried, "what do you think now! Why, that blessed old Injine, Nomantic, you know—the old chief, you know—has sent us that darling little white saddle and



THE "THANK-YOU" GIFT

wampum pony—why, what the mischief am I saying! he has sent us that dear little white pony, wampum saddle, and all the fixin's! You needn't say you don't believe it now, it's true as this world, and there's a great big lump in my throat most choking me too!" for great fifteen-year-old Phil was actually almost sobbing with delight and excitement.

That night when Joe Fanshaw dashed up to the post office, he informed half of Parrisville that the Indians of Nomantic's tribe had decamped—started for the far West.

The story of Phil's forest adventure got out, as such stories will, but the friends kept their own counsel concerning some of the facts of the case. And little Davy, whose lameness was caused

partly by weakness, began improving immediately on beginning his invigorating rides on Star Eyes' pony. Tom Perkins and Harry Ford enjoyed long rambles with her too, to say nothing of Phil, her happy master.

For some reason or other, that great gossip, Sam Crofts, never could get anyone to give him the true facts of the mysterious presentation, although on every possible occasion he would ask Davy half-knowingly and half-curiously:

"Say now, Davy, what *made* you name the pony 'Ginger'?"

But the sly little Davy only perks his head on one side, half-shuts his eyes, and replies:

"Oh, 'always lucky to have ginger around,' you know, Mr. Crofts!"

THE OYSTER PATTIES

THERE was once a little boy who perhaps might have been a good little fellow if his friends had taken pains to make him so; but instead of teaching him to be good, they gave him everything he cried for; so, whenever he wished to have anything, he had only to cry, and if he did not get it directly, he cried louder and louder till at last he got it. By this means Alfred was not only very naughty, but very unhappy. He was crying from morning till night. He had no pleasure in anything; he was in everybody's way, and nobody liked to be with him.

Well, one day his mother thought she would give him a day of pleasure, and make him very happy indeed, so she told him he should have a feast, and dine under the great cedar tree that stood upon the lawn, and that his cousins should be invited to dine with him, and that he should have whatever he chose for his dinner. So she rang the bell, and she told the servants to take out tables and chairs and to lay the cloth upon the table under the tree, and she ordered her two footmen to be ready to wait upon him.

She desired the butler to tell the cook to prepare the dinner, and to get all sorts of nice dishes for the feast; so she said to Alfred:

"What shall you like best of all, my dear boy?"

So Alfred tried to think of something that he had never had before, and he recollected that one day he had heard a lady, who was dining with his father and mother, say that the oyster patties were the best she had ever eaten. Now Alfred had never tasted oyster patties, so he said he would have oyster patties for dinner.

"Oyster patties, my dear boy? You cannot have oyster patties at this time of the year; there are no oysters to be had," his mother said to him. "Try, love, to think of something else."

But naughty Alfred said:

"No, I can think of nothing else."

So the cook was sent for, and asked to suggest something that Alfred might like as well. The cook proposed first a currant pie, than a custard pie, or a Boston cream pie.

"No, no, no!" said Alfred, shaking his head.

"Or a strawberry tart, my sweet boy, or apricot jam?" said his mother in a soothing tone of voice.

But Alfred said:

"No, mother, no. I don't like strawberries. I don't like apricot jam. I want oysters."

"But you cannot have oysters, my little master," said the cook.

"But I will have oysters," said the little boy, "and you shan't say that I can't have them—shall she, mother?"

And he began to scream and to cry.

"Do not cry, my sweet soul," said his mother, "and we will see what we can do. Dry up your tears, my little man, and come with me, and the cook, I dare say, will be able to get some oysters before dinner. It is a long time to dinner, you know, and I have some pretty toys for you upstairs, if you will come with me till dinner is ready."

So she took the little crying boy by the hand and led him up to her room, and she whispered to the cook, as she passed, not to say anything more about it now, and that she hoped he would forget

the oyster patties by the time dinner was ready. In the meantime she took all the pains she could to amuse and please him, and as fast as he grew tired of one toy she brought out another.

At last, after some hours, she gave him a beautiful toy for which she had paid three dollars and seventy-five cents. It was a woman sitting at a spinning-wheel, and when it was wound up the little figure began spinning away, and the wheel turned round and round as fast as if the woman who turned it had been alive. Alfred wanted to see how it was done, but, instead of going to his mother to ask her if she would be so good as to explain it to him, he began pulling it to pieces to look behind it. For some time he was very busy, and he had just succeeded in opening the large box at the back of the figure when all the works which



HE THREW THE TOY TO THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM

were in it came pouring out upon the floor, and when he tried to make the little woman spin again, he found she would not do it any more.

Now, do you know that Alfred was so very silly that he began to be angry even with the toy, and he said, "Spin, I say! spin directly!" and then he shook it very hard, but in vain. The little hands did not move, and the wheel stood still. So then he was very angry indeed, and, setting up a

loud cry, he threw the toy to the other end of the room. Just at this very moment the servant opened the door and said that dinner was ready, and that Alfred's cousins were arrived.

"Come, my dear child; you are tired of your toys, I see," said his mother, "so come to dinner, darling. It is all ready under the tree."

So away they went, leaving the room all strewn with toys, with broken pieces, and sand all spilled in a heap upon the floor. When they went under the dark, spreading branches of the fine old cedar tree, there they saw the table covered with dishes and garnished with flowers. There were chickens, and ham, and tongue, and lobsters, besides tarts, and custards, and jellies, and cakes, and cream, and I do not know how many nice things besides. There was Alfred's high chair at the head of the table; and he was soon seated in it, as master of the feast, with his mother sitting by him, his cousins opposite to him, his nurse standing on the other side, and the two footmen waiting besides.

As soon as his cousins were helped to what they liked best, his mother said:

"What will you eat first, Alfred, my love? A wing of a chicken?"

"No," said Alfred, pushing it away.

"A slice of ham, darling?" said nurse.

"No," said Alfred, in a louder tone.

"A little bit of lobster, my dear?"

"No, no," replied the naughty boy.

"Well, what *will* you have, then?" said his mother, who was almost tired of him.

"I will have oyster patties," said he.

"That is the only thing you cannot have, my love, you know, so do not think of it any more, but taste a bit of this pie. I am sure you will like it."

"You said I should have oyster patties by dinner-time," said Alfred, "and so I will have nothing else."

"I am sorry you are such a sad, naughty child," said his mother. "I thought you would have been so pleased with all these nice things to eat."

"They are *not* nice," said the child, who was not at all grateful for all that his mother had done, but was now in such a passion that he took the piece of currant tart which his nurse again offered to him, and, squeezing up as much as his two little hands could hold, he threw it at his nurse, and stained her nice white kerchief and apron with the red juice.

Just at this moment his father came into the garden, and walked up to the table.

"What is all this?" said he. "Alfred, you seem to be a very naughty boy indeed; and I must tell you, sir, I shall allow this no longer. Get down



ALFRED SERVES HIS UNEXPECTED GUESTS

from your chair, sir, and beg your nurse's pardon."

Alfred had hardly ever heard his father speak so before, and he felt so frightened that he left off crying and did as he was bid. Then his father took him by the hand and led him away.

His mother said she was sure he would now be good and eat the currant tart; but his father said:

"No, it is now too late; he must come with me."

So he led him away, without saying another word.

He took him into the village, and he stopped at the door of a poor cottage.

"May we come in?" said his father.

"Oh, yes, and welcome," said a poor woman, who was standing at a table with a saucepan in her hand.

"What are you doing, my good woman?"

"Only preparing the children's supper, your honor."

"And what have you got for their supper?"

"Only some potatoes, please you, sir; but they be nicely boiled, and here come the hungry boys! They are coming in from their work, and they will soon make an end of them, I warrant."

As she said these words in came John, and

William, and Thomas, all with rosy cheeks and smiling faces. They sat down—one on a wooden stool, one on a broken chair, and one on a box—and they all began to eat the potatoes very heartily.

But Alfred's father said: "Stop, my good boys; do not eat any more, but come with me."

The boys stared, but their mother told them to do as they were bid, so they left off eating and followed the gentleman.

Alfred and his father walked on till they arrived once more under the cedar tree in the garden, and there was the fine feast all standing just as they had left it, for Alfred's cousins were gone away, and his mother would not have the

dinner taken away, because she hoped that Alfred would come back to it.

"Now, boys," said the gentleman, "you may all sit down to this table and eat whatever you like."

John, William, and Thomas sat down as quickly as they could, and began to devour the chickens and tarts, and all the good things, at a great rate; and Alfred, who now began to be very hungry, would gladly have been one of the party; but when he was going to sit down, his father said:

"No, sir; this feast is not for *you*. There is nothing here that you like to eat, you know; so you will wait upon these boys, if you please, who seem as if they would find plenty that they will like."

Alfred at this began to cry again, and said he wanted to go to his mother; but his father did not mind his crying, and said he should not go to his mother again till he was quite a good boy.

"So now, sir, hand this bread to John, and now take a clean plate to Thomas, and now stand ready to carry this custard to William. There now, wait till they have all done."

It was of no use now to cry or scream; he was obliged to do it all.

When the boys had quite finished their supper they went home, and Alfred was led by his father into the house. Before he went to bed, a cup of milk, a glass of water, and a piece of brown bread

were put before him, and his father said:

"That is your supper, Alfred."

Alfred began to cry again, and said he did not want such a supper as that.

"Very well," said his father, "then go to bed without, and it shall be saved for your breakfast."

Alfred cried and screamed louder than ever, so his father ordered the maid to put him to bed. When he was in bed, he thought his mother would come and see him and bring him something nice, and he lay awake a long while; but she did not come, and he cried and cried till at last he fell asleep.

In the morning, when he awoke, he was so hungry he could hardly wait to be dressed, but asked for his breakfast every minute. When he saw the maid bring in the brown bread again without any butter, and some milk and some water, he was very near crying again; but he thought if he did he should perhaps lose his breakfast as he had lost his supper, so he checked his tears, and ate a hearty meal.

"Well," said his father, who came into the room just as he was eating the last bit of bread, "I am glad to see the little boy who could not yesterday find anything good enough for him at a feast eating such simple fare as this so heartily. Come, Alfred, now you may come to your dear mother."



"NOW, YOU MAY COME TO YOUR DEAR MOTHER"



THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

THERE was once a little girl by the name of Coralie, who took pleasure in telling falsehoods. Some children think very little of not telling the truth, and a small falsehood or a great one, in case of necessity, seems to them the most allowable thing in the world. Now Coralie was one of this sort, the truth was a thing of which she had no idea, and any excuse was good to her, provided it was believed. Her parents were for a long time deceived by her stories; but at last they saw that she was telling them what was not true.

After trying every means to reform her, they resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin, who was celebrated at that time all over the world, and who was the greatest friend of Truth that ever lived. For this reason little children that were in the habit of telling falsehoods were brought to him from every direction in order that he might cure them.

He lived in a glass palace, one could see right through the walls, and never in his whole life had the idea crossed his mind of hiding one of his actions, or of causing others to believe what was not true. He knew liars twenty miles away. Long before Coralie approached the palace he knew she was coming.

Coralie's mother, with a beating heart, undertook to explain the disease which had attacked her daughter.

"I know what is the matter, my good lady," said he. "I felt your daughter's approach long ago. She is one of the greatest liars in the world and she has made me very uncomfortable."

The parents then knew that all they had heard about the enchanter was true. Coralie, covered with shame, took refuge under her mother's cloak, while her father stood before her to protect her. They were anxious that their child

should be cured, but they wished her cured gently and without hurting her.

"Don't be afraid," said Merlin. "I do not hurt people in curing these diseases. I am only going to make Coralie a beautiful present, which I think will not displease her."

He opened a drawer and took from it an amethyst necklace with a diamond clasp. He put it on Coralie's neck and said, in a friendly tone, "Go, good people, and have no more anxiety.

Your daughter carries with her a sure guardian of the truth."

Coralie, delighted at having escaped so easily, was hurrying away when Merlin called her back.

"In a year," said he, looking at her sternly, "I shall come for my necklace. Till that time I forbid you to take it off for a single instant; if

you dare to do so, you will be sorry!"

"Oh, I ask nothing better than always to wear it, it is so beautiful."

Now, this necklace was none other than the famous Necklace of Truth, so much talked of in ancient books, which unveiled every kind of falsehood.

The day after Coralie returned home she was sent to school. As she had long been absent, all the little girls crowded around her. There was a cry of admiration at sight of the necklace.

"Where did it come from? Where did you get it?"

In those days for anyone to say he had been to the enchanter Merlin was to tell the whole story. Coralie took good care not to tell.



"I was sick for a long time," said she boldly. "When I got well, my parents gave me this necklace. Isn't it beautiful?"

A loud cry rose from all at once. The diamonds in the clasp, which had been so bright, suddenly became dim, and were turned to coarse glass.

"Well, what are you making such a fuss about? I have been sick!"

At this second falsehood, the amethysts, in turn, changed to ugly yellow stones. There was another cry from the girls. Coralie, seeing all eyes fixed on her necklace, looked down at it herself, and was frightened.

"I—I have been to the enchanter Merlin," said she, afraid to tell another falsehood.

Scarcely had she confessed the truth when the necklace became beautiful again. But the loud bursts of laughter made her angry and ashamed.

"You do very wrong to laugh," she cried, "for he treated us with the very greatest possible respect! He sent his carriage to meet us at the next town, and you have no idea with a splendid carriage it was—six white horses, and pink satin cushions with gold tassels. There was a Negro coachman with his hair powdered, and—and three tall footmen behind! When we reached his palace, which is made of precious stones, he came

to meet us in the hall and led us to the dining room, where there was a table covered with the most wonderful food—food that *you* never even heard of! To begin with, we had peaches and plums so big that—"

At that moment the laughter became so loud that Coralie stopped in amazement, for the necklace had become longer and longer until it dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth," cried the little girls.

"Well, yes, I am. We went on foot, and only stayed five minutes."

The necklace instantly shrunk to its proper size.

"And the necklace—the necklace—where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word. Probab—"

She had not time to finish. The necklace grew shorter and shorter, till it choked her terribly, and she gasped for breath.

"You are keeping back part of the truth," cried her schoolmates.

"He said—that I was—one of the greatest—liars—in the world."

Instantly the necklace stopped strangling her, but she continued to cry with pain and shame.

"That was wh—why he gave me the necklace," she sobbed. "He said that it was a g—guardian of the truth, and I have been foolish to be so proud of it."

Her little companions were sorry for her, for they were good girls, and they knew how they would feel in her place.

"If I were you," said one of them, "I would send the necklace back. It's beautiful, but a great deal too troublesome. What hinders you from taking it off?"

Poor Coralie was silent, but the stones began to dance up and down with a terrible clatter.

"There is something that you have not told us," cried the girls.

"I like to wear it."

The diamonds and amethysts danced and clattered worse than ever.

"You are hiding the real reason from us."

"Well," said Coralie, at last, "he forbade me to take it off. He said I would be very, very sorry if I did."

You can imagine that with a companion of this kind, which turned dull whenever the wearer did



"YOU ARE STRETCHING THE TRUTH"

not tell the truth, which grew longer whenever she added to it, which shrunk whenever she subtracted from it, and which danced and clattered whenever she was silent—a companion which she could not get rid of—it was impossible for even the worst liar not to keep closely to the truth. When Coralie was fully convinced that falsehood was useless, and that it would be instantly discovered, it was easy for her to stop it. The consequence was, that when she became used to telling the truth, she found herself so happy that she began to hate falsehood for its own sake, and the necklace had nothing more to do. Long before the year had passed, therefore, Merlin came for his necklace, which he needed for another child which had the lying disease. And, of course, it was now of no use to Coralie.



If I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should be rather afraid that I might some day find that necklace around *my* neck!

LITTLE MISCHIEF

Nor long ago there lived a little boy who was so naughty that everybody was afraid of him. He struck his nurse, broke the plates and glasses, made faces at his father, and was impertinent to his mother, who loved him with all her heart, in spite of his faults. He had been nicknamed Mischief because he was always in mischief; he ought to have been very much ashamed of it, for it was the name of a dog, his rival in mischief in the house; but he was ashamed of nothing.

In spite of all this, he was a pretty boy, with light, curly hair, and a face that everyone liked to look at when he took a fancy to be good. But this was never anything more than a fancy, and the next instant he became unbearable. All the neighbors pitied his parents, who were the best people imaginable, and nothing was talked about in the whole town but this naughty boy. One told how Mischief had thrown a stone at him one day when he was taking the fresh air before his door; another, how he had jumped into the brook during a heavy rain on purpose to splash the passers-by. The milkman would not let him come near his tin cans since he had thrown a handful of fine sand into them, and the policeman threatened to put him in jail if he did not stop pinching the little girls on their way to school. In short, so much was said of his bad behavior, that it came to the ears of an old fairy, who, after roaming over the world, had taken up her abode in the neighborhood.

The fairy Good Heart was as good as it was possible to be; but just on account of her goodness she could not endure any naughtiness around

her. The sight of injustice made her ill, and the mere hearing of a wicked action took away her appetite for a week. In the course of her long career she had punished many bad people, great and small, and when she learned of all that Mischief had done, she resolved to give him a lesson that would last him a long time. In consequence, she informed his parents that she would pay them a visit on a certain day.

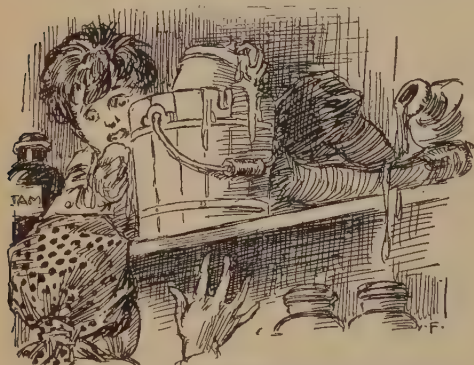
The fairy Good Heart was well known in the country, and everyone esteemed it a great honor to see her enter his house, for she was not lavish of her visits, and it was almost an event when she was seen in the town. On the morning of the day appointed the cook hastened to the market, and returned two hours after, bent double under the weight of a huge basket holding the best that money could buy. The rattling of dishes, and of the old silver plate, taken from great chests, was heard all over the house. Such a commotion had never before been seen; the servants were tired out, but no one complained, for all loved the fairy Good Heart, and would have gone through fire and water to please her.

"What shall we do with Mischief?" said the father to his wife. "You know how disagreeable he is to people who come here. The child will disgrace us. If he behaves badly to the fairy everyone will know it, and we shall not dare to show our heads."

"Don't be afraid," said the good mother. "I will comb his hair with my gold comb, put on his pretty new blouse and his little buckled shoes, and beg him so hard to be good that he cannot

refuse me. You will see that, instead of disgracing us, he will do us honor."

She said this because she thought of the good dinner she was preparing, and she would have been sorry for her dear little boy not to have been there. But when the servants went to bring Mischief to his mother, to be dressed, he was nowhere to be found. The naughty boy had heard of the fairy Good Heart, and was afraid of her, without knowing why. After a long search he was finally found hidden in the pantry, with his fingers in the ice cream that had been set there



MISCHIEF HAD HIS FINGERS IN THE ICE CREAM

to keep. The cook made a great uproar when she saw her beautiful cream spoiled, but it was useless to scold the culprit; the guests must do without ice cream that day.

The worst of the matter was that, in the midst of the cook's lamentations, a great noise was suddenly heard in the street. It was the fairy Good Heart coming at a full gallop. All the servants rushed at once to the door, leaving Mischief, who ran and hid among the trunks in the attic.

His mother was deeply grieved at not having him at her side on such a day as this; but it was not to be thought of, and, forcing back her tears, she advanced toward the good fairy, who was just alighting from her carriage, and conducted her with the greatest respect to the dining-room, where the whole company took their seats around a large table.

When the meal was ended, the fairy cast her eyes around the room. "Where is your little boy?" she said in a voice that made the mother tremble.

"Alas, Madam, we have had so much to do this morning that I have not had time to dress him, and I dare not present him to you in the state he is in."

"You are disguising the truth from me," said the fairy in a harsh voice, "and you do wrong. You render children an ill service in seeking to hide their faults. Bring him to me just as he is, I wish to see him directly."

The servants sent in search of Mischief soon returned, saying that they could find him nowhere. The father shrugged his shoulders and the mother began to rejoice in her heart at the thought that her dear child would escape the lesson that was evidently in store for him. But the old fairy did not intend to take all this pains for nothing. She made a sign to her favorite dwarf, who was standing behind her chair. This dwarf, who was called Puppy, because his appearance reminded one of a shaggy spaniel puppy, had the strength of a giant, despite his small stature. He was broader than he was high, and had long arms twisted and gnarled like an old vine. But the most extraordinary thing about him was that he smelt out little boys and tracked them as a dog tracks a rabbit.

Puppy ran to the kitchen, where Mischief had been left, and following his scent from there without hesitation, he climbed to the attic and marched straight to the trunks, behind which he caught a sight of the torn trousers of the little runaway. Without saying a word, he seized him by the waistband and carried him at arm's length into the dining room, where his entrance was greeted with shouts of laughter. Poor Mischief was in a sad plight. His rumpled blue blouse was blackened on one side and whitened on the other. Dry twigs hung from his matted and tangled hair, to say nothing of a great spider's web, through which Puppy had dragged him. His face, purple with anger, was daubed with cream from the tip of the nose to the end of the chin. He wriggled and twisted in Puppy's great hands, but in vain. In fact, he made a very sorry figure, and those who laughed at him had good reason for laughing.

Three persons did not laugh, however: his father, whose face showed great vexation, his mother, whose eyes were full of tears, and the old fairy, who cast on him a threatening glance.

"Where have you come from, sir?" said she, "and why did I not see you on entering here?"

Instead of answering, he slipped from the hands of Puppy, ran to his mother, and stamping his foot in anger, hid his face in her lap.

"Here is a child," said the fairy, "that likes to have his own way. Well, I will leave him a parting gift that will render him very happy. HE NEED NEVER DO ANYTHING THAT HE DOES NOT WISH. Adieu, Madam," she said to the poor mother, who was smoothing the disordered hair of her naughty boy with her white

hand, "adieu—I pity you for having such a child. If you take my advice, the first thing you do will be to wash his face, for he really is too dirty!" And, rising majestically, she went in search of her carriage, followed by Puppy bearing the train of her dress.

This was an unhappy household. The fairy Good Heart had gone away displeased, after all the pains that had been taken to entertain her, and the guests disappeared one by one in haste to tell what had happened through the whole city. The father took his hat and went out angry, saying aloud that this rascal would disgrace them all in the end. The mother wept without saying a word, and continued to stroke the tangled hair of her naughty little boy.



PUPPY CARRIED HIM INTO THE DINING-ROOM

Finally she rose, and, taking Mischief by the hand, "Come, my dear little boy," she said, "let us go and do what the fairy bid us."

She took him to her dressing-room, and, plunging her large sponge in the clear water, prepared to wash his face and hands. Mischief, still sulky, began to kick when he felt the cold water in his nose and ears, and ran to the other end of the room, crying: "Oh, it is too cold! I don't want my face washed."

His mother soon caught him and passed the sponge over his face, in spite of his struggles. But the fairy's fatal gift was already at work. The water obeyed Mischief's orders. To avoid wetting him, it splashed to the right and the left out of the basin, and ran from the sponge, so that his mother had to give up washing him. The

room was full of water, but Mischief's face, half washed, had not received a drop since he spoke.

His poor mother, in despair, threw herself in a chair, and shaking her wet dress, said, "Come, let me comb your hair, at least; you will not be quite so untidy." She took him on her lap and began to pass her gold comb through his hair, but before long it encountered a twig, around which hair was twisted.

"Oh, you hurt me!" cried Mischief. "Let me alone! I don't want my hair combed." And behold! the teeth of the comb bent backward and refused to enter his hair. His mother, frightened, seized another comb, which did the same. The servants of the house hastened thither at her cries, each bringing his comb, but none would do. They even went to the stable in search of the

curry-comb; but scarcely had its iron teeth touched the enchanted locks than they bent backward and passed over Mischief's head without disturbing a single hair.

Mischief opened his eyes wide, and began to repent of having been so hasty of speech. He was a little vain at heart, and did not dislike to be neat and clean, provided that it cost him neither pain nor trouble. To see himself condemned to remain like this, with his hair full of dirt and his face half washed, was not a pleasant prospect. He began to cry with all his might, just as naughty boys usually do when they don't know what to do or say.

"I want to be washed and to have my hair combed," he sobbed, but it was too late. The fairy had, indeed, said he need not do what he did not like, but she had not told him he could do what he pleased.

To comfort him his mother wished to put on his beautiful new blouse and his pretty buckled shoes. He pushed them away. "I don't want them! I want to have my face washed and my hair combed!"

As the water would not wash his face, nor the comb enter his hair, he changed his mind, after storming for a long time, and asked for the blouse and the shoes. It was the same story. The blouse and the shoes had heard his refusal, and, like well-bred people, refused in their turn to go where they were not wanted. The blouse rose in the air when he attempted to put it on; the higher he raised his hands, the higher it rose, until finally it fastened itself to the ceiling, where it looked down on him with a mocking air. As to the shoes, the first one he attempted to put on became so small that a cat could not have put her paw into it, while the other grew so large

that Mischief might have put both feet into it at once.

His poor mother, seeing this, sent away the servant, who stood wonderstruck, and whose astonishment added to the shame of the little boy; then she gently clasped her boy to her breast.

"What will become of us, my poor child," said she, "if you will not obey at once and without resistance? That is what the good fairy wished to teach you by her fatal parting gift. *When children are commanded to do anything, it is for their good; and the worst thing that could happen to them would be to have the power to disobey.* You have this power now, and you see what it has already cost you."

Mischief perfectly understood the truth of what was said to him. He loved his mother and her grief softened his stony little heart in spite of himself. He threw his arms around her neck, and, laying his dirty face against her smooth cheek, wiped away the large tears that fell upon it. They alone had the power to break the enchantment, since he had declared that he would not have his face wet.

They went downstairs to the room where they usually sat, and there, on a beautiful polished table, were the books and notebooks of the little boy.

"Study hard, my dear child," said his mother, kissing his forehead. "Learn the page which you are to recite to Father this evening. Perhaps the good fairy will relent when she knows that you have learned it thoroughly, and will take back her terrible gift."

If Mischief had had the choice, he would have gone to play in the garden; but after the humiliating lessons he had received, one after another, he dared not resist. He seated himself at the table,



MISCHIEF TRIES TO DRESS

and, with great effort, set to work to learn his page. Unhappily, in the fourth line, came a long, hard word, which he disliked at once. This hard word spoiled everything; it was like a great stone in his path. After trying several times to spell it, he angrily threw the book on the floor.

"I don't want to study! I am tired of it!"

"Oh," said his mother, with a look that pierced his heart, "is this what you promised me?"

"Forgive me, Mother," said he, ashamed; and he picked up the book to study his lesson again. It was impossible to open it. His mother used all her strength, but in vain. She called the coachman and the porter—two very strong men—each took hold of one of the covers and pulled with all his might, but the book would not open. She sent for the locksmith with his hammer, and the carpenter with his saw; both broke their tools on the book without opening it.

"I will take another," said Mischief, and stretched out his hand toward a fairy book that amused him greatly. Alas! it was so firmly glued to the table that he could not lift it. A third disappeared when the little boy attempted to take it, and returned the moment he took away his hand. In short, Mischief had declared that he did not want books; so the books no longer wanted Mischief!

"Ah! unhappy child, what have you done?" exclaimed his mother, in tears. "Now there are no more books for you. How will you ever learn anything? You are condemned to remain in ignorance all your life." She shed so many tears on the unfortunate book that it was wet through, and already was beginning to open, when suddenly it remembered its command in time, shook off the tears, and shut with a snap.

Except the book of fairy tales, Mischief would have been happy to be rid of books, for he was not reasonable enough as yet to understand the use of them; but his mother's grief troubled him, and he wept with her, promising never more to disobey.

Meanwhile, his father returned to supper, worn out with work, and still vexed with Mischief. He had been walking about the town, avoiding every face that he knew, and fearing to be met, lest he might have to answer questions about the fairy's visit, which was talked of everywhere. Consequently, he was not in the best humor with his naughty boy. I leave you to judge of his anger when he saw his son come to the table with his clothes torn, his hair matted, and his face still daubed with half of the morning's cream.

"What does this mean, Madam?" he asked his wife, in a loud voice. "Do you think that we are not yet sufficiently the laughing-stock of the

town, that you wait for more visitors to come here before you wash that little wretch?"

The poor woman, seeing her husband so angry, dared not tell him what had happened. She preferred to be unjustly accused rather than have her boy punished when his father was in such a mood. Of course, she was wrong, for the child, full of gratitude to her, was indignant against his father's injustice to her. He had forgotten that he was the true culprit, and the spirit of rebellion once aroused in him set his will against his father. When his father, softening a little, handed him a plate of soup, saying, "Here, eat your supper, child—afterward we will see about washing you," he cried: "I don't want any supper!"

Scarcely had he spoken that unfortunate "I don't want any," when the soup sprang from his plate and fell back into the tureen, splashing everybody at the table.

His father, who had received a large share of the soup on his vest, thought that Mischief had thrown it at him. Nothing was too bad for such a child to do. Furious, he was about to punish him on the spot, when the mother rushed between them. "Stop, my dear," said she, "the poor child had nothing to do with it. He was unhappy enough without that, and now he can eat no more



THE SOUP SPLASHED EVERYONE AT THE TABLE.

soup." Then she told Mischief's father of the fatal power that the fairy had bestowed on him and its unpleasant consequences.

But this did not calm the father, who broke into reproaches against his poor wife.

"This is a fine gift; I congratulate you on it! What is to be done now with the little wretch? The meanest rag-picker would not have him. I want nothing more to do with him. To-morrow I mean to send him as cabin-boy on board a vessel, where he will have to endure more hardships than he will like. Take him away from my sight and put him to bed; at least, he can do no more mischief in his sleep!"

His mother was about to take him away herself, fearing a new accident. "No, no," said her husband. "Stay here. Mary Ann shall put him to bed."

Mary Ann was a tall country girl, as fresh as a rose and strong as a man. She had already received more than one kick from Mischief and was not one of his best friends. She took him in her arms without ceremony and carried him off as if he were a feather.

Left alone with the father, the poor mother tried to soften his heart. She finally persuaded him not to send Mischief as a cabin-boy. The father solemnly declared, however, that he had pardoned him for the last time, and that he would be merciless the next time Mischief disobeyed.

Meanwhile, the time passed. Half an hour, then an hour went by, yet Mary Ann did not return. Unable to resist her anxiety, the mother hastened up the stairs, when what did she see but Mary Ann trying with all her might to hold down the bed, which was capering about the room. Vexed at being obliged to go to bed without his supper (for he had not been able to eat his soup, you remember), the little boy had refused at first to go to bed, and the bed had taken him at his word. As soon as he approached it, the bedstead reared and plunged like a furious horse; the mattress rose in waves like a stormy sea; and the coverlid itself joined in the dance, flapping in Mischief's face until it brought tears to his eyes. It was evident that he would have to pass the night in a chair.

That was *too* much! Exasperated at the remembrance of all the misfortunes that had been showered on him like hail ever since morning, he fell into a terrible fit of rage and rolled on the floor.

His mother approached him. "Come to me, my child," said she. "I will wrap my dress about you and keep you warm all night."

In his fury he listened to nothing, and more than twenty times pushed away his mother's

arms. Worn out at last with crying and struggling, he felt the need of rest, and as his good mother still held out her arms, he sprang toward them to take refuge, when suddenly he felt himself held back by an invisible hand; it was impossible to take a single step forward. It was the final blow. His last disobedience had deprived him of the pleasure of hugging his mother!

They passed the night six feet apart, looking at, without being able to touch each other. The poor child bitterly blamed himself for pushing away his mother's arms. She neither wept nor spoke, but gazed with a haggard face at her child.

When morning came, she said to Mischief, "Come with me. We will go to the fairy Good Heart and I will beg her to forgive you."

She attempted to take his hand, but something held her back, and she left the house followed by the little boy, who no longer had the right to walk by his mother's side.

The fairy Good Heart lived a league from the city, in a great castle surrounded by splendid gardens, which were open to everybody. A simple hedge, the height of a man, separated the garden from the road, and the gate was always unlatched. Mischief and his mother had no trouble, therefore, in making their way to the fairy. Before the door they found Puppy, taking the fresh air, and waiting for his mistress to rise. The good lady was not a very early riser; it was a little fault in which she indulged herself in return for doing harm to no one. But as soon as she learned that someone was waiting to see her, she sprang from her bed and in the twinkling of an eye was ready to receive her guests.

"Ah, Madam," cried the mother, "ah, Madam, save us! Please, please, take back the terrible gift which you made yesterday to my child."

"I see what is the matter," said the fairy, glancing at Mischief's clothes. "The little boy wished to have his own way. He has been punished for it; so much the worse for him. I cannot take back what I have given."

"What!" said the mother, "is there no means, then, of saving him from so frightful a punishment?"

"There is, but it is a hard one. It is necessary that someone should consent to be punished in his place."

"Ah! If that is all, it is easy. I am all ready. What do you ask for him to be able to have his face washed, and to be neat and clean?"

"For him to have his face washed and be neat and clean, you must give me your beautiful complexion."

"Take my complexion, Madam. What do I want of it, if my child must always be untidy?"

Puppy instantly stepped forward, holding in one hand a basin of rock crystal, and in the other a sponge as soft as velvet. In the twinkling of an eye, the fairy washed the face of Mischief, who smiled to see himself in the glass, fresh and rosy. But all his joy vanished when he turned to look at his mother. Her beautiful cheeks were withered and her smooth, satin-like skin was tanned and wrinkled like an old woman's. She did not seem to perceive it and her eyes sparkled with pleasure on gazing at her dear child.

"What do you ask," she continued, "for him to be able to have his hair combed and curled?"

"For him to have his hair combed and curled, I must have your hair."

"Take my hair, Madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child's must always remain in disorder?"

And Puppy stepped forward with a diamond comb, with which the fairy, with three turns of the hand, smoothed and curled the hair of Mischief, who let her do it without daring to look at his mother. When he ventured to raise his eyes to her, his heart was wrung with pain. Her beautiful hair, as black and glossy as jet, had disappeared, and in its place a few gray locks strayed in disorder from her cap. But she paid no attention to it. "What do you ask," she continued, "for him to be able to put on his new clothes?"

"For him to put on his new clothes, I must have yours."

"Take my clothes, Madam. What do I want of them, if my dear child must always remain in rags?"

Puppy instantly handed the fairy a little jacket of fine cloth, embroidered with gold, white silk trousers, a blue velvet cap trimmed with silver, and shoes ornamented with precious stones, which in two seconds replaced the old clothes of Mischief. He had never been so fine. He could not repress a cry of joy, which quickly turned to one of sorrow; for, on looking at his poor mother, he saw her dressed in rags like a beggar. But she saw nothing but the magnificent costume of her child, and laughed with pleasure, showing her lovely pearly teeth, the last relic of her past beauty.

"What do you ask," she said, "for him to be able to eat soup? The doctor says that his health depends upon it."

"For him to eat soup, I must have your teeth."

"Take my teeth, Madam. What do I want of them, if my dear child cannot have proper nourishment?"

She had scarcely finished when Puppy held on an enameled plate a beautiful Japanese cup of the

most appetizing soup that ever smoked under a little boy's nostrils. Mischief, who had been fasting for twenty-four hours, did not wait for the spoon to be offered him twice; but his pleasure was of short duration. At each spoonful that he swallowed he heard a tooth fall on the ground. Despite his hunger, he would have gladly stopped; but his mother, delighted to see him eat with such an appetite, would not listen to it, and forced him to go on till not a tooth remained in her head.

"Now," said the fairy, "this is all, I hope."

"All? Oh, no, Madam, I have many things to ask of you."

"But, unhappy woman, what more would you sacrifice for this naughty child?"

"They are not sacrifices. I am glad to save him from the wretched state that was in store for him. What do you ask for him to be able to sleep in his bed?"

"For him to sleep in his bed, you must give me yours."

"Take my bed, Madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child must pass his nights on the hard floor?"

"Have you anything more to ask?"

"Yes, indeed. What do you want for him to be able to study?"

"For him to study, you must yourself forget all you know."

"Take all I know, Madam. What do I want of knowledge, if my dear child be a dunce!"

"Let this be your last demand, at least."

"For heaven's sake, one more! This time it is for myself. What do you ask for me to be able to clasp him in my arms?"

"To have the happiness of clasping him in your arms, you must give me all your other happiness."

"Take it, Madam. What other happiness can there be for me, if I have not that of embracing my child?"

The fairy made a gesture, and Mischief sprang trembling into his mother's arms. He shuddered in spite of himself as he came in contact with her coarse dress and yellow, flabby skin, and winced under the kisses of her toothless mouth. But so many proofs of love had filled him with gratitude and admiration for the good mother who had so completely devoted herself to him. As to her, wholly absorbed in the happiness which she had restored to him, she clasped him tight in her arms, forgetting all that she herself had lost.

It was necessary at last to take leave. The happy mother could not sufficiently thank the good fairy. Puppy wept with emotion, and the fairy herself, unable any longer to restrain her

feelings, ran to her as she was descending the stairs and kissed her forehead, saying, "Take courage, noble woman, and rely on me."

Courage! She was too happy to need it. She walked with a light step, holding by the hand her treasure, well fed, neat and clean, and adorned like a little prince. What mattered anything else to her? She thought that he would sleep that night in his comfortable little bed, and pictured to herself in advance how learned he would be one day, and how he would write a beautiful book, which the greatest publisher in the country would print on fine paper, with Mischief's real name on the title page in large letters.

Meanwhile, the poor woman knew nothing herself, as she soon saw when they set out for home. She had forgotten the way, she didn't even know the direction of the town, and had not the least recollection of the street and house. Mischief then understood the full extent of her sacrifice. It was in vain that he attempted to guide her. He had been too much accustomed to have everything done for him to take the trouble to see where he was going, and had paid no attention to anything on his way. They wandered about all day in the fields; he was growing more and more anxious as night came on, she thinking of nothing but the happiness of seeing her dear child delivered from all his ills.

At last, toward evening, they were met by the servants, whom his father, terrified at their disappearance, had sent in search of them in all directions, and who did not recognize them at first, so much were they both changed. Suddenly Mischief, who was looking anxiously on all sides, spied the coachman. He ran to him, and calling him by name, soon made himself known; but he was greatly embarrassed when the servants asked who was the old beggar woman with him. "It is my mother!" he exclaimed. But they all laughed, and the policeman, who headed the search, scolded him severely for roaming over the country clinging to the skirts of a wretched old woman, calling her mother, he whose mother was such a lady! They even talked of taking her to prison. She knew not how to defend herself, having forgotten everything. She only clasped Mischief in her arms, repeating, "He is my son, my dear son, whom I have saved from misery. Nothing in the world can take him from me."

Happily, they thought her insane, and permitted her at last to accompany Mischief to his father. It was dark when they arrived home. Mary Ann was standing at the door.

"Ah! here you are!" she cried, as soon as she saw the little troop. "Here you are, naughty boy! Your father has been anxious enough about

you, poor man! He has just gone to the great pond to look for you. This is the third horse he has tired out since morning, and if it had not been for your dear mother, whom we all love so well, I should have advised him to remain quiet, and thank God for being rid of you. What have you done with your mother?"

"Here she is!" cried Mischief, trembling with terror at the turn affairs were taking. "Here she is; I have never left her."

"No more of your tricks! Aren't you ashamed of them at such a time? How can you make fun of your mother in this way when you see us all in trouble on her account? Upstairs with you, quick, and to bed! You must be in need of it."

At the word bed the good mother remembered her bargain with the fairy, and put an end to the discussion, saying, "Go to bed, my dear; you know that the fairy permits it, and you must be very tired. Sleep sweetly, and I will wait for you here."

He wished to resist, but she raised a finger, and said in her soft voice, which remained clear and sweet, "Obey!"

At this word, a thousand terrible recollections rose before him. He hung his head and followed Mary Ann, who dragged him upstairs less gently than he would have liked.

Mischief was in his comfortable little bed, wrapped in his warm blankets, but he slept little. He thought of his mother standing and waiting for him before the door—his mother whom no one would recognize—disfigured on his account, cruelly punished for the faults which he had committed. He listened with terror to the sound of the rain and the roaring of the wind, which blew that night with extraordinary violence. The rattling of the windows seemed to him so many accusing words, crying, "Bad son!" At last, toward morning, worn out with fatigue and excitement, he fell into a heavy sleep.

His father had returned late at night with a heart full of anxiety. He received the news that his son was found with a cry of joy; but on learning that his wife was not with him, he groaned, and, throwing himself on the couch, passed the night there, with his face buried in his hands. Scarcely had day dawned when he entered the room where his son was sleeping, and, seeing the little curly head which he had thought never more to behold, he burst into tears like a child, and rushing to the bed, covered the little sleeper with kisses.

Mischief awakened with a start and was at first terrified to see his father crying, but soon recovered himself and threw his arms around his neck. "Oh, Father, Mother is downstairs at the door."

Come quickly; I'm sure she is very cold." And, as his father looked at him wonderstruck, "They did not know her yesterday! But you will know her."

Hastily dressing himself, he dragged his father to the door, where they found the poor woman, her cheeks blue with cold, her clothes dripping with the rain. At the sight of her little boy her face brightened and she clasped him in her arms.

"What does this mean?" cried the father. "Who is this good woman?"

"It is my mother," cried the child—"my good mother, who has become ugly and ragged for me."

"Can this be possible?" cried his father. "Are you really my dear wife, for whom I have been mourning ever since yesterday?"

She looked at him without recognizing him. She embraced her child again, and said, "This is my son. What do you want of me?"

"But I am your husband!" cried the father stupefied.

"You!" said she. "I do not know you."

"Oh! What am I to believe?" cried the unhappy man. "This is really my wife's voice, but I do not know her or she me."

At this moment Mary Ann, who had been awakened by hearing her master walking about the house, arrived. She seized her mistress by the arm, and, shaking her rudely, exclaimed: "Are you here yet? Be gone, child-stealer, and never let me see your face again!"

She was attempting to drag her to the street when Mischief threw himself madly upon her. His little heart swelled with anger and he would have marched boldly at that moment against a whole army of soldiers.

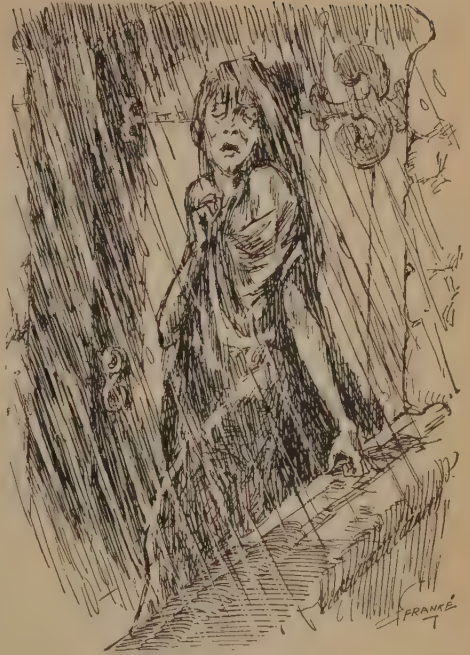
"No!" he exclaimed, beside himself. "You shall not drive Mother away. I do not want what she has done for me. It is for me to be dirty and sleep on the ground. I am the one that deserves it. Take me back to the fairy! I will give her back everything, and she must give back everything to Mother."

He had not finished speaking when an enormous hand seized Mary Ann by the waist and sent her spinning in the middle of the street, and Puppy exclaimed, "Make way for my mistress!"

At the same moment the fairy Good Heart rose from the ground, and, placing her hand on the shoulder of the tender mother, "Your trial is ended," she said. "She who did the evil has come to repair it."

Then she kissed Mischief on both cheeks, and disappeared with Puppy, leaving after her a sweet odor that lasted for a week.

When the father, recovered from his surprise at this sudden apparition, raised his eyes to his wife,



SHE WAS COLD AND WET

he saw her, with her beautiful black hair and fresh complexion, in the silk dress which he himself had bought for her birthday. She looked at him, and they fell into each other's arms in unspeakable happiness.

She lived afterward happy and contented, respected like a saint by all the town; but when anyone attempted to speak of what she had done for Mischief, she blushed and changed the subject.

As for Mischief, he became from that day the best behaved little boy that ever was seen. He obeyed without speaking, and gave up his wishes as soon as they displeased his father and mother. He was never more heard to complain when the water was cold, or to cry when his hair was combed, or to refuse soup when there was something else on the table that he liked better. However early his mother saw fit to put him to bed, he never refused to go, for fear of the consequences. He attended to his studies, remembering at what a price his mother had thought it worth while to redeem them for him, and would have thought it a crime to run from her when she wished to take him in her arms. In this manner he soon lost the name of Mischief, and was called good little Ernest, the name that his parents had given him in baptism.



MISS CARELESS was a good little girl who dearly loved her father and mother, but, as her name shows, she had one bad fault—she took no care of anything. When her parents scolded her she hung her head, her large blue eyes filled with tears, and she looked unhappy, but, their backs turned, all traces of sorrow disappeared, and the disorder became worse than ever.

Careless had a brother a year older than herself, whose example and advice had a bad influence over her. He had heard the boys at school say that no man of importance ever put anything in its correct place. He told this to his sister and she agreed that it was tiresome to put things in order one day which must be disturbed the next. She did not suspect what need she would have for order in after years, when she should become a mother herself, and how disgraceful it is to a woman to have nothing in its place in her house. Her mother, who was well acquainted with her faults, and who loved her too well to suffer this terrible habit to become fixed in her, knew not what to do to break her of it; she had exhausted everything, warnings, threats, and even tears. Finally, she resolved to punish her.

If her bed was in disorder, she was forced to wear her nightcap all day. Every time she overturned her instand, and this often happened, the end of her nose was inked. Whenever she left a handkerchief or anything else lying about the house, it was fastened on her back; I even believe that a shoe was hung there one day; it had been found far from its fellow, astray on the stairs.

All this mortified her greatly, but did not reform her. She finally persuaded herself that her parents no longer loved her, since they persisted in tormenting her in this way; and this unhappy thought hardened her in her disorderly habits.

One day, when her brother had a holiday from school, and between them they had put everything out of place in the parlor and dining-room, Miss Careless was told that she must not leave her room all the next morning. This was a punishment which she felt keenly. The next morning found her seated on her bed in tears, looking despairingly about her room, her prison till dinner. Her pretty new dress, put on for the first time the night before, was thrown in a corner, half on a chair and half on the floor. One of her shoes was under

the bed, and the other against the door. Two pretty gray silk gloves were on each end of the mantelpiece, and the little black velvet hat of which she had been so proud was lying on its side on top of the water pitcher, its great white feather falling into the basin.

Careless saw all this confusion with profound indifference, and only thought how tiresome it would be to stay alone for long hours in a room with nothing to do, since it did not occur to her to put things in order.

"How unhappy I am!" she cried. "Everyone here hates me and treats me badly. Nobody loves me but Paul, and they won't let me play with him."

The fairy Order was at that moment making her rounds through the house. She had always avoided this neglected room, for she had a profound contempt for the young lady. But when she heard Miss Careless moaning so pitifully, she felt sorry for her, believing that she had repented at last, and opened the door.

You imagine how she frowned at sight of the disorder. "Are you not ashamed?" she exclaimed harshly, advancing to the foot of the bed.

"Of what, madam?" asked the little girl, trembling.

"Just take the trouble to look around this room."

"Well, what is the matter with it?"

"What! don't you see the frightful disorder that everything is in? There is not a single article of your clothing in its place."

"Oh, if that's all, there's no great harm done. Paul says it makes no difference where we put our things at night, provided that we find them in the morning."

"So, you believe Master Paul, and think that it makes no difference where you put your things!" cried the fairy. "Well, you shall see!"

With these words she touched the child with her wand, and behold! little Careless flew into pieces in every direction! The head went in search of the hat on the water pitcher, the body plunged into the dress across the chair, each foot regained its shoe, the one under the bed and the other against the door, and the hands made their way into the gloves on each end of the mantelpiece; it was the work of an instant.

"Now," said the fairy, "I am going to send Master Paul to put all this in order. You shall



PAUL WAS AGHAST AT WHAT HE HAD DONE

see whether it makes no difference where you put things!"

She went down into the courtyard where naughty Paul was taking advantage of his mother's absence to try to smoke the end of a cigar which his father had forgotten the night before. "Go upstairs to your sister's room, she needs you."

Paul was not sorry to be disturbed in an attempt which he was beginning to find unpleasant, for his head felt dizzy.

"Well, what's the matter?" he asked, entering the room. Then, seeing no one, he cried, "Where are you?" furious at what he thought was a trick.

"Here," groaned the head. "Come and help me quickly, Paul; I am very uncomfortable on this water pitcher."

"No, come here," howled the body. "I can't bear this any longer; the corner of the chair is piercing me through and through!"

"Don't leave me under the bed!" shouted the right foot.

"Look against the door," said the left foot.

"Don't forget us on the mantelpiece!" screamed the hands with all their might.

Another little boy might have been frightened, but not Master Paul. Picking up the feet, hands, and head, he said in an important tone, "Don't be alarmed, my dear sister, I will set you to rights; it won't take long," and in the twinkling of an eye, he laid them beside the body. Then,

raising his sister to her feet, he exclaimed, with great self-satisfaction: "There you are!"

But scarcely had he looked at his work than he uttered a loud cry. The head was turned backwards; one of the feet, in its shoe, hung on the left arm, while one leg staggered, supported by a poor little hand that looked as if it were crushed beneath the weight.

"Oh! Paul, what have you done?" cried the unhappy Careless. And as she attempted to wipe her eyes, the toe of her foot caught in the braids of her hair.

The boy stood thunderstruck before the disaster which he had caused. He attempted at first to repair the evil by pulling at his sister's head with all his might, to put it in the right place; but it was too firmly fixed. He twisted the little girl's neck in every direction, and only made her cry. Then fright and grief triumphed over all his courage and he too burst into a hearty fit of crying. The servants of the house came running at his screams, but they could think of no other remedy but to send for a physician. Some proposed Doctor Pill, who had cured so many little children; others, the celebrated Doctor Cutall, who knew so well how to perform an operation. Everybody talked at once, and they were trembling for fear of the arrival of the parents, when the fairy Order appeared in the middle of the room in all the glory of her holiday attire.

"Well," said she to the poor little girl, "do you

think now that it makes no difference where you put things, and that children who despise order are to be trusted? Let this be a lesson to you! I forgive you because you are a good girl, whom everybody loves; but always remember what it may cost you to pay no attention to what you are doing."

Then the fairy touched her once more with her wand, and head, body, feet, and hands found their right places.

After this terrible adventure the little girl

became so careful and attentive that the fairy Order made her her favorite, and married her in after years to a charming young prince, who was anxious above everything to see his home in perfect order, and who chose her as much for her neatness in all things as for her goodness and beautiful face.

As to Paul, he ceased to believe that it made no difference where he put things, and refused to listen to the boys when they made speeches that would have displeased his mother.

POVERETTA

THERE was once a rich nobleman who died leaving two daughters. According to the custom of the country he left all his property to the elder, that she might better support the honor of the family—that is to say, keep her fine carriages and a host of servants, wear costly dresses, and so forth. Her mother had died long before, and the nobleman with his last breath begged the heiress to take good care of her sister, who would have no other support than herself.

The elder sister was named Barbara. She was a tall and beautiful girl, with a dazzling complexion, thick black curls, and magnificent teeth. But she was proud and selfish, thinking of nothing but pleasure and shining in society.

The younger, on the contrary, was a little girl,

pale and delicate, and almost ugly, except for her eyes, which were very beautiful; indeed, she was so feeble and slender in body that she was called Poveretta, which is another way of saying "Poor little one!" She was the best and gentlest of children, always happy in the happiness of others, and forgetful of herself when others did not think of her.

From the beginning, Barbara, as might have been expected, entirely forgot the request of her father. Thinking only of her new fortune, she looked on Poveretta as a sort of upper servant, gave her a little chamber under the roof, and would not even permit her to sit with herself at the table; the choicest dishes were served to Barbara, while her sister lived on whatever the servants chose to bring her.

Poveretta made no complaint and loved Barbara none the less, trying to obey all her wishes. From morning until night she was on her feet carrying out her selfish sister's orders; but, in spite of her threadbare clothes, no one would have mistaken her for any other than one of the family, so much did her bright, happy face and quiet manners show that she felt at home.

Things had gone on like this for a long time, when one day Barbara and Poveretta were invited to a ball to be given in the king's palace. It was the first ball since their father's death, and you can imagine what an event it was to the pleasure-loving Barbara. From the moment the precious invitation arrived there was nothing else talked of in the house. The most skillful dressmakers and hairdressers were sent for; the great sitting-room on the first floor was turned into a workshop, and Barbara went about studying effects, criticising, and enjoying in advance her coming triumph. It is needless to say that poor Poveretta was not thought of; Barbara did not even remember that her sister had been invited, and Poveretta herself forgot it. As none of the dressmakers were as clever as she, she naturally took the lead



THE CHOICEST DISHES WERE SERVED BARBARA

in designing Barbara's gown, and clapped her hands like a child when she succeeded in pleasing her.

The night before the ball Poveretta's godmother returned from a long journey to fairyland, where she had had many things to set in order, for she herself was a fairy and one of the most respected among her sisters. As she was very fond of Poveretta, her first thought on hearing of her father's death was to visit her. She entered her carriage, drawn like the wind by four milk-white deer, and soon was in the courtyard, the gates of which were left open to make way for a fine new coach which Barbara had ordered especially for the ball. Without stopping to make enquiries, for she was well acquainted with the house, the godmother went straight upstairs, where she found Miss Barbara stretched on a sofa, resting, for she had just tried on six beautiful dresses, none of which could compare with the one Poveretta had designed.

When the fairy asked for Poveretta, Barbara, who did not feel quite at ease before her, tried to stammer out some excuse.

"She is very busy just now," she said, "but if you will call again—"

"Send for her; I wish to see her," interrupted the fairy with so commanding an air that Barbara instantly obeyed, much against her will.

Poveretta, hearing that her godmother was there, rushed from the hall without stopping to shake off the threads that clung to her dress, and darted like lightning to her sister's room, where she threw herself into the arms of the fairy.

"What a strange dress you have on, my child! And where did all those threads come from?"

"I have on my everyday clothes," replied Poveretta innocently, "and I am just now very busy at sewing. We are making a dress for my sister to wear to-morrow night at the king's ball. You will see how beautiful she will be in it, dear godmother."

"Is it possible that your sister is not invited?" asked the fairy, turning toward Barbara.

"Yes, she is invited; but what would she do in such a place?"

"She shall go, at any rate. And as it is not proper for you to go alone to such a place, I will come to-morrow for you both."

Poveretta burst into laughter. "Why, godmother," said she, "I have nothing that looks like a ball-gown. How can I appear beside my sister, who will shine like a star?"

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Barbara, trying to conceal her vexation. "I can lend you one of my old dresses, and you can alter it to fit you, after you have finished my dress."



POVERETTA LIVED ON WHATEVER THE
SERVANTS BROUGHT HER

"Oh, how good you are! I shall be glad to be there to see you admired."

But the fairy was silent. After a moment, she turned to her goddaughter. "Take me to your room, child," she said in a softened tone. "I wish to be alone with you."

"There is no need of that," interrupted Barbara, blushing in spite of herself. "Stay here; I will leave you alone."

"No, I thank you. But, as I intend to stay here for some hours, you will oblige me by inviting me to dinner."

Saying this, she went out with Poveretta, who was so delighted to see her that she clung to her and kissed her hands.

You may think that the godmother took a good deal upon herself; but, from her infancy, the haughty Barbara had been accustomed to obey her.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Barbara, when she was left alone. "I'll have to have Poveretta at dinner, too!"

In the meantime Poveretta led her godmother up one flight of stairs after another. Having at last reached her room, she joyfully opened the door and stood aside to make way for the fairy, who paused with indignation on the threshold.

A shabby little pine bed, with a worn mattress and blanket, was the only piece of furniture of importance in the room, which had been stripped of everything possible when Poveretta was sent to it. It must be said that Barbara had never seen the room; it was a trifle too small to call for her personal attention. A bit of carpet, full

of holes and frayed at the edges, was stretched before the bed. A little rickety table served at once as toilet-stand, dining-table, and bureau, and the only chair in the room was beginning to fall apart. There were no curtains to the windows, and the walls were bare; yet with all this, there was an air of simple neatness which gave a sort of charm to the poor little place.

The fairy wiped away a tear that rolled down her cheek, a bad sign for Barbara. If the tears of fairies are rare, as everyone knows, it is all the more terrible for those who cause them to flow.

"How do you like this room, my dear child?" said she at last, entering with an effort.

"Oh, very much, godmother. There is such a fine view here. Come and look out of the window."

Indeed, from this height, one could see the whole city, and in the distance the country, with its windmills, its clumps of trees, and scattered cottages. Those who have always lived close to fields do not know what happiness it is for the city-dweller to see from his window a bit of landscape over the roofs.

The fairy, who had traveled too much to be so easily struck with admiration, soon left the window. She seated herself on the broken chair, the only one in the room, and taking her goddaughter on her lap, began to talk to her.

When they went down for their dinner, the fairy was astonished to see an immense table set for three, with the seats so far apart that they could scarcely hear each other.

"Do you usually dine at this great table?" she asked Barbara.

"Oh no, Madam; this is set on your account. There is my table," and she pointed to a dainty little table, semi-circular in shape, where she usually ate. The selfish Barbara liked to dine alone, in order to keep all the choice tit-bits for herself.

"But where do you put Poveretta?"

"Oh, I dine in my room," said Poveretta, hastily. "It is more convenient for us both." The poor child said this in order to excuse her sister. In truth, she had often longed to dine with her.

The fairy said no more and the dinner went on gloomily. When it was over the fairy took the sisters' hands and joined them solemnly.

"Two sisters should enjoy and suffer good and evil together," she said impressively. "Let it never be forgotten in this house!"

With these words, she walked out of the room like a queen, without once looking behind her.

The sisters gazed at each other. It was so

long since she had touched her sister's hand that Poveretta's little heart was ready to burst with joy. "How beautiful you are to-day!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about Barbara's neck.

Her godmother had found nothing to change in her; but she had redoubled by a magic spell the happiness already given her by her love for her sister.

A wholly different spell was cast on Barbara. The fairy had been too angry with her to make her a gift of love; she had only condemned her to share her sister's sufferings, whatever they might be, without working any change in her wicked feelings.

"How pale and puny you are!" said she harshly, pushing Poveretta from her. She felt as if her own beauty had been suddenly taken from her, and Poveretta suddenly became odious in her sight. Her heart was roused to hate, and to hate is to suffer.

They went together to the workroom, but all Barbara's pleasure in the preparations was gone. Whether she examined a ribbon or chose a flower, her eyes turned to Poveretta, silently bent over her work. Suddenly she rose, rushed to her room, and returned with an old-fashioned dress, which she flung at her sister. "There is your dress for tomorrow! Go to your room and arrange it. Somebody else can do your work here!"

Love is blind, and that of Poveretta had been too much increased by the fairy for her to notice the scornful tone of her sister. She took the dress gratefully, gathered up a few bits of ribbon, scraps of lace, and cast-off flowers, and flew to her room, as light-hearted as a bird. Under her clever fingers all the rubbish was transformed as if by magic. The dress, turned, altered, and set off with the lace and flowers, might have been taken for new. It had grown very late, but the little worker found time to make a head-dress of surprising beauty. Her dress finished, the idea of trying it on did not once occur to her, perhaps because she was too tired, and she fell asleep thinking with delight that her sister would undoubtedly be queen of the ball.

The next evening, when the godmother came for the two sisters, Poveretta came from her tiny room looking like a fairy. There was something enchantingly airy and exquisite in her appearance, and Barbara looked like an overdressed doll beside her. The vain girl had put on so many glittering ornaments that she looked as if she had walked out of a shop window. Poveretta, whose taste was so fine, would certainly have thought this display ridiculous on anyone else; but, blinded



by love of her sister, she almost wept with delight and admiration.

"Oh, godmother!" she cried, "how glad I am to see her so beautiful!"

Barbara, on the contrary, saw nothing of the grace which set off her sister's costume. She saw only the sweepings of which it was made. She lost sight of her own magnificence and entered the ball-room with a gloomy expression, which took away all pleasure in looking at her.

The result of this was that all the attentions were lavished on Poveretta, and that no one paid any attention to Barbara, a just punishment for her pride and harshness.

There was a young prince at the king's court who was as witty and good as he was brave and handsome. In spite of his youth, he was already celebrated for many heroic deeds. His family lived on an estate near by and he had been a friend of the two sisters from childhood, and they had often played together at hide-and-seek and blindman's-buff. A marriage between him and Barbara had been talked of during her father's lifetime, and she almost accustomed herself to looking on him as a future husband.

NO ONE PAID ANY ATTENTION TO BARBARA

As soon as he saw Poveretta, on whom all eyes were turned, he stood still, struck with admiration. He did not know her at first, for he had not seen her since her father's death, at which time she had seemed to him an insignificant child. But, seeing her in company with Barbara and the fairy, who was well known, he soon remembered her name, and approached the ladies with an eager politeness which greatly flattered Barbara. You can imagine her astonishment when the prince bowed low to her sister and asked her to dance.

"He thinks to please me by asking this child, whom no one wants," thought the haughty Barbara.

Meanwhile the young prince had led Poveretta away. During the dance he talked of their childish sports, and fixed on her a loving gaze that troubled the poor girl. "What a good husband for my sister!" she thought.

As he led her to a seat, he expressed a wish to

dance with her again. "When you have danced with my sister and not before," she answered, laughing. "Look around," she added with childish innocence, "and see if anyone here equals her!"

The prince raised his eyes to Barbara, and, though the comparison was wholly in her sister's favor, he could not deny that she was beautiful. Her face, indeed, had changed, and she was herself again. On seeing Poveretta carry off the prince, whom she looked on as her property, she had been frantic with terror for a moment. It seemed to her that some misfortune was about to happen, and that the poverty of her sister's dress was about to be exposed.

"They may blame me for it," she told herself. Finally, she made a desperate resolution. "It is not good for me to leave that rag-bag on her back, and be tormented in this way, when I have more new dresses than I know what to do with! In future I will dress her like myself!"

The fairy, watching her, smiled, for she read her soul; Barbara made the resolution not that her sister might be well dressed, but that she herself should not be worried.

The prince, like a well-bred man, danced in turn with the two sisters, and was very attentive to the fairy, who was an old friend and who had given him many a toy when he was a little boy. He laughed heartily with Barbara when they recalled childish pranks in which both had taken part; but if he talked more to the elder, he looked more at the younger, who listened with innocent delight. She had never been so happy in her life.

They lingered as late as possible, for Barbara enjoyed the ball as much as Poveretta, and the good fairy, delighted at their success, was in no haste to leave. At last, however, they were forced to depart; the dawn was coming, and the candles refused to burn longer in the heavy air of the ball-room. It was the close of winter, a cold blast was sweeping through the streets, and the windows and roofs were covered with frost. Barbara carefully wrapped herself in a large cloak lined with fur. Poveretta, who had nothing of the sort, began to shiver in her thin dress; but her godmother took her in her arms and kept her warm in her great cape during the ride, which was not long.

In her own room, Barbara found a fire fire which had been kept going all night, and hastily held her feet out to the blaze. But strange to say, instead of feeling any heat, she grew colder and colder till her whole body was numbed and her teeth chattered violently. It was in vain for her to ring the bell and order more logs for the hearth; the fire had no effect on her, and her

chilled fingers refused her all service, while at the same time, an inner voice, which she tried to stifle, cried out to her: "Your sister is cold!"

Terrified at last, she enquired the way to her sister's room, and climbed the stairs to it, for the first time.

The servants, accustomed to neglect Poveretta, had not taken the trouble to build a fire in her room, and the delicate, little creature had been seized with a chill. Barbara found her shivering, her hands and lips blue with the cold. She shouted for the servants, who ran up the stairs trembling. "How is it?" she cried, "that there is no fire in this room? Would you have me die of cold?"

The servants did not exactly understand her meaning, but it was easy to see that she wanted fire. They hastened, and in less than two minutes, a sparkling blaze lighted up Poveretta's gloomy chamber. The poor child knew not how to thank her sister. But Barbara did not listen; *she* was no longer cold, and that was enough for her.

"This is becoming unbearable," she murmured, when she returned to her room. "Is this child always to spoil my life in this way? Oh, how I detest her!" And she went to bed, her soul full of anger. Poveretta went to sleep with a smile on her lips, repeating to herself how kind her sister had been to her.

At three o'clock the next afternoon Barbara rose from her bed, and went with real pleasure to the dining-room, for she had eaten but little since the evening before, and was very hungry.

Poveretta had risen long since. Her first glance fell on the rich clothes which her sister had ordered carried to her chamber. She cried out with surprise, and when she had put them on, it must be confessed that she was very happy to see herself so well dressed. She fell into a little fit of musing over the ball, and heaved a sigh at the thought that she had nothing and could scarcely dream of marrying.

The gnawing of her stomach finally recalled her to other thoughts, and she would gladly have eaten. But the servants, furious at her in the matter of the fire, had purposely forgotten her, and as she had lost the habit of giving them orders, she only said sadly, "I would soon have some food if my sister knew it."

In the meantime Barbara had taken her seat at her own half-moon table, where the most delicious dinner imaginable was waiting for her. Turtle soup was smoking in a silver tureen, with a filet of lamb with cream sauce on the right, and a dish of broiled chicken on the left. A fine salmon trout was in the background. Miss Barbara lived well and suffered herself to want for nothing.

She began at once to do honor to the feast, but scarcely had she tasted the soup when she dropped the spoon, sickened by its bitterness, while the same voice she had already heard whispered in her ear, "Your little sister is hungry." "Oh, dear," said she, "I would wager that the stupid child has not had her dinner. I wish she was a hundred feet under ground!"

But, taught by experience, she made no attempt to resist. She climbed the stairs to her sister's room, took her by the hand, and led her to dinner, in reward for which she found the soup excellent.

This was not all; these two forced visits to the gloomy chamber had poisoned all her pleasure in her mirrors, rugs and easy chairs, and followed everywhere by the image of the rickety table and broken chair, she gave orders in an angry voice to put her sister in a room next her own.

Poveretta now had all that her sister ought to have given her of her own accord from the beginning; but she was still far from the happiness she desired above everything—the love of Barbara. Barbara's hatred only increased. That night, pretending to be very tired, she sent Poveretta to bed as soon as it was evening, then stretching herself in an easy chair, she began to think of the ball. Her mind was full of the young prince, when his mother was announced. Blushing, she ran to meet her.

The princess was an old lady of the highest respectability, who lived in great retirement and never showed herself without reason. Her visit evidently had a grave purpose. What motive could have brought her? Barbara was sure that she knew.

The first greetings having been exchanged, "My child," said the old lady, "you know that our families have been allied by friendship for many years."

"It is an honor which we cannot forget," replied Barbara, with a beating heart.

"You know my son. I will not praise him, but I can say that he is a man of honor."

"No one could doubt that, Madam."

"He returned from the ball so delighted with what he had seen that he could wait no longer to open his heart to me."

"And what great secret could he have confided to you, Madam?" said Barbara, casting down her eyes.

"Would it please you, who are now the head of the family, to strengthen the bonds of friendship by marriage?"

"Indeed, Madam—what can I answer except that I dare not refuse an offer which might—"

"That is all I wished to know," said the princess, rising. "I beg you to inform your sister that my son asks her in marriage. He will come to-morrow to seek her consent."



"MY POOR DARLING," WHISPERED POVERETTA, "HOW COULD I HAVE MADE YOU UNHAPPY ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU WISH TO KILL ME?"

With these words the old lady turned to go, leaving Barbara plunged in such astonishment that she did not even rise to accompany her to the door. On recovering from her surprise, she was seized with a frenzy of rage, and hardly knowing what she did, rushed in fury to her sister's room.

Poveretta was sleeping, her little hands clasped on the coverlet. The sweetness of her face might have soothed a tiger, but, insane with anger, Barbara did not stop to look at her. She threw herself upon her, and, clasping her fingers about the soft throat, tried to choke her. Suddenly, invisible fingers clasped her own throat, and she fell choking and nearly lifeless to the floor.

"Have you forgotten," said a terrible voice, "that no calamity can happen to your sister without falling on you?"

The fairy stood looking down upon her.

In the meantime, Poveretta, who had hardly felt her sister's wicked fingers, awakened and was astonished to see her godmother in the room. "Oh, Godmother, what is the matter?"

"Look, my child, I punished your sister for her harsh treatment of you by inflicting on her the torments of hatred, and she tried to choke you. See, she is nearly strangled herself. Shall I let her die?"

Poveretta threw herself upon her sister's body. "No! no! Oh, Godmother, my happiness is gone forever if she dies on my account! Don't let her die!" And, sobbing, she clasped Barbara in her arms.

The fairy was conquered by such perfect self-forgetfulness. She laid her finger on Barbara, who regained her breath and opened her eyes.

"My poor darling," whispered Poveretta, "how could I have made you unhappy enough to make you wish to—to kill me?"

Barbara burst into tears, whether from the touch of the fairy or Poveretta's marvelous goodness, or both together, and, throwing her feeble arms around her sister's neck, she said, in a trembling voice, "Forgive me!"

This was the end of Poveretta's misfortunes. The prince came the next day and had no difficulty in persuading her to accept him, when Barbara had consented to the marriage. Barbara's self-love had suffered more than her heart from the disappointment, and it was not long before she became engaged to a young nobleman.

The two sisters were married on the same day, and cherished each other in tenderness as long as they lived.



THE MAD COW

ONCE upon a time there was in a village a great, lean, ugly, dirty, cross, old cow. She had crooked horns and frightened everybody. She had made her appearance suddenly, one winter's day, after a great wedding at which the guests had sat for three days and nights at the table, rising only now and then to dance. A poor laboring man, who was at the wedding, found her by the side of the road and drove her to his home. She had a hard life with him. He made her work all day, sometimes at plowing up a field filled with stones, sometimes carting hay for the rich farmers. At evening he sent her to seek her food along the road, where she found nothing but coarse, bitter, muddy grass. At night he shut her up in a shed through which the wind blew. With all this, she was milked four times a day, just double what is required of a cow that lives in idleness, well fed and lodged in good, warm, clean stables.

Now, this unhappy cow was nothing less than a fairy—the fairy Good Appetite, the godmother

of the bride at the wedding where the guests had eaten so much. The other fairies, indignant at her greed, had changed her into a cow to punish her. To leave her some hope, she had been told that she should become a fairy again whenever she had made a good child out of a bad one. She was permitted to do what she liked with the child, but had no power over his heart. He must change that himself, and when he had done so, he must give her a hearty kiss between the horns; this alone would break the enchantment.

There was no lack of bad children in the village. In school hours the streets were full of them, playing a thousand tricks on the passers-by. You may imagine how the cow eyed them! Many times already she had made her choice among them, and chased them so furiously that, although her master had called her Misery because of her leanness and rough coat, she was known throughout the country by the name of the Mad Cow.

The bad children, however, were nimble, and



THEY DASHED LIKE LIGHTNING PAST CITIES AND VILLAGES

too used to her to be afraid of her. When she tried to catch them, they sprang on her back, clung to her horns, and laughed so good-naturedly that she had no power over them. To tell the truth, none of them was altogether wicked. Under all their badness they had good qualities. They were fond of each other, had courage and a sense of honor in certain things, and as soon as Dame Misery came near to them she saw that they would never answer her purpose. She must find a child who was naughtier than they.

At last, toward the middle of spring, the lord of the village made his entry, on the way to his castle. Five carriages followed him, bringing his entire family. He was a rich and powerful man, but was burdened with an unusually bad boy for a son. In the first place, he would learn nothing, fancying that learning was only for the common people, and that a young lord like himself would be disgraced by study, to say nothing of its being very tiresome. Next, and much worse, he de-

spised everybody. He looked on his father's servants as something close to animals, and took for beggars all who did not wear fine clothes. Indeed, he acted as though the world had been created expressly for him, never troubling himself about anyone or anything, and took whatever he pleased wherever he found it, as if it were his own property. Lastly, and worst of all, he did not even love his parents and had for them neither gratitude nor respect. He wouldn't listen when they spoke and obeyed them only when he felt like it. With all this, he was too cowardly to bear pain, refusing to walk as soon as his feet hurt him ever so slightly. He chattered like a crow, told lies, and was greedy at the table. From this you can form an idea what a charming child was little Zephyr, for that was the name he had received when he came into the world, a name much too pretty for such a scamp.

On the very evening of his arrival in the village, Zephyr took a fancy to show himself in

all his glory. He went out with his sister, followed at a short distance by a tall footman, carrying the little lady's shawl. He walked proudly, his head very high, tossing the feathers in his hat, and tapping his fine shoes with a little cane that had a golden apple for a head. He wore a black velvet suit, in one pocket of which was a watch from which a chain dangled. The village children opened their eyes wide when he passed, and one of them who stepped too close, received a blow in the face from the apple-headed cane. But the poor little chap was so terrified at the tall footman that he dared not cry aloud.

The Mad Cow at that moment was seeking her supper in the ditches along the road. As soon as she saw the young upstart Zephyr in the distance, she knew at once that he was just what she was looking for. Rushing forward, she reached him as he was saying to the frightened child, "This will teach you, my boy, to—"

He had no time to say more. Suddenly bending her head, the cow lifted him from the ground on her horns, and carried him off at a terrible speed, while the plumed hat and gold-headed cane rolled in the road. With no pity for the young gentleman so quick to strike, the little children burst into loud shouts of laughter, and ran to pick up what he had lost. The tall footman rushed after him; but an ox might as well have tried to overtake an automobile. That night they went to bed at the castle without Zephyr.

In the meantime, the Mad Cow ran on, asking herself what in the world she should do with this wicked boy.

"The reason that he is so bad," thought she, "is that his parents have spoiled him by too much kindness. I will not make *too* great a change in his life, however. It will be enough for him not to have his father and mother close at hand."

After dashing like lightning past cities and villages, swimming rivers, and crossing mountains at one bound, she finally laid him gently down on the lawn of a fine castle, even finer than that of his father.

Night had set in, and the lady of the castle, with her husband, was walking in the park to enjoy the cool air. She held by the hand her little boy of nearly the same age as Zephyr. All three were good people, kind to everyone, and with no more pride than is usual to mankind. Zephyr could easily have fallen into worse hands. When they saw him stretched almost senseless on the turf, they raised him up with great pity.

"The poor child!" said the lady. "Where can he have come from?"

"It is easy to see from his clothes," said her

husband, "that he is of good family, though he is not dressed in the fashion of this country."

"Oh, Mother," cried the little boy, "see, he is opening his eyes!"

Zephyr, who had been stunned from the time the cow picked him up on her horns, thought himself at home and cried out abruptly: "Where are my hat and cane?"

"It is true," said the lady, "the poor boy is bareheaded. Sylvan, go and bring him one of your old caps."

While Sylvan was gone in search of the cap, the gentleman and his wife questioned Zephyr, who gave his own and his father's names, but to his great astonishment, the cow had carried him so far that these names had never been heard of in this country. They asked him the name of the village in which his castle was situated. He told it as well as he could, but as it was difficult to pronounce and he had never taken the trouble to learn it correctly, they could not find it on the map. He told how the cow had carried him off on her horns, but they smiled as if they found it hard to believe.

"Wherever he came from, we will keep him, my dear," said the lady. "He will amuse Sylvan, who has no playmates."

"His story appears to me a little suspicious," said her husband. "But, no matter, my love, if it pleases you, I have no objection."

And thus, received through charity, poor Zephyr was taken to the castle and sent to sleep in a little room under the roof.

"Master and mistress are always looking for something to give us trouble," grumbled the old nurse who led him to his room. "They seem to think that we have not work enough on our hands, that they must burden themselves with a little tramp, come from no one knows where!"

"Insolent wretch!" cried the young lord, purple with anger. "How dare you speak in that way of me? I command you to be silent!"

"You're a fine fellow to command *me* to do anything! Come, go in there; it is too good for you; and take care to be polite to me, if you don't want to bear the marks of my fingers!"

And, with a hearty cuff, the old woman pushed him into the room, and instantly shut the door and turned the key in the lock.

Zephyr found it very hard to go to sleep. For the first time in his life he had been humiliated, and the memory of the times he had humiliated others weighed a little on his conscience. But his pride was not lessened and his only thanks toward those who had taken him into their home was to fall asleep abusing them in his heart.

The next morning Sylvan was in such haste to become acquainted with his new playmate that he rose at daybreak. He gave his mother no rest until she sent the nurse for the little stranger. Zephyr was sleeping soundly when she entered, and was by no means pleased at the invitation to take a walk.

"Let him take his walk without me," he grumbled. "I don't want to get up."

"What! do you think you are going to eat master's bread for nothing? The dear child does you too much honor, indeed, in wishing for your company. I should like to see you keep him waiting!"

She seized him without ceremony, drew on his trousers, and gave him his first lesson in rising early when he wished to sleep. He was furious; however, he had the good sense to face misfortune, and went downstairs to meet Sylvan, who welcomed him with delight. The morning was clear, and Zephyr, who was not in the habit of seeing the sun rise, was surprised at the beauty of it. Then the good little Sylvan brought all his pretty things to show his new friend. Unluckily, his eye fell on the gay silk belt, embroidered with gold, which Zephyr wore about his waist, and as he liked everything bright, he took a great fancy to it. But Zephyr refused to exchange it for a patent-leather belt, and Sylvan cried to his mother, who happened to be passing, "Mother, he will not give me his belt!"

"Yes, he will, my dear," said the lady, who could refuse her child nothing. "He will give it to you, for you gave him your cap yesterday." She walked on, without thinking any more of the matter. But the pitiless old nurse, who was sweeping before the door, had heard her. Angry at seeing the little beggar, as she called him, oppose Master Sylvan, who was her idol, she snatched the belt from Zephyr in the twinkling of an eye and gave it to Sylvan.

Forgetting that he himself had snatched at things in the past, he led Sylvan to the end of the park, and, when he was sure no one could see him, he beat him soundly, to force him to return the belt.

Suddenly, a pair of long pointed horns were thrust between them, and again Zephyr was carried away by the Mad Cow.

"Decidedly," said the Cow, "castle life is worth nothing to him. I'll put him to work, where he will be more useful."

And, leaping over the walls of a great city, she tossed him without ceremony on a pile of boxes and barrels before the door of a small storekeeper. Then she fled in haste, for the women were chasing her with their brooms and the



THE OLD WOMAN PUSHED HIM INTO THE ROOM AND SHUT THE DOOR

policemen were running to put her in the pound, a place where they shut up stray animals.

"What are you doing here, you young tramp?" cried the storekeeper, a little, fat, red-faced man, with spectacles on his nose. He tweaked the ear of the all but fainting Zephyr.

"Oh, sir!" cried the boy, clasping his hands, "do not hurt me. It was the cow that threw me here."

But when he told his story, the storekeeper shook his head and laughed.

"Do you expect a business man like me to believe such stuff? No matter, since you are here, I will keep you. Go into the house, and I will talk to my wife about it."

The storekeeper's wife protested loudly when he told her that he intended to keep the child. But he was a man that would have his way. Indeed, he explained to her, they were in need of just such a boy to do errands and tend the store when they were away. It would cost almost nothing to keep such a rascal; it would be an easy matter to put a bed in the store loft, by the side of barrels of salt codfish.

"Besides," he added, "you will see that he is dressed like a young lord. We will let him carry Anthony's school books. It will do us credit in the town."

This last argument convinced his wife, who was as vain as she was miserly. As she eyed the new errand boy, she noticed the watch and chain.

"I want to know whether there is any sense in putting jewelry like that on a child of his age?" And she snatched them away from him.

"They are very pretty," said the storekeeper,

examining his wife's capture. "I dare say they cost a good deal of money. We will let Anthony wear them when he has his Sunday clothes on."

Zephyr entered at once upon his duties. A broom was put into his hand and he was made to sweep the house from top to bottom. The poor child was struck dumb, his heart was bursting with indignation, but he felt helpless, and his still smarting ear warned him that it was of no use to resist.

The storekeeper, however, was not really bad at heart. Provided that his little business went on to suit him, he wished no harm to anyone. He even went so far as to desire happiness for the whole human race, so long as it cost *him* nothing. When the errand boy appeared in the backyard, broom in hand, he tweaked his ear again, but this time softly.

"Courage, my little man. This is the way that I began, and you see what I am now! Work hard, and who knows? Perhaps some day you may be a storekeeper." And he straightened up so proudly that his glasses slid off his nose.

Soon Zephyr began to improve. To lie abed late in the morning was not even to be thought of now; in fact, he did not think about it. Always on his feet, and always with something to do, he had no time to remember himself, and by degrees lost sight of his own importance. Once or twice, however, he attempted to put on his lofty airs with people who came to the shop; but his master, who could not be polite enough to his customers, let him know that at the next offense

he should go to bed without his supper. "You can imagine that Zephyr never repeated it.

He sat at the table with his employers, and, as soon as his soup and meat were eaten, he had been taught to go into the shop to look after customers. No, he was not ill-treated; but never did he receive a friendly word unless the storekeeper thought fit to encourage him to *work hard*. At night, when the poor child climbed to his musty garret and stretched himself on his narrow bed, the remembrance of his own big, soft bed, the tender kisses of his mother, which he had received with such indifference, and the gentle voice of his father, to which he had scarcely listened, made him sigh with homesickness.

The most disagreeable part of his position was the service which he was obliged to render to his master's son. Since Anthony had had a footman to carry his books to school, he would not have carried them for a kingdom; whatever little Zephyr was doing, he was forced to leave it to carry the hateful package. They were not even friends, for Anthony would not talk to him nor permit him to walk by his side. This made Zephyr remember how he himself had walked so proudly before the tall footman at home. Anthony was a good-for-nothing fellow who cared little for school or for anything worth while. He loved nothing but marbles, and thought only of getting as many of them as he could, by every possible means.

Some distance at the right of the schoolhouse was a little park where the boys of the entire neighborhood played marbles whenever they got a chance. Master Anthony went there regularly twice a day, playing hours at a time, while poor Zephyr stood holding his books and waiting for him. This gave him full time to recollect how he, too, had often kept servants on their feet for the most idle reasons.

At last Zephyr opened one of Anthony's books and grew so interested that it became a habit for him to read while the others were playing.

"Anthony," said one of the boys one day, "do you see your groom using your books?"

"Let him read, poor wretch! He needs it to make his way in the world. How much for a hundred agates?"

Three months passed in this manner. The former little nobleman had gained much; but his power over himself was not yet of the right kind, for fear and selfishness still dwelt at the bottom of his heart. One fine morning when the marble games were livelier than usual, he suddenly determined to be his own master, for a moment at least. He put the books under his arm and without saying a word hurried away to the city gates.



IT BECAME A HABIT FOR HIM TO READ
WHILE THE OTHERS PLAYED

It was one of those beautiful autumn mornings when the sun seems to gaze at the earth as if bidding it farewell. When he had passed out of the city, the child breathed with delight the fresh breeze as it shook a leaf from time to time from the still green trees. He gazed around at the lovely country and stooped to pick a flower with a feeling wholly new to him—for a long time he had seen nothing but dull stone pavements.

Suddenly he was astonished to see the Mad Cow in a pasture by the roadside. At first he was tempted to run away, but his late misfortunes had developed his courage. He walked straight toward her.

"What do you want with me?" he said, without shrinking. "If it is to take me away from here, you are welcome to do so. I have had enough of this kind of life."

"If I carry you elsewhere you will have many beside yourself to support, my poor boy!" answered the cow.

"No matter, it will be different. Anything rather than be for an instant longer the servant of that Anthony!"

He bravely seized the horns, so eager was he to get away from Anthony, and the cow set off on a gentle trot, for they had become friends.

"You do not go very fast to-day," said Zephyr, as the cow stopped from time to time and bent her long, lean neck to snatch a tuft of grass.

"Oh, I am in no haste. We haven't far to go."

"I am beginning to be hungry."

"Well, drink some of my milk."

The little boy leaped to the ground and the Mad Cow gave him some of her milk to drink. It gave him strength, and when he mounted again he felt better.

She carried him in this manner all day, along the hedges and through the meadows where the hay of the late harvest was piled up in fragrant stacks. He drank in the pure air, and broke into bursts of song, which would have greatly astonished his parents had they heard him. When evening came he began to think of them, and instead of singing, he shed a few tears, and asked himself how and when he should be able to return to them.

Night came and the cow still went on. At last she stopped before a lonely cabin, at the entrance of a wood, with a great heap of rubbish before it. Zephyr could just see by the light of the stars its thatched roof, half broken in, with patches of moss on it. There was a tumble-down fence near it which enclosed a piece of ploughed ground.

"This is the place," said the cow. "Get down and go in."

"Oh, you can't be in earnest! It's too dirty."

"Get down, I tell you, and go in. I will go with you and never leave you again."

In spite of his new friendship for the cow, he was still a little afraid of her, and clung to her horns. Suddenly she made a spring and threw him full length on the rubbish heap.

At the noise of his fall, a great dog ran barking from the cabin. Soon a woman appeared at the door.

"Who is there? What do you want at this hour?"

"Can you take me into your house, dear lady?" said Zephyr in a timid voice, as he rose from the rubbish heap.

"Be gone quickly, you little tramp! Do you take my house for a hotel? Come, John, and see the little gentleman who wants to lodge with us!" and she burst into loud laughter.

Zephyr had taken refuge behind the cow, to escape the dog, which was barking furiously and threatening to bite him.

"You must stay here," whispered the cow.

Just then the woman's husband appeared with a lantern. He was a tall, powerful man and looked very stern.

"I have no room for beggars," he growled. "Go your way, you and your old cow, or it will be worse for you."

Zephyr fell on his knees. "For pity's sake, good sir," he begged. He had no time to say more, for a large boy, scarcely older but twice as strong as he, rushed from the cabin and took him by the arm.

"I want the little gentleman myself," he cried. "I want him to live with me."

John and his wife looked at each other and felt that they must yield.

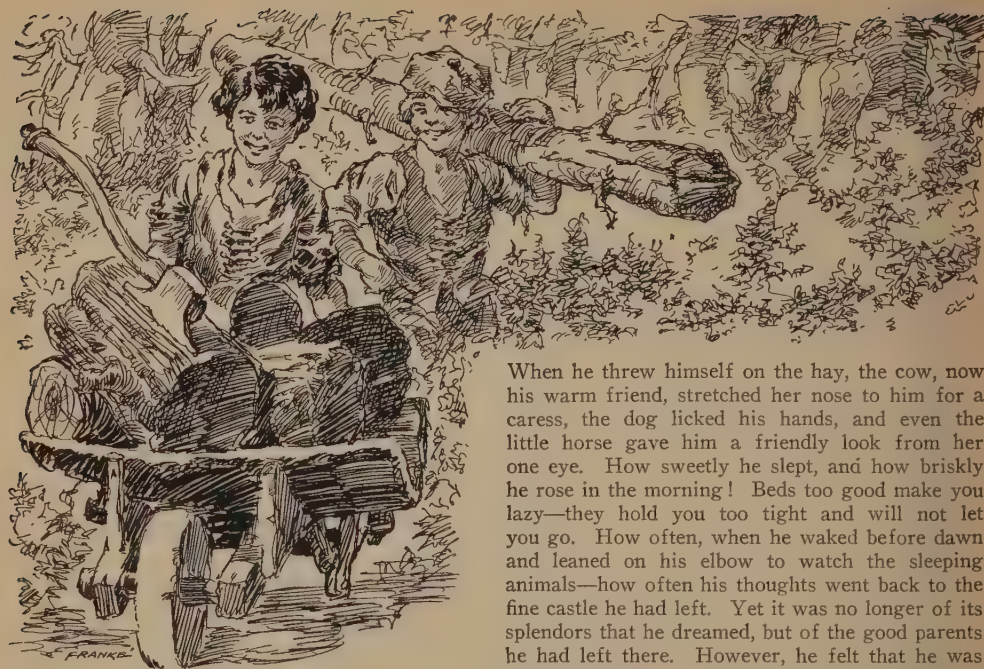
"Well," said the father, "come in, then to please Jack."

The door closed on them and the Mad Cow, of her own accord, found the way to a tiny stable, where a little one-eyed horse, with long, matted hair, was sadly nibbling a wisp of straw.

As the cow had warned Zephyr, he led a harder life here than he had with the storekeeper, but there is reason to believe that he suffered less.

As a beginning, the very next morning the woman took off every article of clothing that he had on. The velvet suit had received more than one spot in the shop, and also had been torn by a tin can in the rubbish heap; but such as it was, it was admired by everybody in the cabin. The woman cleaned as best she could, brushed and mended it and put it away in a bureau drawer.

"It is much too fine for this place and I don't want it to be worn here," said she. "It will be



JACK TAUGHT HIM TO HANDLE A SPADE, ROLL
A WHEELBARROW, AND LOAD A CART

ready for him when he goes away." She gave him a coarse shirt, some cotton trousers, a blue blouse, and a pair of wooden shoes, all borrowed from Jack's best wardrobe. He had no stockings, but neither had Jack. At first he felt very uncomfortable in his queer clothes, his delicate limbs were lost in big Jack's trousers, and the wooden shoes seemed very hard to his bare feet. He put a handful of fresh straw in them, and two days after got so used to them that he thought no more of it.

When the time came to sit down to the table, there was a fresh hardship. The meal consisted wholly of black bread and potatoes, and it must be confessed that Zephyr made a face at the first mouthful; but as he was kindly treated, in a few days it was the same with the black bread as with the shoes—he thought it quite all right.

There was little furniture in the cabin and the bed given to Jack's guest was anything but magnificent. It was a pile of hay in the stable with the animals, for the cabin was too small to hold so many. He liked it better than the attic in the city, however, for stable odor is not unhealthy, and he was beginning to be fond of animals.

When he threw himself on the hay, the cow, now his warm friend, stretched her nose to him for a caress, the dog licked his hands, and even the little horse gave him a friendly look from her one eye. How sweetly he slept, and how briskly he rose in the morning! Beds too good make you lazy—they hold you too tight and will not let you go. How often, when he waked before dawn and leaned on his elbow to watch the sleeping animals—how often his thoughts went back to the fine castle he had left. Yet it was no longer of its splendors that he dreamed, but of the good parents he had left there. However, he felt that he was becoming better, and something told him that he would be rewarded.

He soon grew familiar with people as well as with animals and things. John at first had frightened him, with his loud voice and stern glance, but there was something about him that made it easy to obey him—perhaps his honest rudeness strengthened the child's soul. Zephyr was not long in feeling toward him that affectionate respect, unmixed with fear, which does children so much good when they are made to feel it.

John's wife was not handsome, and she was also somewhat loud-tongued, but she grew very fond of Zephyr and called him her darling; she was so good to him that, in spite of her scolding, he could not help loving her with all his heart. Happy is he who loves some one. If fear is the beginning of wisdom, love is the beginning of goodness.

Jack, who forgot that he was at least two inches taller than Zephyr, took advantage of his strength to tease the little gentleman, whose language and manners seemed to him ridiculous. The parents had not asked him his story, but Jack knew it the very next morning. He laughed loudly and christened him at once *the little lord of the cow*. The name so much amused him that he constantly repeated it, and it soon became terribly disagreeable to Zephyr.

I was once in a menagerie where the cruel keeper left an unfortunate little white kitten to the tender mercies of a big monkey. The monkey stroked the kitten, boxed its ears, rolled it on the ground, let it go, caught it again, held it up by the tail, next by the head, and then by the middle of the body, while the poor kitten was so terrified that it dared not even scratch at its tormentor.

In the same way, Zephyr was at first helpless in the hands, I almost said paws, of big Jack. But he was less angry than at Anthony, for, after all, he and Jack were really comrades. Their play was very rough, but the parents only laughed, thinking it no harm. Zephyr at last managed to plant a blow with all his strength between Jack's eyes. Jack drew back without returning it—he was beginning to admire *the little lord of the cow*.

The books he had brought from the city became very precious to Zephyr here in the country. He was not long in learning all they could teach, and he then took it into his head to educate his playmate. All that he himself had not understood became plain to him when he tried to teach it. He learned more than his pupil the necessity of attention to study, for Jack was a very restless scholar and could keep neither his mind nor his feet in one place five minutes at a time. The lesson finished, they would run to the forest to look for birds' nests, watch the rabbits, and gather great armfuls of dead branches, which they brought home for fires in the winter.

They rendered each other service for service, and Zephyr learned to labor of his own accord. Jack taught him how to handle a spade, roll a wheelbarrow, and load a cart. This amused him greatly, and he entered into it so heartily that one day, when he was merrily digging up a piece of ground from which the onions had just been pulled, John passed by, and giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder, said:

"Courage, my boy, you are on the way to become a man!"

This simple speech made Zephyr feel six inches taller, which is a great deal for a little boy. He dropped his spade to breathe a bit more freely, for he was almost stifling with self-satisfaction. Just then the Mad Cow, who was rambling about near by, put her head through a gap in the fence, and he ran to caress her.

"Naughty cow," he said, "you have taken me away from my parents, but, in spite of that, I

owe you too much to blame you for it!" With these words he gave her a good kiss between the horns.

A bright light suddenly dazzled him. A lady more beautiful than any he had ever seen stood before him!

"You have saved us both!" she cried, clasping him in her arms. "Now bid farewell to your friends here; but be quick, for your parents are waiting for you."

It was a year to a day since the child had disappeared, and his parents had shut themselves up in their room to grieve in his memory.

"Where can our child be?" said his mother, leaning her head on the shoulder of her husband, who was gazing at her through tears.

"Here he is!" said the fairy, suddenly appearing before them with Zephyr.

I need not tell you what joy there was in that household. The mother kissed her son again and



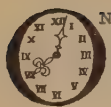
HIS MOTHER KISSED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN

again, and could not stop exclaiming how tall and strong he had grown. The father saw with wondering delight that his son had come home marvelously improved. The servants ran hither and thither, embracing every one, and the tall footman, who had not dared to show himself since the accident, fell into a chair and sobbed like a child.

"But what have you done with the Mad Cow?" asked his little sister.

"We have eaten her," said the fairy Good Appetite, laughing, and showing a splendid set of teeth. "But we are not going to eat anything more until supper time," she added, for she had not forgotten that she had *once been too greedy*.

THE ENCHANTED WATCH



ONCE upon a time there was a young girl who never knew what time it was. This greatly grieved her father, who had no child but her; it often made him miss his appointments and when she was about to take a journey, the carriage sometimes waited for hours before the door. There were no railroads in those days, fortunately for her, for she would have been obliged always to go in the next day's train. One day an impatient coachman christened her Miss Tardy, and the name clung to her ever afterward. When she had turned around a hundred times before the mirror—even talking to it—after she had opened and shut the door at least a dozen times to see if



FANNY WOULD LOOK IN THE MIRROR A HUNDRED TIMES

she had forgotten something, she came in hurriedly, apologizing in a pretty childish way for being so late. The truth was, Fanny, for that was her name, thought a great deal about her own comfort and very little about that of others.

Her old godmother wrote to her one day that she was coming to dine with her at noon. People dined at noon in those days. Now the godmother was a fairy celebrated for her exactness; she was

called Punctuality, a name of which she was very proud. To her noon was not five minutes before noon, or five minutes after noon, but NOON. At the first stroke of twelve, she set foot on the first step of the staircase, and on the last stroke, she entered the dining room.

The table was set, but Fanny was promenading about the city. She had suddenly remembered that she owed a call to a very particular friend. Her friend had just received a whole assortment of new dresses and hats, and Miss Tardy wished to see the unpacking. It was necessary to try on all the beautiful things, and the conversation became so interesting that the poor godmother was as completely forgotten as if she never existed. At last, about one o'clock, Fanny's stomach reminded her that she had not dined, then she remembered her godmother. She hurried away in great haste, but on the way home she saw so many fine things in the shop windows that a full quarter of an hour was taken up in looking at them.

When she reached home Fanny heard that her godmother had been waiting a long time. But Fanny's shoes hurt her, she had put on a tight pair that morning through vanity, and she felt that she could not be expected to sit down to the table with her feet in discomfort. She went softly to her room and put on a pair of furred slippers. But her dress did not match them; it would have been wanting in respect to her godmother not to have everything correspond, so she changed her dress. All this took so much time that it was past two o'clock when Fanny went down to the table.

The good godmother was asleep in one of those easy chairs that are no longer in fashion, and I even believe she was snoring a little. She awakened as the door opened.

"Oh, godmother, I am so ashamed and sorry! Was ever anybody so thoughtless as I?"

"No matter," said the good lady, who was always indulgent to others, "I have slept a little waiting for you and it has done me no harm. What time is it?"

"Oh, pray don't ask me. You will make me die of shame!"

And Fanny threw herself before the clock with a childish air; but the old fairy, whose eyesight was good, frowned when she saw that it was half past two.

The dinner was not very nice, as may well be imagined; but the fairy, who really loved her goddaughter, took everything in good part and only joked pleasantly on the burned meat and cold vegetables. The time passed quickly and it was already four o'clock when Fanny's father entered

in haste. He had driven from the country at full gallop to avoid being late, nearly breaking his carriage.

"Well, Fanny, are you ready?" he cried as soon as he opened the door. He stood still in amazement on seeing Fanny, with her feet stretched out to the fire, slowly sipping a cup of coffee.

"What?" he exclaimed, "did you not receive my letter of yesterday morning?"

"Your letter, dear father? Yes, I received it; but don't you see that my godmother is here?"

"Excuse me, madam," said the angry father, bowing to the fairy. "Forgive my abruptness—this child will kill me with vexation."

"Why, what has she done?"

"Judge for yourself. I wrote to her yesterday that I should come to-day to take her to visit Prince Pandolph, who has invited us to his villa. I told her to be ready at four o'clock, and that we would not have a minute to lose, for he was to take us in his own carriage, and we could not think of making him wait. It was my only opportunity of talking with him about my great work—and here it is lost!"

"Well, Father, why can't you go without me?"

"You know very well, unhappy child, that it is you that is invited, not I. It is your beautiful voice that is wanted for the evening's entertainment. If I appear without you the prince will frown on me, and good-by to my figures! You've made me lose a fortune!"

"Come, be calm, dear sir," said the fairy. "It was in my company that the poor child forgot you; it belongs to me to repair the evil."

Saying this, she passed her hand over Fanny, and instantly Fanny wore an enchanting evening dress, as fine as could be desired for a visit to a prince's villa.

Fanny, who was naturally beautiful, shone like a star in it.

"Wait a moment," said the fairy, "you need something more. Let me finish my work." And she threw over her goddaughter's neck a lovely gold chain, at the end of which hung a dear little watch, of enameled gold set with pearls.

"Here, puss," she said, kissing the spoiled child on the forehead, "here is something to aid your bad memory. With this you can be sure of never forgetting the time!"

You must know that watches were invented by the Fairy Punctuality in her youth, but none are for sale now like those which were made at the beginning. Fanny's watch had the magic power of warning its wearer of the hour appointed, and of giving her no rest until she had set about doing what she had agreed to do. What a fine



THE GOOD GODMOTHER WAS ASLEEP

gift such a watch would be to all tardy ladies!

Prince Pandolph was a good old man who was passionately fond of music, and who had heard the highest praise of Fanny's voice. He was full of attention to her and very courteous to her father. A great number of guests were gathered at the villa, which was situated in the most beautiful gardens that ever were seen. After dinner the guests went out and wandered about in the winding walks.

"Above all, my friends," the prince reminded them—"above all, do not forget that our concert begins at nine o'clock."

And as Fanny passed before him on her father's arm, he whispered in her ear, "You know that you are to open the concert; do not fail to be on time."

As I have just told you, the garden was wonderful. There were beautiful trees, collected from the four quarters of the globe, broad green lawns, gorgeous flower-beds, and tiny brooks flowing in all directions; and a bright moon made it all more fascinating.

Fanny and her father joined a group that had stopped by a little lake. Surrounded by dark fir trees, it looked like an ebony cup full of silver. It was so beautiful that everyone stood silent as they gazed at it.

Suddenly a sound was heard: Tick, tick, tick, tick!

"It is nine o'clock," said Miss Tardy, and quickly rising she took her way to the villa, followed by all the guests.

"What a good little watch my godmother has given me!" she exclaimed in delight to her father.

Fanny had a lovely voice—flexible, full, and rich in tone, it went straight to the soul. On this evening she enjoyed a real triumph. Prince Pandolph was delighted and in such a fine mood that her father persuaded him on the spot to sign the contract he had been so anxious about.

It was late at night when they returned home. "To-morrow morning," said her father, who did not know how to express his gratitude, "I will take you to Mr. Jacob's (this was the fashionable jeweler of the city) and clasp myself on your arm the antique cameo bracelet that you asked me for the other day. At what time shall we go? Will ten o'clock be too soon?"

"Oh no, let us go at nine. I have been dying to have that bracelet ever since I saw it. How it will spite the doctor's daughter, who is so proud of her bracelet!"

"Nine o'clock, then. And what will you do till the rest of the morning?"

"I will tell Jenny to send for the dressmaker to come at ten precisely; I must have some new dresses, too."

"Get whatever you like, my dear little nightingale. The feathers must correspond with the song. If it suits you, we will have lunch at eleven; I have a crowd of people to see in order to get my work going."

"Eleven o'clock, dear father. But don't forget to return in time to take me to the baron's ball in the evening; he was so anxious that we should be there."

"Don't be alarmed. On no account would I keep such a jewel of a child waiting."

The next morning, at nine, Fanny was still half asleep.

Tick, tick, tick, tick!

"Ah, I know it. It's time to go for the bracelet. A little patience; only five minutes more."

Tick, tick, tick, tick!

"All right, you noisy little thing, I will obey. To tell the truth, I am in a hurry to see the bracelet on my arm."

She rose and dressed quickly, and before half-past nine entered the shop of Mr. Jacobs, leaning on the arm of her father, who was even more amiable than the evening before. He was thinking of his triumph in the matter of the contract.

The bracelet was soon bought, but the jeweler, who knew his business, opened as if by chance some more boxes. There were wonderful necklaces in them; sapphires, set in silver; strings of

pearls and large rubies, and a chain of diamonds that a princess would have envied. Fanny's eyes lighted up and she entered into an excited conversation with Mr. Jacobs. Soon the hand of the great clock in the shop reached ten.

Tick, tick, tick, tick!

"Thank you for your advice, my dear," whispered Fanny to her watch, "but the dressmaker can wait. I'd rather look at these wonderful jewels."

Tick, tick, tick, tick!

She took off her watch and handed it to her father. "Please put it in your pocket, it's too annoying." Her father took the watch and, seeing a friend passing in the street, went to the door to speak to him.

Ting, ting, ting, ting!

The watch raised its voice, forced as it was to make itself heard at a greater distance. The people in the shop, even the people in the street, turned to see where the noise came from, and Fanny knew that she must at once go home to meet the dressmaker.

No sooner, however, had the dressmaker displayed her goods and patterns than all Miss Fanny's ill-humor vanished. A dress of blue silk, trimmed with lace, was the first agreed upon; then a cloak of garnet velvet, embroidered with gold; then a morning dress of India muslin so fine it might have been passed through a finger ring. Fanny was about to look at something else when a look at the clock warned her that lunch time was approaching.

"This provoking watch will disturb me again," she thought, and, going into the next room, she hid her godmother's gift in the bottom of a wardrobe.

But scarcely had she returned to the dressmaker when: Ding dong—ding dong!

"Oh, Miss Fanny, what noise is that? Someone is trying to burst the wardrobe open."

"It's nothing. Let us go on."

Ding dong, ding dong!

"There is surely someone there. Can a robber have entered the house?"

"It's nothing, I tell you. Unroll this satin."

Ding dong, ding dong!

The watch sounded louder and louder, and the dressmaker, half dead with fright, was unable to pay the least attention to what was said. Fanny was forced to send her away, and to go to the dining room, where her father, in haste to attend to his business, was impatiently pacing the floor.

"It's very good of you, dear Fanny, to be so punctual. My time is precious to-day."

Tenderly kissing her, he led her to her place, where the sight of a good luncheon soon made her forget her last vexation.

Just then a servant entered to say that old Valentine wished to know whether he could speak to Miss Fanny. This was an unfortunate old man to whom she had been kind. She had heard of him one day when she happened to be in a good mood, and had undertaken to look after him without really knowing what she could do for him. From time to time he came to the house, and never went away empty-handed. This time he came at an unlucky moment, for Fanny's father had no time to lose, and did not wish the luncheon interrupted.

"Tell him to come back at two o'clock," said Fanny, resolving in her heart to be generous, in view of the good fortune of the night before.

Unhappily, on going to her room, she found a new book which the bookseller had just sent her. It was a most interesting story about a young woman near Fanny's own age. The plot grew more and more exciting, but, on looking at her watch, she saw that it was a quarter before two.

She rang instantly for Jenny, her maid. "That tiresome Valentine will soon be here with his endless stories. Tell him that I am not at home." Then, remembering the watch, "Here, take this watch," she said, "and put it in the cellar, so that I may be rid of it."

Jenny went off with the watch and Fanny went on eagerly reading her story.

The clock was about to strike two when old Valentine appeared the second time. The poor man had had nothing to eat for two days, and his heart swelled with disappointment and grief when he was told that Fanny was not at home. He wiped away a tear, bowed humbly, and was about to leave, when everyone in the house was startled.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

Sounds like rapid pistol shots came from the cellar. The neighbors began to scream, thinking that the people in Fanny's house were shooting each other.

Jenny ran to her mistress. "Do you hear that, Miss Fanny?"



"OH, MISS FANNY, WHAT NOISE IS THAT?"

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"Yes, I hear it. That watch is up to its tricks again! A fine gift my godmother has made me!"

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"Yes, yes, I'm coming!"

Fanny hastened off to poor old Valentine, and no sooner did she see him with his eyes full of tears and his cheeks hollow with hunger, than she was touched with compassion, for she was really very kind-hearted. She smiled at him, ordered some food for him, listened to him, comforted him, and sent him away with money in his purse.

Light-hearted, she returned to her room. "Bring me the watch," she said to Jenny. "And help me to dress, for I must get ready for the ball."

The preparations lasted a long time, as you may believe. At last all was finished, and she was about to set out, when a lumbering carriage rattled over the pavement and stopped at the door. An old woman alighted, asking in loud tones for her child, her dear little Fanny. It was Fanny's old nurse, who had been called unexpectedly to the city. Such an opportunity was not likely to occur again in her life, for she lived many, many miles away. When she learned that Fanny was going to a ball, she began to cry and bewail her luck.

Fanny clasped her tenderly in her arms, for she was fond of her. Seeing that nothing could calm her grief, she promised her solemnly to remain only a little while at the ball, and to return early in the evening; and that moment she fully intended to do so, for the old woman's disappointment pained her. On this promise the nurse became calm. Soon she was seated on the sofa, with a nice dinner before her; the coach-



BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!



FANNY ENJOYED THE DANCING

man cracked his whip, and Fanny was whisked away to the ball with her father.

It was the last ball of the season and the doctor's daughter was to be there. Very likely she would wear her beautiful bracelet, which Fanny had envied and admired before she got her own. She decided to stay as long as possible, returning home precisely at midnight. Then a terrible thought struck her. She had made a solemn promise; what if the watch disapproved of her breaking it? What a scandal it would make at the ball, where all the important people of the court and town were expected! A word to the coachman, and the carriage stopped. Fanny gently unfastened the watch from her belt and threw it over the wall, into a ditch.

"I'm rid of it at last," she sighed in relief.

Her entrance to the ballroom made a sensation. Her dress was beautiful and she wore a rich gold and amethyst ornament in her hair. It was heavy, but she did not feel it. The doctor's daughter saw the cameo bracelet on Fanny's lovely arm, and turned pale with anger.

Fanny enjoyed the dancing, though at times she heard strange rumblings that smothered the music of the band and made her lose step. Perhaps they were the last moans of the friend she had thrown

away! But she soon forgot them in the excitement of the ball. Midnight found her waltzing with the finest dancer in the room, a handsome young colonel with a waxed mustache and a big scar on his cheek, which he had brought back from the war.

Boom, boom, boom, boom!

The band stopped short. Peals of thunder succeeded each other continuously, and the whole town was aroused. Women began to cry that the end of the world had come. Unhappy Fanny instantly knew what was the matter, and in her fright, lost her presence of mind. Instead of quietly returning home, which would have put an end to the uproar, she rushed into the street, wild with terror, and ran at full speed toward the noise. The streets were deserted, but the windows of the houses were filled with terror-struck people in all possible costumes, timidly looking out into the darkness to try to discover what had happened, while the horrible boom, boom still continued.

The young girl, running alone and in a ball gown, was a strange sight, and everybody thought she must be crazy. She fell among a company of firemen, who were running to see if something was not on fire. The joker of the company held his light up to her face and exclaimed, laughing, "It is Miss Tardy; she has lost the time and is running to find it."

Finally she reached the gate, terribly out of breath. Once inside the wall, she ran to the ditch in search of the watch. She didn't have to look long, for the thunder claps guided her exactly. Just as she seized the terrible watch, and in her rage was about to dash it against the stone wall, she felt a hand on her arm. She turned and saw her godmother.

"What are you trying to do, my child?" asked the fairy gently. "You will never succeed."

She took the watch and hung it around the neck of her goddaughter, who trembled with shame and repentance.

"Neither anger nor trickery can prevail against my gifts," said the fairy Punctuality. "The only thing to do is to obey. You will always find it your wisest course."

In an instant Fanny found herself transported to her own room, grasping the hands of her old nurse, who appeared a hundred times more charming to her than the handsome young colonel.

I need not say that this was her last attempt to rebel against the protector which she wore in her belt, and which more than once brought her great happiness by forcing her to sacrifice her fancies to her duties.

If there are any little children who have like-



"IT IS MISS TARDY; SHE HAS LOST THE TIME AND IS RUNNING TO FIND IT"

wise received from their godmothers little watches that go tick, tick when they forget their duty, I advise them always to remember the story of

Miss Tardy. The more we try to hide our faults from ourselves, the more they go bang, bang, boom, boom!

BIBI, BABA, AND BOBO

BIBI was a little MISCHIEF.

BABA was a little GLUTTON.

BOBO was a little SLUGGARD.

They went one day to walk in a wood near their house, and, in spite of their parents' orders, did not stop at a certain place, beyond which they had been forbidden ever to go. I must add that they were three very disobedient little girls, but it is only just to say that this was Bibi's fault.

On reaching the place, Bobo already felt tired, and would have been glad to stop. Baba, on her side, remembered that luncheon would be ready in half an hour, and did not care about going any farther. But Bibi, who was always above such trifles, laughed so much at the other two that they dared not resist her. One was ashamed of her laziness, and the other of her gluttony, and both followed Bibi, although against their wills. If they had thought of nothing but their parents' wish that they should not go beyond this spot, they would not have been afraid of being laughed at.

They went on, however. It was a large and beautiful wood, crossed by magnificent roads that stretched as far as the eye could reach. The walk at first was delightful. They gathered flowers, rolled on the soft grass, and listened to the birds. Sometimes a little mouse put the end of his nose out of a hole, and drew it in again as soon as the girls came near.

Everything went on well as long as they remained in the road, which was as straight as an arrow, and in which there was no danger of get-

ting lost. By-and-by they reached a shady foot-path which looked so inviting that Bibi entered it boldly.

"Don't go that way, we shall lose ourselves," cried Bobo.

"Let us go back; it is time that we were home," said Baba.

"I am only going to the first turning," answered Bibi. "Come with me; I must see what is beyond it."

Then, as they turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, the mischievous little girl threw herself on the ground.

"Oh, what a nice place to lie down in, and how thick the strawberries are!" she cried. On hearing this, they ran to her—Baba, the gourmand, to eat strawberries, and Bobo, the sluggard, to lie on the grass at her ease. But the soft spot was



I'M ONLY GOING TO THE FIRST TURNING

full of stones and dead branches, and as for strawberries, there was not one. Bibi burst into a fit of laughter on seeing their disappointed faces. "We shall find them farther on," said she to Baba, and, taking her hand, she dragged her forward as fast as she could, followed at a distance by Bobo, who had a great mind to cry.

After the first turning there came a second, which she insisted on seeing, then a third. Then the footpath parted in two, and a gigantic oak tree, which rose in the bushes on the edge of one of the paths, attracted Miss Bibi's attention. By-and-by, when they wished to retrace their footsteps, none of them knew which way to go.

The poor children were badly frightened. Bibi, however, would not show it. She stamped her foot, pinched her lips, opened her black eyes wide, and, turning with a contemptuous gesture toward her sisters, "Follow me, you little scared chickens," she said, "and I will lead you home."

But it is not enough, in a wood, to be determined to go somewhere; it is necessary, also, to know the way. After walking a long time, trying all the footpaths, and passing and repassing the same places, they were just where they were at the beginning. Bobo at last threw herself on the ground and declared that she could not take another step; then she burst into tears. She was a beautiful child, with a fair complexion, golden curls, and large, blue eyes with a pleading expression which should have melted a heart of stone. But they did not touch the naughty Bibi, who shook her and tried to raise her from the ground. Poor Bobo did not even defend herself, but fell back on the grass after each attempt.

"You are a fine walker!" cried Bibi. "We will leave you here if you have not more courage!"

But Baba came to the aid of her little sister. "Don't be afraid, dear Bobo," said she; "I will not leave you. Rest yourself and then we will set out again." Bending her good-natured, chubby face, she kissed Bobo. "If I only had a little piece of bread," she murmured, "I could wait as long as you like."

Just at that moment Bobo's eyes fell on a beautiful ripe strawberry among the leaves a few steps from her. It was the first she had seen that season. Forgetting her fatigue, she rose and brought it back in triumph to poor, hungry Baba.

"Oh! how good it is!" said the latter, swallowing it. "Thank you, Bobo, you are a good girl."

In the meantime, Bibi, to show her superiority, was walking back and forward in long strides. Baba's joy displeased her. "A fine dinner for a glutton!" she cried. "It will not carry you far."

This was but too true. Poor Baba suddenly felt her appetite redoubled after the delicious,

but single, strawberry, and burst into tears. Then Bobo also began to sob, to keep her company, while Bibi laughed, like the naughty girl that she was.

Just at that moment the queen of the fairies passed by and heard them. She had been chosen queen because she was the best of all the fairies, so good that she was sorry for everyone in trouble, even naughty children. She suddenly appeared to them in the form of an old woman laden with a bundle of sticks.

"Oh, Madam," said Bobo, "poor Baba is so hungry!"

"That is not all," said Baba, "poor Bobo is so tired. We have lost our way in the woods and know not how to get home."

The good fairy looked at them attentively and saw what they had done. "Be comforted," she said, "I will send you some aid."

She broke two little twigs from her bundle and threw them into the thicket, when instantly a great white sheep with a fleece like snow came out bleating, and rubbed his nose on Baba's rosy cheeks; then a beautiful little squirrel leaped from a tree upon Bobo's shoulder.

"And you, my little one," said the old woman, addressing Bibi, "are you in want of anything?"

"No, Mother," answered Bibi, with a haughty air, "I am neither hungry nor tired. They make me laugh with their complaints."

"Ah! you ask for nothing but to laugh," said the good fairy, irritated at the tone of the little girl. "Very well, I have something that will satisfy you."

She instantly vanished, and behold! a little monkey appeared, which gamboled before Bibi, making the drollest faces that could be imagined. Delighted with her gift, Bibi took him in her arms and covered him with kisses, to which he replied by a short, angry growl. She paid no attention to that, however, so amusing and delightful did he seem to her.

All this did not bring the children any nearer home. Baba ran her fingers through the silky wool of her sheep, dreaming of a slice of bread and marmalade, which she saw dancing before her eyes, while Bobo kissed her squirrel's whiskers—she was so tired she hardly knew what she was doing.

The mistress of the sheep, being the most impatient, was the first to speak. "Now," said she, "how are we to get home?"

"Don't trouble yourself," said the sheep; "I know the way."

He began to trot slowly in the right direction, followed by his little mistress, who gave an arm to Bobo, telling her to lean on it.



Bibi attempted first to laugh at them, and took another path, saying that she did not intend to be led by a sheep; but the monkey having escaped from her arms, she was forced to run after him, and as he obstinately persisted in following the band, she at last resigned herself to necessity and walked behind her sisters, sneering at them and calling them all sorts of names.

On the way Baba, who never lost sight of her hunger, complained and cried. "Mr. Sheep," said she, "can't you show me anything good to eat here?"

"I can teach you, my pretty child," answered Colas, for that was his name, "not to be so fond of eating, and to learn to silence your stomach when an accident happens like that of to-day. What would become of me if I did not know how to bear hunger in case of need—of me, who am driven out upon the highway to feed on blades of grass growing among the stones?"

"But at least," said Baba, "you have something to eat."

"Yes, but never to my taste. I do not complain, however, for it can't be helped. Follow

my habit and acquire the habit of courage against necessity. You will sup all the better for not having dined."

Baba was not convinced, but she no longer dared complain before so reasonable an animal. She talked about other things with Colas and soon forgot her desire for a piece of bread and marmalade.

Meantime Bobo had also entered into conversation with her squirrel, whose name was Caspar. She told him how her limbs ached, how her feet were blistered, and how she was sure it would make her ill.

"My dear little mistress," said Caspar, cocking

THE SHEEP TOOK BOBO ON HIS BACK

his tail over his head like a bunch of feathers, "I believe that by ceasing to think of your fatigue you would feel it less. You see how slender I am, and how delicate my limbs are. They are far more tender than yours; yet that does not hinder me from leaping nimbly among the branches, which is much more tiresome than walking quietly on the ground. Come, run with me; it will rest you."

"Oh, no," said Bobo groaning, "I do not think so."

"There are some beautiful nuts up yonder," said the squirrel, "and a great wild-apple tree full of fruit, which will soon be stolen if the little boys come this way."

"Oh! how fortunate," cried Bobo delighted. "My dear Caspar, won't you be so good as to bring me some apples and nuts for poor Baba, who is so hungry?"

Master Caspar did not wait for a second bidding. He made so many nimble journeys to the apple and walnut trees that Baba finally declared herself quite satisfied. Bobo took so much pleasure in seeing her eat that she almost forgot her fatigue, and walked on without paying any attention to it.

Suddenly an idea struck Baba, too. "Mr. Sheep," said she, "will you do me a favor?"

"What shall it be?" said Colas.

"Will you take my dear Bobo on your broad back? I am sure she will be quite safe in your thick wool, and she is so light that she will not tire you much."

The sheep was too good-natured to refuse. He knelt down, and Bobo, clinging to his fleece, soon found herself seated like a little queen on his back, and the good Colas trotted on as if he had no load whatever. Thanks to their mutual kindness, the two sisters were both freed from their suffering. They were no longer afraid of losing themselves, since the good sheep knew the way, and they continued their journey, merrily talking and singing.

Bibi followed them, making faces at the monkey, which kept on pinching and biting her, but with such comical and original antics that she shouted with laughter. At length, however, she



HE WOULD HAVE BEEN WHIPPED COULD SHE HAVE CAUGHT HIM

began to grow tired of a play that was amusing only on one side, and gradually approached the singers. The beautiful nuts and yellow apples which she had seen Baba and Bobo eating reminded her that she had eaten nothing for a long time, and she began to feel that she herself would not be sorry to have something to nibble at.

"Where is your squirrel?" she asked Bobo. "Can't he bring me some fruit, too?"

Bobo whispered a word in Caspar's ear, and the little animal climbed like lightning into a great walnut tree that had sprung up like magic in the midst of the wood. He returned with a large nut, from which he carefully stripped the green husk, then cracked it with his long front teeth, and gracefully offered it with his right front paw to Bibi. Just as she was stretching out her hand to take it, the mischievous monkey sprang forward and seized it. Then, standing on his hind legs, he ate the nut before her face, rolling his eyes and twisting his mouth as if he wished to defy her. A second nut shared the same fate, and the little girl, having succeeded in seizing the third, the monkey snatched it from her hand before she had tasted it.

She was forced to give up all thought of something to eat; but, as she felt very tired, she asked permission to at least seat herself on the sheep's back. Colas willingly knelt down for Bibi to change places with Bobo, but just as she had taken her seat, the mischievous monkey sprang on the gentle sheep and pulled his ears and tail so hard that he began to leap and rear madly. Miss Bibi fell her whole length on the ground, in the briars, and scratched her face and hands so badly that she did not ask to mount again, but dragged her weary feet along behind the others, feeling more like crying than laughing.

Happily, they soon reached the end of the wood. Colas took a footpath, and, at the moment when they least expected it, the little girls suddenly saw their home before them. Baba and Bobo rushed forward with cries of joy, while Colas and Caspar gambled around them, to show that they shared their happiness.

The little monkey remained seated at the edge of the wood, gazing at Bibi, who hobbled along, too tired to follow the example of the others. Missing him from her side, she turned around to call him, and saw him scratching his head with a careless air. Furious, she ran to him. "Are you laughing at me again?" she cried. "You naughty little animal, you are good for nothing but mischief! Take care or I shall punish you, at last!"

He would have been whipped soundly could she have caught him; but he sprang aside, and suddenly turned into a beautiful woman magnificently

dressed, with a wand in her hand. It was the queen of the fairies herself, who had assumed this disguise in order to show the little mischief all the deformity of her ugly fault.

"Now," said the fairy, "I hope you understand how much you put yourself beneath others by laughing at them. Your sisters have their faults, which they will do well to reform, but they have good hearts, and goodness makes amends for everything. You, who thought yourself far wiser than they, return last, hungry and tired out. Whenever you feel like amusing yourself at the expense of others, remember the little monkey that you saw just now, and as you hated him, think how they will hate you."

The child was humbled and felt ashamed. "They are going home each with a beautiful gift," she sobbed, "and I have nothing."

"No, my child," resumed the good fairy, "I will make you a present worth a thousand times more than theirs."

And, taking Bibi in her arms, she clasped her to her heart, overflowing with goodness. The little girl felt her own cold heart instantly melt, like an icicle placed before the fire. She returned



THE FAIRY TOOK BIBI IN HER ARMS

home with a good heart, and from that day henceforth she helped the weak, instead of teasing and laughing at them. And in after years, when she herself was a mother, she would say to her children, "Every one has his fault, but never forget, my dears, that that of teasing others is, perhaps, the worst of all."

THE HOME FAIRY

THERE was once a rich man who awakened one fine morning and found himself poor. He had long held a high rank in the world, mixing only with lords and princes, but his riches gone, he was forced to retire to a lonely little village with his daughter, Blanche, a beautiful young lady who had been accustomed from her childhood to live in idleness, and who was very unhappy in her new home.

This was a tiny cabin, with smoky walls, low windows with dingy little panes, and a fireplace covered with soot. The ceiling was roughly coated with thick plaster, peeling off here and there, and there were spider webs clinging to it. The floor was nothing but rough earth, trodden hard, and full of stones. A country road, full of yellow, sticky mud and puddles of water, ran in front of the door, and around the cabin lay a piece of waste ground choked up with weeds and thistles.

You can judge whether such a home would please people who had always lived in a splendid castle, with a crowd of servants ready to answer their call. Here their only servant was an old woman, called Betty, partly deaf, and blind of one eye, who did their cooking after her own fashion, and pretended to keep in order the poor

place. Like almost all the country people, she had her own cottage and piece of ground, and thought that she was doing them a great favor in consenting to take charge of their household.

Poor Blanche, as I have said, found herself very unhappy. She would have given a good deal to have had her piano, but it was not to be thought of. With a piece of needlework, begun in better days, she sat by the side of her father during the long hours, striving to cheer the old man—a hard task. His life was a continual complaint. The bad cooking sickened him—the bread was badly baked and full of coarse bran; the meat was dry and burnt. The windows let in the wind and shut out the light. The chimney smoked and did not heat. The house was dirty and disorderly. And never was there so slovenly and lazy a woman as Betty!

To all these complaints, the old woman, who had always been mistress at home, gave sharp answers, and it was not easy to have the last word with her. Blanche sometimes tried to put a stop to her bitter grumbling, but without success. All she gained from it was a scowl from her father and an impudent speech from the old woman.

One morning the old man woke in worse humor



SPIDER WEBS HUNG FROM THE CEILING

than usual. The covering had fallen off his bed during the night and he slept badly; his head was heavy and his eyes swollen, and he was furious with Betty.

"Betty," he snarled, "how many times have I told you to tuck in the clothes better, and to turn back the coverlet at the head of the bed?"

"Dear Father," said Blanche, who saw a storm rising, "the bed seemed to me very well made."

"No, it was not well made! If you had any consideration for your father you wouldn't take that old hag's part!"

"What!" said the old woman, her hands on her hips, "do you think I have waited for you to teach me how to make a bed?"

It was a little hard, you may imagine, to hear such language, after all your life having been treated with the greatest respect. While the poor old man, purple with anger, stood vainly trying to answer, Blanche rose suddenly and taking Betty by the arm, pointed toward the corner that served as kitchen.

"Enough of this. Go get your breakfast."

Betty hobbled away to her fire, muttering between her teeth: "If they are not satisfied, let her do it herself! Fine airs for Jack and his daughter!"

Now, neither the father nor daughter had told anyone in the village their names, which made the villagers angry. In big cities no one pays any attention to a new neighbor, but in villages it is quite different. There was surely some mystery about a gentleman coming suddenly in

this way from the city, with a daughter who kept her lofty airs in spite of her plain clothes. Why wouldn't they tell who they really were? The countryman does not like to be ignored. The village joker at last thought of something to put them all in good humor.

There was in the village a donkey that carried the butter and eggs to market and which was called Jack. The villagers determined that, since they knew of no other name for the strangers, they would call them Jack and his daughter. It was certainly unkind to insult those in misfortune; but the villagers were ignorant and did not pride themselves on good manners.

Little harm would have been done had this joke gone no farther. Unhappily, it reached the ears of Blanche, who suffered cruelly, less for herself than for her father. Fortunately, her father did not hear Betty, or he would have demanded an explanation.

That morning the breakfast was worse than ever. The old man rose from the table with a gloomy face, and his daughter seated herself timidly by his side, her needlework in hand. Alas! she had just discovered that she had no more worsted, neither had she money to buy it. She tried to talk with her father, but soon saw that he was tired of her company.

She rose, and full of sorrow, left the house without speaking, entering a little footpath that ran along by the road. She saw that she and her father were growing farther apart each day—her father, formerly so tender and good! Her father, who used to hold her in his lap when she was little, running his fingers through her curls and covering her with kisses. And they had been such close companions after her mother had left them. Now, unhappy as he was, he was unwilling for her even to try to comfort him. This, above all, cut her to the heart.

Turning these things over in her mind, she reached the fountain, and, seating herself on the step, burst into tears. She sobbed a long time without being disturbed, for everybody was in the fields at that hour. Finally she wiped her eyes, and was about to rise, when a woman, whom she had not noticed, set her foot on the step where she was sitting.

She was a lady of noble bearing, beautiful as a queen, and the owner of the castle to be seen a little way from the village. She had a whole army of servants, but work and exercise were to her a necessity, and she came herself to draw water in a little bucket hooped with silver, which she carried proudly on her shoulder. You should have seen her in harvest time going to the fields

with her maids, her golden sickle in her hand. The roughest villagers respectfully stepped aside to let her pass, and never did a duchess presented at court excite a murmur of admiration like that which greeted the beautiful lady of the castle when she returned at evening, mounted on the great wagon laden with corn, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed, holding in her arms some chubby child crowned with poppies. Everything succeeded with her. The truth was that she was a fairy, only she said nothing about it.

When she saw poor Blanche wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, she felt great pity for her. Setting her bucket down on the edge of the fountain, she said, "What is the matter, my dear child, that you weep in this manner?"

"Alas! Madam, I weep because I am daily losing my father's love."

"Are you not the daughter of the man who has lately settled here?"

"Yes, Madam," and Blanche blushed, for she thought of Jack and did not doubt the story was known everywhere.

"Your father is very unhappy, then?"

"Oh, wretchedly unhappy! This also grieves me, for I would gladly give my life for him."

The beautiful lady smiled quietly. "You need not do so much as that," said she. "Only promise to make use of the gift which I am about to bestow on you: **WHATEVER YOU TOUCH WITH YOUR OWN HANDS SHALL REJOICE YOUR FATHER'S HEART.** Go, weep no more. You were his daughter; you shall be his mother and he will love you with a love you have never yet known."

She filled her tiny bucket with water, and putting it on her shoulder, walked away, leaving Blanche filled with a new courage and eagerness to make use of the wonderful magic power.

On her way home a chubby, rosy-cheeked boy who was paddling in the mud stuck out his tongue at Blanche, crying, "Oh! there goes Jack's daughter!" He even threw a stone at her, which splashed her as it fell. His father, who was leaning against his door, smoking a black pipe, laughed. But Blanche was too light-hearted to be angry. She cast on the child a look of gentle reproach, which shamed him. He ran to his father, who was ashamed in his turn. He took his pipe from his mouth, and, bowing awkwardly, said, "Don't mind him, Miss; he means nothing."

Meantime, her father had become sorry for his injustice to her. He picked up her needlework and was gazing at it absently, his mind lost in memories of the past, when Blanche entered. Without a word they fell into each other's arms. At that moment they forgot everything—old



BLANCHE MEETS THE FAIRY

Betty, the uncomfortable bed, and the miseries of the wretched cabin.

The young girl gave her father a mischievous smile. "This window is very dirty, let us see if I can clean it."

"Don't think of it, my dear child," he cried. "Leave it to Betty."

"I can do better than Betty, Father. You shall see!"

As she spoke she sprang lightly on a chair, and in an instant the wet cloth was at work. She passed it over the dingy panes with a firm, quick hand, rubbing and polishing them as if she were a professional window-cleaner. When she had finished they shone like diamonds, and were newly framed, with pretty bronze fastenings that defied the winds. Blue damask curtains, which had hung themselves up of their own accord, fell in graceful folds either side of the windows, and a ray of sunshine, sent by the fairy, suddenly illumined all this splendor to make it still more dazzling. The old man gave a cry of surprise and admiration, and his daughter felt prouder than a queen on seeing his joy.

The first attempt had been too successful for her to stop there, and, according to the fairy's promise, wherever her hands went they wrought marvels. She swept the floor, upon which the rough stones turned to squares of marble of different color, joined together in a beautiful mosaic.

Next came the ceiling. No sooner was it touched by the broom than the black beams became polished oak; the rough plaster changed into brilliant stucco, and the spider's webs to charming landscapes. A wonderful paper, with satin figures and a blue satin border, soon covered the walls; the mantelpiece turned to Italian marble, and rosewood and velvet easy chairs, sofas, and lounges took the place of the worn-out furniture.

Tired out, at last, Blanche threw herself on a velvet sofa. Her father took her head in his trembling hands and kissed her forehead.

At this moment old Betty appeared to prepare the dinner. In her astonishment she threw up her hands, opened her eyes and mouth, and stood still, unable to utter a word. "Oh!" she cried at length, "where did all these fine things come from, my dear, good young lady?"

"I found them by doing your work, Betty, and I mean to continue. Let me cook the dinner; you may come back and wash the dishes."

Blanche set to work to rummage the cupboard, and, after a full quarter of an hour, she had found everything with which to start the dinner. Then, after more than once burning her fingers, she lighted the fire. Finally, she laid the cloth on a beautiful mahogany table, which had taken the place of the old rickety pine stand. The old man was at a loss to recognize the linen, cut-

glass, silver and fine china which covered it in place of the old dishes. His eyes rested with special pleasure on the slices of beautiful bread, white as snow, with a crisp golden crust, which took the place of the black bread which he hated. I do not exactly remember what appeared for dinner—whether roast beef or a chicken stuffed with oysters—but whatever it was, it was fit for a king.

Blanche and her father were still praising it when old Betty returned. She cleared the table with a respectful air, and, without joining in the conversation according to her usual custom, began to wash the dishes. Suddenly Blanche ran to her with a cry of horror. The unfortunate old woman was undoing all her work. In her hands, which had not been gifted by the fairy, the fine china had again become coarse earthenware, the spoons and forks were nothing but battered iron, and what was left of the delicious bread was changed to soggy chunks.

"Thanks for your trouble, Betty. To-morrow morning I will send you to the village to do the errands; the rest I will take care of myself."

She sighed faintly on plunging her beautiful white hands into the dishwater, but she did not shrink; all the comfort which she had gotten for her father was worth such a sacrifice. Having repaired the evil by touching anew every piece of her beautiful dinner service, she said to her father, "Now I am going to make your bed, that I may be sure you will sleep well."

Half an hour later the old man was sound



THE DINNER WAS FIT FOR A KING

asleep on a downy bed, covered with soft blankets and fragrant linen. In the morning, on opening his eyes, he saw his daughter brushing his old clothes. By the time he was ready to put them on they had become quite new.

I need not recite to you all the happiness in that house. Blanche went about singing, and her father felt himself young again. Quite early the fairy appeared at the door and made a sign to Blanche, who hastened to join her. Together they went behind the house, where, pointing to the waste land, the fairy said, "Now it is time to think of what is out of doors. The country is ready and willing to blossom like a rose, but you must help it."

"What can I do?" asked Blanche. "I have never touched the earth."

"You must touch it, my child. It is the only way of making its acquaintance."

She gave her a little spade and a bag filled with packets of seeds, on which she blew three times; then she disappeared.

This was also a busy day; but, at sunset all was finished, and the good girl called her father, who started with surprise at the sight of a miraculous garden, such as no gardener could have made. Everything had been grown by enchantment. The trees were covered with leaves and fruit, and the birds had even built their nests in them. There were apples, pears, peaches and plums, and a grape vine covered the house with its green leaves and ripe clusters.

They wandered along the walks, bordered with luscious strawberries, and Blanche picked for her amazed father a bouquet of lovely flowers. She finally led him to a turf bank, from which they saw the setting sun, which sunk behind the distant mountains into a fiery sea. A lark sung above them, and in the distance they heard a shepherd's horn calling the sheep.

"Thank you, my dear child," said the old man, clasping his daughter's hands, already a little freckled. He could say no more, but their eyes met and they smiled.

The next morning came new work and new triumph, somewhat dearly bought, it is true. The fairy again appeared, and, offering the young workwoman a pair of stout shoes and a little scraper, like those used by street-sweepers, she pointed to the horrible road in front of the house and disappeared.

This time Blanche hesitated at the task. She saw, in her thoughts, the fine friends who had formally fluttered around her, disdainfully passing in single file, and it seemed to her that it would be in the paper the next morning. But what was

she to do? The fairy was gone, and she could not risk displeasing her by disobedience after so many favors. At last she put on the stout shoes, and, carefully shutting the door that her father might not see her, she bravely attacked the mud with her scraper.

Instantly, as if at the sound of a bell, the men and women came from all the houses, each with a shovel or a broom, and began with all their might to clean the road. At the end of an hour there was not a spot of mud to be seen as far as the eye could reach, and the road had become smooth as a garden walk, fit promenade for royalty.

Without giving her father time to admire her work, Blanche took him by the arm and led him into the beautiful road. It was the first time he had set his foot out of doors since he had come to the village. The weather was magnificent. The little brook that watered the meadow glittered like a silver ribbon; the birds were singing, and the fragrance of the new-mown hay was in the wind.

"We can be happy here," said her father, "thanks to you, my child!"

They were returning slowly when their neighbor's boy ran to meet them. "Oh, what a dirty child!" cried the old man. "I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs!"

Blanche gently drew the boy to her, passed her handkerchief over his face, ran her fingers through his hair, and, presenting him to her father, said, "You did not look at him well, Father. See, how pretty he is!"

Indeed, she had cleansed him in a twinkling as had never been done before, and nothing more attractive could have been imagined than the little fellow now, with his rosy cheeks and laughing mouth. God has made friendship easy between old age and little children, because He wishes them to keep each other company. The old man leaned forward smiling, opened his arms, and the child ran into them. His father, who as usual was standing before his door, laughed insolently.

"How can such a brute have such a beautiful child?" murmured the old nobleman.

"Let me introduce him to you, Father," said Blanche. And walking straight to the countryman, who stared at her in amazement, she took him by the hand and said graciously:

"Come, I want you to meet my father."

Instantly the brute of the moment before was transformed into a polite and sensible man, with eyes that beamed with intelligence. The enchanted hand had changed him from head to foot.

They talked for a long time, the countryman listening with interest to what was told him of the city, and in turn telling them many things that were new to them. The child had fallen asleep on the old-man's lap. Their neighbor picked him up and left them with friendly wishes.

You will think, perhaps, that miracles enough had been wrought, and that the fairy ought to have been satisfied with what she had done for her pupil. But it did not appear to her sufficient. She appeared again, this time with a great market basket, and put it into Blanche's hand.

"This is my last gift," she said, "and it will not disgrace the others. Go and make your own purchases, and silver will become gold in your hands."

She obeyed. Every morning she was seen setting out for market with her great basket on her arm, and, as silver became gold in her hands, the household in future lacked nothing. The merchants always put aside for her the best in their shops, for they liked not only her gold but her pleasant manners. Everybody respected and admired her, and the inventor of the jest about Jack and his daughter knew not where to hide his head.

One day, as Blanche was returning home with the basket, the king's son happened to pass that way. He remembered having formerly danced with her at the court balls; but he had not heard of her father's troubles, for many events take place about royalty that they never hear of. Surprised at meeting Blanche in such a place, he made inquiries about her of the villagers, who could not find enough to say in praise of her. They told him how she had saved her father from the horrors of poverty and how marvels had sprung up at her touch. He went away very thoughtful and dreamed all night of a small white hand that wrought miracles.

Winter came, and the old nobleman seemed in poor health. The cold was severe, and as his clothes were thin, Blanche was obliged to go to town to buy him warmer ones.

It was a long journey and she would gladly

have sent someone in her place, for she disliked to leave her father alone a whole day when he was ill. But her hand alone had the privilege of changing silver into gold, and when one is poor he is often obliged to do things the very idea of which are choking to the rich.

Early one morning, therefore, she set out, after urging their neighbor's wife to take good care of her father and showing her where to find everything that he might need. She walked fast all day through the streets of the city, buying all that she could think of to make him comfortable.

It was night before she returned, worn out with her journey; but without stopping to put down the great bundle that she carried, she ran to her father, stretched on the bed. The neighbor's wife was standing by him, trying to make him swallow some medicine left by the doctor, who had just gone. He seemed not to see Blanche and fixed his haggard eyes on the wall. Dropping her bundle, she took the spoon from the neighbor and put it to his lips. He knew her and swallowed the medicine with a smile. She smoothed his pillow, and very soon he was asleep, his hand in hers.

The next morning, when she returned from market, on the threshold of her home she found the queen awaiting her with her maids of honor. "I have heard of you," said Her Majesty, kissing her on the lips. "You are a good daughter, and I have come to take you and your father to live with me at court."

And so, in the queen's carriage, her father made comfortable with cushions, they set out for the palace, followed by the villagers, who loaded Blanche with praise and blessings.

Afterward Blanche married the king's son, and went to a palace of her own, in the midst of a great park and lovely gardens. But, in spite of all this luxury, she sometimes grew very thoughtful. When her maids sought to know the reason, she always replied:

"I was thinking of the time when I was Jack's daughter. I shall never be so happy again!"

And the maids looked at each other, wondering.





THERE was once a little boy by the name of Leon who was always at the head of his class. He gained all the prizes—the grammar prize, the history prize, the geography prize—and went home on examination day with a great pile of books and so many prizes that you could hardly see him. The people on the streets turned to look as he passed, and the next day his nurse talked with great pride about her young master, who was already a great scholar. All this puffed up the heart of the little boy, and gave him a great opinion of himself.

A little girl by the name of Rose, who lived in the neighborhood, often came to play with him. She did not learn as easily as he, but she was gentle and loving to everybody, and obedient to her parents. Every night before going to sleep she prayed to God with all her heart to make her wise and good. The great scholar soon began to look down on her. One day he took it into his head that an ignorant little girl like her must be very much beneath him, and that it would be well to find out what she knew before continuing to honor her with his company; and, the dear child having come to show him a beautiful picture-book which her godmother had given her, he received her with a cold and haughty air which was quite new to poor Rose.

"I shall be glad to look at the pictures," said he, "but first I want to know whether you can change a vulgar fraction to a decimal?"

Rose burst out laughing. "Oh, I haven't been so far as that," she said. "I am just going to begin division."

"You needn't laugh; I am in earnest. At least you can tell me the difference between a relative leading proposition and an absolute leading proposition?"

"We were told the other day in class, but I have forgotten."

"Very well. It is probably of no use to ask you in what year Rome was founded."

"What a ridiculous question! You know very well that I have only begun the history of Egypt."

"Worse and worse. I am almost sure that you

can not tell me the names of the States in the Mississippi Valley."

She remained mute; her geographical knowledge did not yet extend so far.

"Oh, dear," said she, at length, "what is the matter with you today? You are not in school; leave all these things alone and come and see my picture-book; it is full of nice stories."

"Dear Rose," answered Leon, with a condescending air, "in the first place, I don't care for stories any longer. In the next, you must own that I know a great deal more than you do. It is not proper that we should be seen any more together."

Poor little Rose could find no other answer than a fit of crying, for she loved Leon dearly, and it



POOR LITTLE ROSE CRIED

seemed very hard to lose him on account of the Mississippi Valley, the relative proposition, and a few vulgar fractions! As she was looking at him with an imploring eye, unable to make up her mind to go without him, her godmother suddenly entered.

This was a very respectable old lady of great merit, though but little known. This will not surprise you when I tell you that her name was the fairy Modesty. She was not very partial to those affairs from which children returned home laden with prizes and conceit. Nevertheless, she said nothing, for though modesty is a fine thing

in itself, it is not a strong weapon in the battle of life. She, therefore, let them keep their prizes, knowing well that modesty would some day come of itself to those who were truly great scholars.

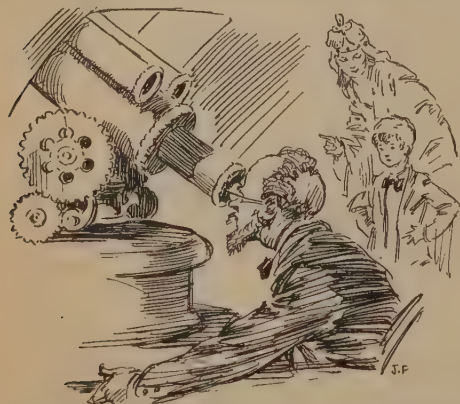
She loved her goddaughter, however, and came to punish the proud boy who was the cause of her tears.

"So you know nothing, my dear little Rose," said she, "well, can you tell me what we must do to lead a good life?"

"Oh, godmother, that is not hard. We must obey God and be kind, like Him, to everyone."

"That is knowing something; but I can understand that it is not enough to make you a fit companion for a learned boy like Leon. Come with me, sir," she added, turning to Leon, "you know too much to associate with little girls. What suits you now is the society of scholars and authors."

She took him by the hand and he suddenly found himself transported to one of the rooms of a great observatory, where a man of imposing appearance was seated before a long table covered with papers. The papers were covered with figures. He had taken the measurement of the globe—a work far more difficult than turning a



A MAN OF IMPOSING APPEARANCE WAS SEATED BEFORE A LONG TABLE

vulgar fraction into a decimal. He had followed the march of the light, which travels thousands of miles in a second, and had calculated how many years it would take us to reach the nearest star. With pen in hand, he weighed the sun and moon as in a balance, and by calculation found the route of the heavenly bodies, that is the stars and planets, through the boundless space which surrounds us.

The fairy Modesty bowed to him. He smiled in a friendly manner, and greeted her like an old acquaintance.

"Good morning, Master," said she, "here is a scholar who desires to have some conversation with you."

The great man knew of no more lively pleasure than imparting his knowledge to all those who desired it. He gave his hand to the little boy and smiled at him through his spectacles.

"I congratulate you," said he. "A scholar at your age! It is wonderful! Will you help me to find a comet that we have been expecting for the last month? I am just trying to discover what can have stopped it on the way. We will look for it together."

To look for comets was rather beyond Leon, for all his wisdom; he had gone no further than the Rule of Interest. He blushed and declined the proposal.

"Well, we will talk of optics, acoustics, or hydrostatics, as you please."

The poor humbled child knew not where to hide his head.

"You know logarithms, at least."

He replied, trying to restrain his tears, that he did not understand these stupid things, but that he could change a vulgar fraction into a decimal.

The learned man looked at the fairy with an air of surprise, and was about to ask her what kind of a scholar she had brought him; but she did not leave him time to speak.

"Master," said she, "I know a little girl who says that to lead a good life we must obey God, and be kind, like Him, to everyone. Do you know any more about it than she does?"

"God forbid that I should think so! The dear child has said all there is to say on the subject."

"Let us go," said the fairy to her companion.

They instantly entered a large house inhabited by a great historian. Nothing was to be seen anywhere, from the cellar to the attic, but books ranged in order on shelves nailed to the wall in all possible places. There were some so large that a man could hardly lift them. There were others so small that they could be carried in the vest pocket. There were samples of every kind of cover made since the invention of bookbinding—yellow, red, black, white, and all colors—of parchment, calf, carved wood, embossed leather, and gilt morocco, with silver clasps.

There were some of those old books of the time of the Romans, written on strips of bark, with each end wound on wooden rollers, which the reader turned in opposite directions as he advanced. Those who could read these books could boast of being learned.

The fairy and Leon went first into a large room devoted to the history of the Egyptians, Phenicians, Babylonians, and Persians; and to



THE HISTORIAN SMILED GENTLY

read all the books there, their owner had been obliged to learn Hebrew, Arabic, ancient and modern Persian, and many more languages the names of which I have forgotten. He knew, of course, how to decipher the hieroglyphics on the Egyptian obelisks; but all this did not satisfy him; he could not forgive himself for not having learned Chinese. Next came the room of Greek History, and naturally the historian understood Greek; then the room of Roman History, and I need not tell you that he understood Latin—not only the Latin learned at colleges, but the old Latin of the earliest days of Rome. They saw, besides, a long row of other rooms, devoted each to the history of a nation, and on the next floor above there were as many more; but they went no farther. The historian was in the Roman History room, absorbed in a huge German book which anyone else might have found very tiresome, but which must have been very interesting to him, since he did not notice they were in the room until they were close to him.

Overcome at the sight of so many books poor Leon had begged the fairy not to introduce him as a scholar—him who had read nothing but the little school history book.

When the great historian raised his head and saw the fairy Modesty, he eagerly threw down his book and stretched out his hand as if to an old friend.

"Welcome!" he exclaimed; "I know only too well how much I need you."

"Master," said she, "here is a little boy who is not yet a scholar, but he knows nevertheless in what year Rome was founded."

The historian smiled gently. "Are you quite sure of the year, my little friend?"

"Oh, yes, very sure. I recited the whole page yesterday without making a single mistake."

"Well, you are more learned than I, for I am not wholly sure of it. There are some men even who, by closest study, have come to the conclusion that Romulus never existed; but I think they go too far."

Leon looked amazed. The historian stretched his hand toward the mountain of books that rose from the floor to the ceiling. "If you knew only one-quarter of the errors and falsehoods which are there, dear child," said he, "you would be less astonished at what I say. Those who know nothing are the only ones who have no doubts."

"Master," said the fairy, "I know a little girl who say that to lead a good life we must obey God, and be kind, like Him, to everyone. Do you doubt what she says?"

"No! No, indeed! No one can doubt the dear child's words."

The young scholar began to find himself in an awkward position. "I see, my dear child," said the fairy, "that these men are too much for you. I will take you to the greatest writer of the age; she will terrify you less, and you can talk about grammar with her."

The greatest writer of the age was a woman. This will, perhaps, appear impossible, but it was true. She received the fairy Modesty with great cordiality in a room that looked like any other parlor, and the little boy felt quite at ease at seeing himself in the presence of a simply dressed lady, who had nothing remarkable about her but

her large and brilliant black eyes. His first two visits, however, had made him timid, and he dared not speak first.

"Madam," said the fairy, "here is a child who knows grammar thoroughly. He would be glad to talk to you about the rules of our language."

The lady, who was very fond of children, laughed. "I shall not appear to good advantage in such a conversation," she answered. "I write what comes to my mind and do not trouble myself much about rules. Yet, if it will give you pleasure, my little friend, I have no objection. Of what would you like to talk?"

"I can explain the difference between an absolute leading proposition and a relative leading proposition," said he.

She burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "When I was a child," said she, "we did not trouble ourselves about all these rhetorical rules. I do not know exactly how to define them and I can very well dispense with knowing."

The fairy interfered to put an end to the embarrassment of the child, who knew not which way to look. "I know a little girl, Madam," said she, "who says that to lead a good life we must obey God, and be kind, like Him, to everyone. Do you think that we can dispense with what she says we ought to do?"

"Unfortunately, there are too many who do so but, in one way or another, they are always punished for it. The dear child! I would give her a good hearty kiss if she were here. What she says is necessary for all mankind."

"Do not be discouraged," said the fairy to the young scholar, "we will yet find someone to impress. We must go through all your accomplishments."

He suddenly felt himself swept away by a whirlwind. When he recovered his senses he was in a large hall, of a magnificent architecture, with strange maps hung on the walls on all sides. He recognized the general outline of the continents, but he did not find a single one of the geographical divisions to which his eye was accustomed.

"Where are we?" he asked the fairy.

"In the middle of Africa, my dear, at present the most civilized country on the globe. This is one of the schoolrooms. Don't be astonished; I have carried you two thousand years in advance of the time in which you were living a little while ago."

At the same instant the doors opened and the scholars entered, the boys on one side, the girls on the other. They were dark and fair, rosy and pale, large and small, quiet and noisy, just as in the schoolroom of to-day.

Then came the schoolmaster. He was a very tall man and he wore two decorations on his breast; for the office of schoolmaster was one of the most honorable in the country, and the most eminent men applied in crowds whenever a post was vacant.

The scholars commenced to recite, and Leon, who had not expected to understand a word, was quite surprised to hear his own language. This did not help him much, it is true. All the names were changed, and great cities, celebrated rivers, and flourishing nations of which he had never heard were mentioned.

The fairy, who saw his anxiety, hastened to speak. "Master," said she, "do you not teach the names of the States in the Valley of the Mississippi?"

The teacher, who was a man of merit, made a low bow to the fairy Modesty, as is the custom with men of merit in all ages.

"I believe I have seen them mentioned in a very ancient geography. I haven't taken the trouble to learn the names."

Leon could hardly believe his ears.

"And you, my child," said the fairy to a little girl who was paying close attention to the lesson, "can you tell me what we must do to lead a good life?"

"We must obey God," she answered, "and be kind, like Him, to everyone."

She had scarcely done speaking when Leon found himself again in his room with the fairy, in the presence of Rose, who still looked at him with an imploring glance.

"Do you not think now," said the fairy, "that her knowledge is worth as much as yours? You have been able yourself to measure the value of what you know, and those men before whom you were as nothing have bowed respectfully before Rose's knowledge. No one knows more than she on this subject, no one doubts it, no one can dispense with it, and it will not have changed one iota two thousand years from now."

"Then there is no need of taking so much trouble at school," returned Leon, somewhat ill-naturedly, "since this is all the value to be set on what I learn there."

"Ah!" said the fairy, laughing. "I was sure that you would come to that conclusion. No, my child, you must not reason in this way. These men, whose learning awes you, knew no more than you when they were of your age. I only wished to show you that you were wrong in being so proud of your poor little knowledge and, above all, in setting it above the knowledge of goodness of heart—the only kind that is certain,

that cannot be dispensed with, and that will never change. Now, kiss my goddaughter, and go and see her pictures."

Leon kissed little Rose, who tenderly put her arms about him. He went to look at the pictures and was delighted with them. He read the stories

and they taught him many things that he did not know. And afterward, when his nurse called him a great scholar in his hearing, he said to himself that there was but one kind of learning, the same for great and small—to obey God, and to be kind, like Him, to everyone.



MADAM POLLITO

MADAM POLLITO, a Bantam pullet, by hard work once saved a hundred pieces of silver money. The king, who was always in need of money, had no sooner heard of it than he sent to borrow them, and Madam Pollito was very proud to lend them to him. But there came a very bad season when she would have been very glad to have them back. She wrote letter after letter to the king and his clerks, but no one replied, so at last she decided to go in search of her money herself, and set out for the king's palace.

On the way she met a fox.

"Where are you going, Madam Pollito?" he asked.

"I am going to see the king who owes me a hundred pieces of silver."

"Take me with you."

"It will not be the least trouble. Jump down my throat and I will carry you."

Of course, you will say that it is impossible for a fox to jump down the throat of a hen! But Madam Pollito was an unusual hen, she knew a little bit about magic.

The fox jumped down her throat as he was bid, and on she went, delighted at having done him a favor.

A little further on she met a wolf.

"Where are you going, Madam Pollito?" said he.

"I am going to see the king who owes me much money."

"Take me with you."

"With pleasure. Jump down my throat and I will carry you."

The wolf jumped down her throat, and off she went once more. He was a little heavy, but the thought that he wished to make the journey gave her courage.

As she drew near the palace she met a river. "Where are you going, Madam Pollito?" asked the river.

"I am going to see the king who owes me a hundred pieces of silver."

"Take me with you."

"I have a heavy load already; but if you can find room down my throat, I will carry you."

The river made itself very small and right away glided down her throat.



THE FOX ATE UP ALL THE CRUEL HENS

By this time the poor little hen could scarcely walk, but she managed to reach the door of the palace. Rap, rap, rap went the knocker. The porter put his head out of the window to see who was there.

"Whom do you want to see, Madam?" he asked.

"I want to see the king who owes me a hundred pieces of silver."

The porter took pity on the poor hen. "Go away, my pretty pullet," said he. "The king doesn't like to be disturbed, and those who trouble him have to suffer for it."

"Open the door," said she. "I must speak to the king. He is well acquainted with me; he has something that belongs to me."

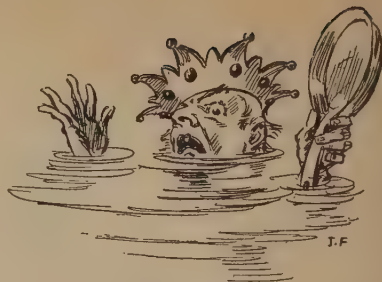
The king was told that Madam Pollito wished to speak to him. He was at the table eating with his guests. He burst out laughing, for he remembered about the money.

"Bring in my dear friend," said he, "and put her in the poultry yard."

The door opened and the king's dear friend entered quietly, sure that she was about to receive her money. But instead of taking her up the great staircase, the servant led her to a little courtyard, raised a latch, and behold! Madam Pollito found herself shut up in the poultry yard.

The rooster, who was busy with a lettuce leaf, looked down on her without saying a word; but the hens began to peck her and chase her in all directions. Hens are always cruel to strangers.

Madam Pollito, who was very peaceful and orderly, was not used to quarreling, and the sight of all these enemies terrified her. She crouched in a corner and cried with all her might: "Fox, fox, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost hen!"



THE RIVER DROWNED THE KING AND ALL HIS GUESTS

And behold! the fox jumped out of her throat and ate up all the cruel hens.

The servant who carried corn to the poultry yard found nothing but feathers on her arrival. In tears, she ran to tell the king. The king turned red with anger.

"Shut up this crazy Madam Pollito in the sheep pen," he said, and to comfort himself, he ordered more coffee.

Once in the sheep pen, Madam Pollito saw herself in greater danger than in the poultry yard. The sheep threatened to trample the poor pullet underfoot. She had just succeeded in taking shelter behind a post, when a great ram threw himself down there and nearly smothered her in his wool.

"Wolf, wolf, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost hen!" she cried.

And behold! the wolf jumped out of her throat and killed all the sheep in the twinkling of an eye.

The king's anger knew no bounds when he learned what had happened. He ordered a great fire to be kindled and sent to the kitchen for a roasting pan. "The wretch!" he cried; "I will roast her, and eat her, to teach her better than to kill everything in my palace!"

Poor trembling Madam Pollito was brought before the fire, and the king already held her in one hand and the pan in the other, when she murmured: "River, river, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost hen!"

And behold! the river ran out of her throat, put out the fire, and drowned the king and all his guests.

Madam Pollito, left mistress of the palace, looked in vain for her money. It had all been spent and no trace of it remained. But, as there was no one upon the throne, she sat upon it herself, and the people welcomed her with shouts of rejoicing. They were delighted to have a queen that knew how to save money.



MADAME POLLITO WAS WELCOMED AS QUEEN

Friquet and Friquette

FRIQUET loved his little sister dearly, but he knew no greater pleasure than that of teasing her. Friquette also loved her brother dearly, but she never let slip an opportunity of playing a trick on him. This was the cause of continual pouting, tears, fits of anger and, I am ashamed to say, of blows and scratches, which are always wicked, but much worse between brother and sister. The naughty children did not understand how much pain they were giving their mother, who was so anxious to see them constantly happy and good humored.

I must tell you the true cause of all these disputes. Master Friquet was proud of being a boy, and fancied that a little girl had no right to oppose him. Friquette had heard it said that boys should always give way to girls, and being a girl, wished to take advantage of this privilege. This caused the brother and sister, who really loved each other at heart, to live like cat and dog.

Friquet was a sturdy boy, with big fists, and all the strength was on his side. Friquette was a little girl, but all the shrewdness and wit were on her side, and I will not try to tell you all the naughty tricks they played on each other.

One spring morning, when they were in the garden with their mother, the thought struck Friquette to ask for a bit of ground that she might make a garden of her own, and this being instantly given her, Friquet insisted on having one, too, not because he really had a great desire for it, but in order not to have less than his sister. Indeed, one of the chief causes of their trouble was this wicked jealousy.

Scarcely had the gardens been partitioned off than Friquet ran to the gardener's shed, where some light tools were kept for the use of his grandfather, who amused himself from time to time by working in the flower-beds. A little spade, a little hoe, a little rake, even to a pointed little dibble with which the grandfather used to put the tulip bulbs into the earth—he took them all, and would not allow poor Friquette to come near them. It was in vain for her to beg, he turned a deaf ear to her, and when she succeeded in seizing one of the tools when his back was turned, he snatched it rudely from her.

Their mother, who had been sent for to see a visitor, had left the garden, and the little girl was

compelled to drag alone a great spade almost as big as herself. It was so heavy that she could scarcely turn the earth with it. Meanwhile, Friquet soon spaded, raked, and prepared a beautiful bed, and was ready to plant the seeds.

"I will go for the seeds," said Friquette, running toward the house, and leaving him greatly astonished at such kindness.

Now Friquette had one day heard her father say that seeds exposed to intense heat soon lose the power of taking root and do not produce flowers or vegetables any more than if they were pebbles. She ran to the drawer where the seeds were kept and soon returned to the garden with several packages neatly tied up and labeled. She



FRIQUET AND FRIQUETTE WERE QUARRELING
IN THE GARDEN

gave them to Friquet, but did not tell him that she had left them for five minutes in the kitchen oven beside the meat which was roasting for dinner. They were even a little scorched, but he did not notice it.

"Thank you," said Friquet. Then, in return for her politeness, "Don't you want me to plant some in your garden?"

"Oh, no, it's not ready yet; besides, I've had

enough gardening for to-day." And Friquette returned to the house to laugh at Friquet, who was planting his seeds in rows. She had a beautiful doll, and as it was not worth playing a trick without being able to tell it to someone, she took the doll in her arms and carried it to an upper chamber where the linen was kept. She stood it against one of the great wardrobes, and seating herself on a little stool before it, began to tell the story of the garden.

Meanwhile, Friquet had buried every one of his precious seeds in the ground, and there was nothing more to do but wait for flowers. But he soon became lonely and went to look for his sister; he felt like playing a game. Sometimes they played horse and he always held the whip. Sometimes they played robber and he was the policeman, and

when they undertook hide-and-seek, he insisted on being the one to hide, which made Friquette cross. Now, when she heard him calling Friquette! Friquette! all over the house, she did not answer, but went on talking softly to her doll. After prowling about, Friquet finally discovered her and, because she did not want to play with him, he snatched her doll and ran around the room with it, triumphantly waving it over his head. In a rage, Friquette chased him, screaming and scratching at him with her little sharp nails. Suddenly, Friquet sprang on a chair and like a monkey climbed to the top of the wardrobe, where he stood yelling with victory and rubbing the poor doll's head against the ceiling.

Friquette was beside herself. In the twinkling of an eye she overturned the chair, and Friquet was left a prisoner on his high perch. Seeing him at her mercy she delighted in taunting him with the story of the seeds. "They'll never grow!" she cried.

Friquet was furious, but what was he to do? His enemy only laughed at him and skipped out of the room. He began a terrible hubbub, howling with all his might, and kicking the sides of the wardrobe until the whole house shook. His mother, frightened, ran to him, followed by an old lady visitor who thought something dreadful must have happened. They both burst out laughing when they saw the bird on his perch, and by means of a stepladder, helped him to the floor. Then his mother began to feel sorry for him, suspecting one of his sister's tricks. "What were you doing up there, my poor Friquet?" she asked, but he refused to speak and only ground his teeth.

"I see we must bring Miss Friquette," said the old lady, who was none other than the celebrated fairy Blanchette, so called because her hair had grown white at a very early age, a sign of great wisdom. She was able to make naughty children good, and saw at a glance the cause of all troubles; no child could resist her sparkling eyes. It must also be confessed that she loved them with all her heart, which gave her great power over them, for the naughtiest child allows himself to be subdued by a firm will when he feels there is love behind it. And then, Blanchette was a fairy which explains everything.

She went after Friquette and soon returned, holding the little girl by the hand. Friquette made up a face at her brother.

"What have you been doing?" asked the fairy in a harsh voice.

"He took my doll and spoiled it!"

"No," cried Friquet, "she roasted my seeds in the oven, then gave them to me to plant, when she knew nothing would grow!"



FRIQUET WAS LEFT A PRISONER ON HIS HIGH PERCH

"You took all the tools yourself, and rubbed the skin off my hand when I tried to get the spade!"

The two children glared at each other, clenching their fists, and looking like two cocks ready to fight.

Like a flash the fairy took the little boy and held him in the air as high as she could. Then she raised the little girl in the same manner, after which she placed them both in their mother's lap.

"Farewell, good lady," she said, kissing the mother's forehead, "be of good cheer; you will see me again in a year from this time." As she left the room, she turned toward the children and said, "Above all things, I forbid you to tell a word of it to any one."

Tell what? You would never guess!

Friquet looked at himself. He had on a little dress trimmed with ribbons, and the golden curls were floating over his shoulders!

Friquette had on a blouse and a pair of trousers! Putting her hand to her head she found close-cropped hair and a cap.

Friquet had become the little girl, and Friquette the little boy.

They stared at themselves in the tall mirror at the end of the room, then threw themselves weeping into each other's arms. Their poor mother was astonished and dismayed, but knew that nothing could be done, for the fairy's charm was beginning to work. After thinking it over, she concluded she might enjoy the change, after all!

In the meantime their father came home to dinner. He was a great mathematician and was consulted on difficult questions for a hundred miles around. He was a big man, with a deep voice and very bright eyes, and would have been thought ill-tempered if he had not had a heart of gold.

He had been home only a moment when he noticed the children's sullen faces and swollen eyes.

"Well," he said, throwing himself angrily in a chair, "what's the matter now?"

"Friquet has been naughty," said the boy.

"No, no, Friquette has been bad," said the girl.

They had forgotten that their clothes had been changed.

Their father, who, of course, didn't know of the change, thought they were excusing each other and was speechless for a moment with amazement. When he could speak he said: "You are good children, at last, to confess that you have been into mischief! Come, tell me the whole story, my darlings!" And he lifted them on his knees.

What were they to do? They were forbidden



THE FAIRY HELD THE BOY HIGH UP IN
THE AIR

to tell of the change, and who would have believed it, anyway? Friquet, who thought quicker since he had become a girl, was the first to decide. He told how the boy had been rough in the garden and how he had mistreated the doll in the linen room.

Then came Friquette's turn. She told the story of the seeds, in her gentlest voice, her eyes cast down, but glancing sideways now and then to see if her father were angry. To her great surprise, she saw him smiling with delight. When she told him about baking the seeds, he laughed.

"What, you little monkey, do you know that?" stroking the silky long hair that now covered the head of Master Friquet. "How did you find that out?" He turned to his wife. "Do you hear, my dear? Here is a child six years old learning vegetable secrets all alone by herself."

"I know nothing about vegetable secrets," said his wife. "But I do know that several packets of seeds have been wasted."

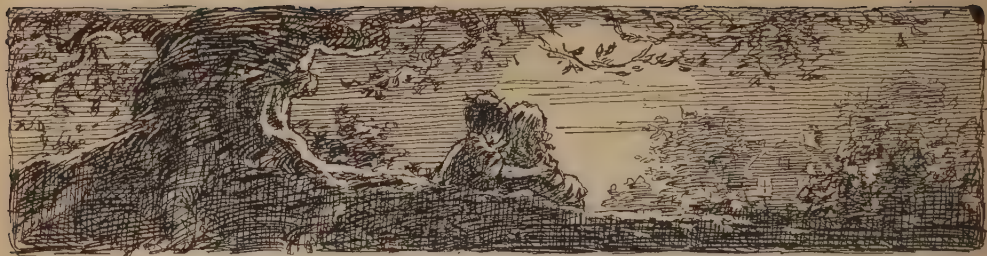
"No matter, we will buy some more. Now, little doctor in petticoats, since you know so much, tell me how many degrees of heat were needed to make the seeds bake."

This Friquet did not know. He had gained all the wit of his sister, but what was stored in her memory she had kept to herself. He did like children that I have seen in school—looked very wise and moved his lips, but said nothing.

Then Friquette, in her boy clothes, said quickly: "It needed two hundred and twelve degrees!"

"They both know!" cried the father. "You are two darling children; let me kiss you!"

Friquet and Friquette soon grew used to their



reversed positions on seeing everything go so well. The next morning, when their parents went into the garden, they were overjoyed at the sight of their boy busily digging up Friquette's piece of ground, and their little girl carefully planting seeds in Friquet's flower bed. Before long their kindness to each other became a habit. The boy used his strength for his sister, and the girl her wit for her brother, without thinking of themselves, each one being happy in service for the other. In the end, they no longer remembered which was Friquet and which was Friquette, and when the fairy Blanchette came at the end of the year to set things right again, according to her promise, neither seemed to care, for they had but one heart between them.

You may imagine what a welcome the good fairy received in this household from which she had driven disputes, ill-nature and tears, and how warmly she was greeted by the parents, whose

lives had been made so happy by such good children. They told her how, one day when they took the little ones to the menagerie, the boy had taken his sister in his arms and held her up to get a better view and how the girl had told her brother the names of all the queer animals.

"What did you do to the children, when you raised them from the ground, a year ago?" asked the mother.

"I taught them, my dear friend, to live each other's lives, and to place their happiness and pride outside and above themselves. I destroyed selfishness in them by making them understand that it is to our interest to be kind to others. What I did is not difficult; everyone can do the same."

"Ah," said the father, who thought of other things beside mathematics, "why can't some good fairy like you be found to lift some grown folks from the ground!"

GOLDIELOCKS

THERE was once a good little boy who liked to see everybody happy. He had large blue eyes, fair, rosy skin, and such wonderful golden hair that he was known throughout the whole country by the name of Little Goldielocks. He often mourned because he was too weak and too small to be of any use in the world, and if he felt in haste to be a man, it was only that he might have the power of doing good. There are not many little children of this sort, it is true. Goldielocks is a proof, however, that there are some.

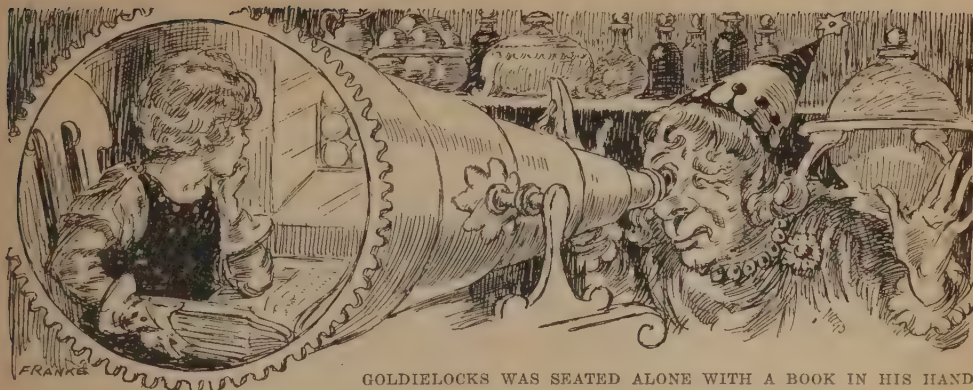
At that time there lived a great magician, an intimate friend of the good fairies, who corresponded with him from the four quarters of the globe. This correspondence was very easy. Each of them had an enchanted box with a little hole in the top. They wrote what they had to say on a bit of paper and slipped it into the hole, when lo! the paper went straight to its address alone by itself, without any further trouble. You can understand how convenient this was, and how

easy it was for the magician to know all that was going on in the world.

In this way he found out what was troubling Goldielocks, and he was so deeply affected by it that he instantly felt himself growing powerful.

"Ah!" cried he, "this child thinks himself too weak, yet he made me stronger than I was before. I must give him some aid." And opening his telescope, with which he could see a thousand miles, he looked toward the house where the little boy lived. It was quite a nice one, but only one of many in a long street. The street itself was only one street in a large city; and the city was not the most important one in the country, and the country itself, although a big one, was only a speck on the globe. I leave you to imagine what a small place the little boy lived in.

Goldielocks at that moment was seated alone in the nursery, with a book in his hand that did not seem to amuse him much, watching his sisters, who were merrily picking strawberries in the



GOLDIELOCKS WAS SEATED ALONE WITH A BOOK IN HIS HAND

garden for their mother. It was the day for making cakes and cookies and pies, and the whole house was in commotion about such an important event. It must be confessed that Goldielocks was a little lazy, as the magician saw at once, from the way he held his book—upside down, most often. The little boy could not keep his feet still a single moment; and had been delighted one day to hear someone say that little birds and little children should be permitted to hop and skip about as much as they pleased, because God made them for it. He had no scruples, therefore, in leaving the tiresome lesson book every few minutes to go and play with two beautiful canary birds, whose cage, suspended from the wall, was one of the chief ornaments of the room; or else to pay a visit to his garden, a great pot of earth in which he and his sisters had planted some orange seeds the winter before, and which now held orange trees three inches high, a thousand times more tenderly cared for than any king's orange trees.

"I will make this little fellow the most important personage on earth," said the great magician. "Every time that he wins a victory over himself, all mankind shall do the same."

Then, turning his telescope in a different direction, he looked to see what was taking place in a gigantic palace, where a great meeting of statesmen was solemnly discussing what the color of the queen's dress should be on her coronation day.

Goldielocks held in his little hands, therefore, without knowing it, the destinies of the whole human race. He learned his lesson no better on that account. Seeing that his orange trees were a little dry, he had just finished gently sprinkling a glass of water over them, when a darling little fairy, who had undertaken to make a man of him, entered the room without knocking.

"Well!" said she, somewhat vexed, "is this the way you learn your lesson?"

"Oh! I could not leave our trees in this condition; they were dying of thirst. And besides, I have been studying my lesson a long time."

"Well, recite it, then."

He did not know a word of it.

"My little Goldielocks, you make me very sad," said the fairy, as she left the room, wiping away a tear.

The child began to reflect, and ashamed of his conduct, he sat down again to his book and studied it courageously without paying the least attention to anything else. His feet were still for a little while in spite of the example set by the canaries, who were not made to study! In a quarter of an hour the lesson was well learned, and Goldielocks, enchanted with himself, ran in search of the good fairy to recite it to her.

Meantime, a great change had taken place on the globe. All the little truants who were playing in the streets left their marbles and mud pies and ran to school as fast as their legs could carry them. The ignorant became ashamed of their lack of knowledge, and the booksellers, suddenly overrun by the crowds that filled their shops, knew not where to find books enough to satisfy so many demands at once. Those who knew nothing were seized with an impulse to learn something; those who knew something felt the need of learning more; there was a general revolution in minds—the happiest that had been seen since the beginning of the century—and Goldielocks alone had done all this by learning his lesson well.

He was rewarded by a warm kiss on each cheek, and, the time of luncheon having come, he was invited to take part in a splendid feast, composed of a beautiful pyramid of slices of bread spread



GOLDIELOCKS DIVIDED WITH HIS BROTHER
AND—

with strawberries. A lady who took a great interest in the children had sent them a pot of cream. Nothing gives such an appetite as hard work. Goldielocks stretched his hand with pleasure toward a fine slice of bread from the part of the loaf that he liked best, the crusty end. Happy and proud of having learned his lesson well, he chattered as he ate, and carefully laid aside the finest of his strawberries to eat last with his cream. His little brother, whose appetite knew no bounds, had devoured the whole of his luncheon before Goldielocks was half through his. The little fellow looked with a wistful eye at his brother's large strawberries and saucer of cream,



WHEN GOLDIELOCKS AND HIS SISTER CEASED
TO QUARREL—

and determined to have them. As he was 'as willful as he could be, a scene of cries and tears would have followed had not Goldielocks, who loved his brother, divided with the hungry child, though he would gladly have eaten the whole. His mother was greatly delighted, and gave Goldielocks a smile that amply repaid him for his sacrifice.

But he had a far greater reward, for lo! at the same instant, all over the globe, men suddenly began to reflect how many of their fellow-beings might be starving, and each one set out with provisions in search of the hungry. Nothing was seen in the streets but trays filled with bread, great platters of meat, sacks of potatoes, and baskets of fruit, on the way to the houses of the poor. Everyone who was fortunate enough to find a family in want, loaded it with plenty, and his neighbors envied him his happiness. The suffering poor could not believe their eyes, and—a thing that had never been seen before—no one on that day went supperless to bed.

What a triumph for Goldielocks! But he knew nothing of it. For a full quarter of an hour he was wholly absorbed in a great question. The little fellow was very pretty—at least he had often been told so by his nurse, who worshipped him and who had no greater happiness than that of dressing him in his fine clothes. After luncheon, a walk in the large garden, where all the rich children were in the habit of meeting, was talked of, and everyone ran to get ready. Now Goldielocks had a black velvet coat, in which he thought himself dazzling. His nurse was of the same opinion, and, though the velvet coat had been designed for holidays, she never lost an opportunity to take it from the drawer. His mother then scolded, but the mischief was done, and the child strutted about like a peacock. This time, again, the nurse brought out the coat, which was joyfully received. He already had one arm in the sleeve when his elder sister entered. "Oh! Goldielocks," she exclaimed, "you mustn't wear that coat. Your cloth jacket is good enough to play in the dirt."

"My cloth jacket has holes in the elbows. I look like a beggar in it."

"Come, be good; you know that Mother will be displeased."

The little boy said no more; the idea of displeasing his mother made him forget all his vanity. He took off the coat, and quietly put on the cloth jacket, in which he amused himself like a king.

He had scarcely obeyed his sister when vanity instantly took flight from the earth. Great ladies in damask robes began politely to return the salute

of the humblest citizens. The noblemen of the court found themselves saying good-morning to the peasants whom they met returning from market. Men tried to remember the reasons which they had for despising each other, but were unable to find them. You can form no idea of the universal relief. Even the little boys that had stood first at school were rid of the foolish vanity which had rendered them so ridiculous.

What was Goldielocks doing all this time?

On his return from his walk a great dispute had arisen between him and one of his sisters, only a year older than himself, whom, nevertheless, he loved with all his heart. Alice, for that was her name, had a fault common to all little girls—she was something of a tease. Her brother having said before her several times that he intended to be a physician, she called him nothing but doctor, and during the whole walk she had taunted him with this hateful name.

"I am tired of being a doctor," said poor Goldielock at last. "I mean to be a bishop."

This was much worse, and the name of My Lord the Bishop began to be showered upon him.

"When are we to ask My Lord the Bishop for his blessing?" said she at last, bowing before him in mock humility.

"You shall have it directly," cried Goldielocks, furious; and, seizing a ruler that lay close at hand, he began to make most threatening gestures toward the provoking Alice.

Alice, whose hands were as nimble as her tongue, quickly found another ruler, and the two champions began skirmishing with all their skill, taking care, however, to strike not each other, but the piece of wood in the other's hand. An unlucky blow having fallen at last on Alice's fingers, she uttered a cry of pain which made Goldielocks forget his anger. He dropped the ruler, and, throwing his arms round his sister's neck:

"Forgive me," he cried, with tears in his eyes, "I will never do so again, and you may call me bishop as much as you like."

Their father, who was the best father in the world, had hastened toward them at the noise of the quarrel, and was preparing to scold, when what was his joy to see the brother and sister tenderly embracing each other. He clasped them to his heart, and thought himself a happy man in having such good children.

Great wars were raging at that moment upon the earth, and men were striving which should invent the most frightful engines of destruction. Some had constructed iron towers, moving faster than a horse could gallop, from which men, shel-

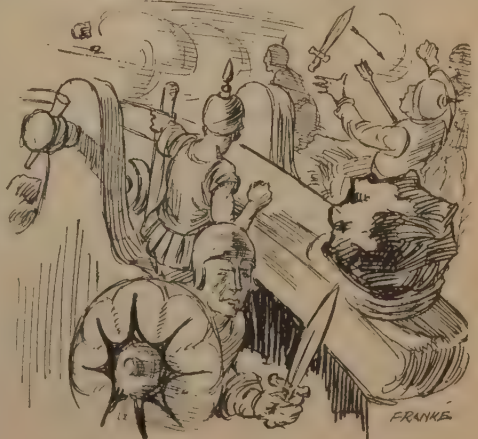


—INSTANTLY ALL OVER THE WORLD PEOPLE
BEGAN TO GIVE TO OTHERS

tered from danger, could kill without fear all whom they met.

Others had invented engines which could hurl huge rocks two leagues, and kill soldiers by thousands like flies. Each new invention called forth bursts of applause from the combatants, and there soon would have been no one left alive but the inventors of machines for killing had not Goldielocks' ruler encountered Alice's fingers.

The child had no sooner laid down his arms than all this war-like ardor ceased as if by enchantment. Men instantly perceived that it was very foolish to kill each other to know which was right. It was agreed to refer the disputes to the lookers-on; and there was universal embracing all



—WARS STOPPED ALL OVER THE EARTH

along the lines, from the generals to the children of the common soldiers, who had been in the habit of fighting whenever they met on their way from school.

Good little Goldielocks went to bed that night content with his day, after receiving a thousand caresses from his family, and fell asleep, asking himself when he would be as large and strong as a man. At the same moment the earth, delivered by him from ignorance, want, vanity, and war, abandoned itself to joy, and great bonfires were kindled on the mountains, which blazed so brightly that they could have been seen from the moon.

THE MAGIC AXE AND THE WHITE CAT

AN HONEST wood-cutter once lived, with his wife and two children, Paul and Georgette, in a little cottage which he had built for himself in the midst of the forest. His wife was a good-natured woman, who kept everything about her so neat that the cottage seemed fit for a rich man's dwelling. Georgette was just beginning to be able to help her mother. She washed the dishes, prepared the salad like a grown woman, and knew how to break the eggs nicely for an omelet. Paul went to the forest with his father, amusing himself by gathering strawberries and making bouquets for his mother and sister while the wood-cutter was chopping the trees with his heavy axe. When the trees fell to the ground Paul chopped off the smaller branches with his hatchet and tied them up neatly in bundles. They all lived happily and contented and there was not a family in the whole country that went to bed at night with a better conscience, thanking God for all His blessings.

Unhappily, at the close of a sultry summer, the whole country was swept by a terrible fever, and finally Paul's mother fell ill. The next day, as she was lying helpless on the bed, her husband returned from work an hour earlier than usual, leaning, pale and trembling on Paul's shoulder. The brave little boy had picked up the axe that fell from his father's trembling hand, and carried it across his other shoulder, although the weight of it almost crushed him. Three days later the neighbors came to lay the poor wood-cutter in the cemetery. When the poor woman saw him carried away, and felt alone with her children, she was frightened.

"What will become of you, poor lambs," she cried, "now that you have lost your father and I am so ill?"

"Don't be afraid, Mother," said Paul, wiping

The great magician is no longer at hand, my dear children, to give such importance to the victories which you win over yourselves. Something remains of it, however; even today, believe me, children are stronger than men in doing good. While your parents are sometimes obliged to make the greatest sacrifices to prevent you from being unhappy, you, on your side, can render them happy by the smallest sacrifices. If the world is not changed in a single moment thereby, as in the time of Goldielocks, be sure that these petty sacrifices are never lost to it. Every drop of water that falls finds its way to the ocean.

away the tears. "I am a man now, and I know how to tie up bundles of kindlings; I will take care of you both."

"And I," said Georgette, standing on tiptoe to kiss her mother, "I know how to keep house. Never mind your sickness, dear Mother; I will take care of everything for you."

The sick woman smiled sadly, for she saw very well that the children could not do what they promised; but their courage and good-will filled her heart with a happiness which rested her from her sorrow and pain. Finally, she fell peacefully asleep.

Paul took his hatchet and went out on tiptoe, in haste to begin taking care of his family. He went straight to the tree which his father had started to chop down when the sickness seized him and swung his hatchet with eagerness, but the little thing would not chop the great, knotty trunk. From time to time a tiny splinter flew in the air, but it was not missed. Paul felt discouraged to the bottom of his soul, but he would not give up.

"No matter how long it takes, I shall cut it down at last," he told himself.

Georgette had undertaken the care of the house. It was a great task, for since her mother had kept her bed, everything had been neglected. The furniture was covered with thick dust, and she began by trying to wipe it off. She next thought of the dirty dishes that had piled up all this time in the bottom of the cupboard. Having no hot water, she brought from the brook a bucket of pure cold water, which took off the thickest of the dirt, and she succeeded fairly well. Suddenly the thought struck her that Paul would want some dinner when he came home from the forest at night. This worried the poor little girl, for she had never done any cooking, but on no account

would she have wakened her mother. She rummaged the cupboard and found a piece of meat her father had brought home the day he became ill, and she decided to make a soup of it, as she had seen her mother do. It was easy enough to put the meat into a kettle of water and hang the kettle over the fire; but this done, poor Georgette stood before it with a blank look—she had come to the end of her knowledge.

Just at this moment the fairies were holding council on a great golden cloud, from which they saw everything that was taking place on earth. They saw Paul hacking away with all his might on the tree, and Georgette staring at the soup kettle.

"Shall we leave those dear children in their trouble?" said the old fairy who ruled the others. "They have begun; let us help them to finish."

Instantly two of the youngest fairies glided down from the golden cloud, and poor Paul, whose strength was almost gone, suddenly saw a beautiful little dog standing before him—the smallest he had ever seen in his life. It was black, with long hair finer than silk, and a flame-colored spot on the side of a slender nose which ended in a point. It frisked around him as if it wished to

make friends with him, and raised its delicate forepaws. It also seemed to smile, showing teeth of dazzling whiteness. It reminded Paul of a little dog named Finette, which his father had once owned and with which he had had many a game.

"You are very pretty, Finette," said he with a sigh, "but you must let me work; I have no time to play with you."

"Oh, don't be afraid that I shall interrupt your work," said the dog. "On the contrary, I have come to help you."

"I shall not refuse anyone's help; I am in great need of it just now. See this great tree which I am trying to cut down with my hatchet. It is not so easy as I thought!"

"Well, we shall succeed, or my name is not Finette. But first throw away that useless tool, and look at the foot of the tree."

Paul looked on the ground before throwing away the hatchet, and stood wonder-struck at the sight of a great axe, which appeared heavier than his father's.

"Ah! dear Finette, what do you think I can do with that axe? I can hardly raise it above my head."



PAUL BRAVELY PICKED UP THE AXE, AND, RAISING IT WITH GREAT EFFORT, LET IT FALL ON THE TREE

"Try"; and the little dog sprang toward the hatchet as if she would have snatched it from his hands.

Paul bravely picked up the axe, and, raising it with great effort, let it fall on the tree. At the first stroke it swept away all the jagged notches which the hatchet had left, and struck off a huge chip. The second stroke was even better, and soon it was easy to chop. The great handle continually shrunk in his fingers and the blade grew as keen as a razor. Never had an axe cut so well. Finette frisked around Paul, and every time her paw or tail touched him, he felt stronger, and the chips fell like hail about him. In less than an hour, the tree bent backward with a terrific crash. Paul had just time to spring aside when the giant fell heavily to the ground, crushing the bushes in its fall, and covering a wide space with its branches.

Finette barked, and instantly there appeared a little dwarf, no higher than a boot. He picked up the hatchet and began to chop off the branches. Then a swarm of large ants came from the grass and drew away the branches, which piled themselves up of their own accord into bundles. Wonder-struck, Paul took Finette in his arms and danced a jig.

"If it is as easy as this, I will cut down another," he cried, and again seizing the axe, he cut down another large tree as if it were made of butter.

In the meantime quite as extraordinary things had been taking place in the cottage. Poor Georgette, crouched before the fire and not knowing what better to do, heaped log after log on it, for wood is always plenty in a wood-cutter's cottage. The water was already hissing, which meant that it would soon boil, when a new called Georgette's attention elsewhere. A white head, with green eyes, rubbed against her hand! A great white cat, of wonderful beauty, had just entered without ceremony through the open window, and was stalking about the room as if perfectly at home.



THE LITTLE DWARF BEGAN TO CHOP OFF THE BRANCHES

Georgette stroked him on the forehead, the place where cats like to be stroked. "Ah, poor Imp," she said (Imp was the name of a kitten she had loved dearly), "ah, poor Imp, I am in great trouble."

"I have come to help you out of it," answered the cat, seating himself before her, and brushing his tail from right to left.



HER MOTHER WAS STILL SLEEPING PEACEFULLY

"You help me out?" laughed Georgette. "How would you set about it? I have to make soup for my brother Paul when he comes home from the forest, and cats know nothing about cooking."

"I will show you how to make it, or my name is not Imp. In the first place, let us rake down this fire, which is hot enough to roast an ox. Soup needs to be boiled slowly."

Imp lightly touched the great pile of firebrands with his paw, when they instantly fell down and buried themselves in the burning ashes, and a slow, gentle blaze rose from the coals.

"Let us see now whether you have forgotten anything." He delicately touched the water, which was beginning to boil, with his paw, and licked the drops from the hair with his little red tongue.

"It seems to me that you have not thought of the salt."

Georgette blushed to the roots of her hair. She had indeed forgotten the salt.

When this grave omission had been remedied, the cat cast his eyes around the room. "It is not badly swept," he said, "but it might be cleaner."

In an instant twelve little mice climbed on the furniture, each carrying in her front paw a square piece of flannel about the size of a visiting card. They crept into all the corners, trotted along all the cracks, and rubbed so hard everywhere, that, when they had finished, the whole house seemed as bright as a new pin.

Georgette was delighted. "My dear Imp," she cried, clasping the cat to her heart, "how grateful



THE FAIRY CAT LOOKS AT THE SOUP

I am to you for having shown me so much. I will do the same to-morrow. It will please Mother."

Her mother was still sleeping peacefully. She kissed the white hand that was lying on the coverlet, then ran to the kettle which she had forgotten to watch while the mice were dusting the room. She shrank back in terror. A grayish, dirty-looking scum covered the soup's surface.

"Imp, my dear Imp, come here quickly! Our soup is all dirty!"

Imp approached the kettle and stood on his hind paws.

"Don't be troubled," said he, "on the contrary, it is clean. This must be taken off carefully; it is the impurities of the salt and meat risen to the surface."

And, pointing to a beautiful silver skimmer, with an ebony handle, which had just hung itself of its own accord on a nail at the corner of the fireplace, he showed her how to use it.

When the soup was carefully skimmed, Imp took Georgette to the little garden which her father had planted behind the house, and made her pull up two fine carrots and a turnip, while he dug four potatoes. When these were well cleaned, they put them in the kettle with a bunch

of parsley. Then followed a head of red cabbage, that danced on the top of the boiling water, when it had been quartered and shredded.

"Is that all?" asked Georgette.

"It needs but one thing more," said Imp, and, jumping into her lap, he laid in it a small onion. "Put this in the soup to flavor it; then we will set the table and wait for your brother.

In the meantime night was approaching. King Peter happened that day to be hunting in the forest, which belonged to him, and where he kept every kind of animal known, except the most dangerous, for he would have been sorry to have anything happen to any of his people. He was the best-natured king possible; his only fault was that he was so fond of his crown that he kept it always on his head, even when he was hunting, and that he thought himself a little different than the rest of mankind; but he was so good that no one ever found fault with him for it.

This excellent king was now in great trouble. Having allowed himself to be led away by his great dog, Phanor, in chase of a rabbit, he had lost sight of his servants, and, as kings are not obliged to know the roads, being always guided, he lost his way. With terror he saw the sun sinking rapidly in the west; he was not afraid

to spend the night in the woods, for he was brave, but he liked regular meals, and the time for his dinner was fast approaching without his seeing the way to reach home for it. Good-natured as he was, he stormed like a tempest and scolded Phanor, who plunged headlong into the bushes, caring more about the rabbit than the palace.

The sound of an axe led the wandering king to where Paul was just finishing his fourth tree. Phanor fell at once on Finette, thinking to crush her with one blow of his paw. He was soon punished, for Finette, springing in his face, struck at him so hard with her paws that he fell back howling with pain. Paul, who had run to the aid of his little friend, stopped short when he saw the king among his trees, for it was easy to recognize him by the crown on his head.

"Stop, my boy—not so fast!" cried the king. "That rascally dog is not worth much, but he is mine, and I will not suffer anyone to lay hands on him."

"Do not be angry with me, Your Majesty," answered Paul respectfully. "I did not know that it was your dog, and I was defending mine."

"Well, well, my lad, we'll say no more about it. Where am I?"

"In the Great Thicket, a few steps from Opai Lake."

"That dog of a Phanor! He has led me in just the wrong direction! And what are you doing here, my little man?"

"I am the son of your wood-cutter, who lived by the brook, and I am finishing my father's work."

"How is that? Has he gone away without saying a word about it?"

"He died yesterday, sire." And the child needed all his courage to keep back the large tears from his eyes.

"Poor little boy!" said the good king. His crown preventing him from stooping to the child, he lifted him up and kissed him tenderly on both cheeks.

"Well," he continued, "who did all this work?"

A great quantity of branches were piled by the side of the trunks, and the ground was strewn with chips in all directions.

"I did it, sire, today. It is true that I had some help with the branches."

"You, child? You are laughing at me."

"Oh, sire, it is not strange. I have such a good axe."

King Peter took a fancy to try the wonderful axe with which a child had been able to do so much work in one day, for he liked to display his strength on every occasion. He was as broad-

shouldered and athletic as a porter and had cause to think himself one of the strongest men in the world. Fancying, therefore, that he was about to astonish Paul and chop down the tree at one blow, he seized the axe, which looked like a plaything in the child's hands. But no sooner had he touched it than it grew big and heavy, and as he was not in the habit of handling such tools, the first blow that he struck with all his might glanced off, the axe slipped from his hands, and he came near falling backward on the ground. His crown shook so much that, had he not raised his hands to steady it, it would have rolled on the ground.

No other king would ever have forgiven Paul, but King Peter was not a man to bear ill-feeling to anybody. He was the first to laugh at his misfortune, though for all that he was vexed too.

"Do you call that a good axe?" he said, a little peevishly. "Do me the favor to go to work again, I am curious to see it in your hands."

Paul gayly picked up the axe, which instantly became small again, and with four blows finished the tree, which bent, cracked, and made the whole earth tremble with its fall.

The king could not restrain his admiration. "My boy," he cried, "you can boast of not having your equal. You shall go with me; I will take you to my court."

This proposal took Paul by surprise. He turned to Finette as if to ask her advice. But fairy animals never like to talk to children, except when they are alone with them. The little dog contented herself with wagging her tail against his legs.

"And you," Paul asked the king, "would you not leave your court to come and live with me?"

"That is a bad joke," answered the king, frowning. "In my court I am a great monarch, and at your house I should be nothing but a great wood-chopper."

"And at your court," returned Paul, "I should be nothing but a little wood-chopper, while here I am a little king." As he spoke he sprang on one of the fallen trees and looked triumphantly down on his work.

King Peter understood the joke, and remembered at the same time that it was past his hour for dinner.

"You are a brave little boy; you always have an answer ready for everything," said he good-naturedly. "Take me to your house, and if anything is to be found to eat there, we will sit down to the table together."

Rejoiced at so great an honor, Paul did not wait for a second bidding. He shouldered his

axe and they set out together at a rapid pace, talking like two comrades. And the handsome Phanor, court dog as he was, was not afraid of walking along beside Finette.

Long before they reached the house a delicious smell of soup tickled the nostrils of the good king, whose appetite had been even more sharpened by his walk.

"Oho, my child, you seem to live well at your house. It was not a bad idea to invite myself to dinner!"

Paul had been wondering on the way what he might be able to offer his royal guest. What was his surprise when he entered the house to find the table already set with spotless linen, plates and glasses, which he no longer recognized, so bright had they grown, and a great tureen smoking with the savory soup they had smelled so far off. His mother, sitting up in bed, with her hair combed, had just finished sipping a cup of broth.

The first outbursts of joy passed, Paul threw himself in a chair and began to weep bitterly.

"Why, what is the matter, dear brother?" said Georgette, running to him. "Are you not satisfied with the nice dinner I have prepared for you?"

"Oh, yes, I am delighted; but I am thinking of poor Father, who would have enjoyed it so much with us."

"Come and kiss me, my child," said his mother from her bed. "You and your sister are good children; you make me very happy, and your father surely sees you from where he is."

No one had paid any attention to King Peter, but he was not offended. "I am sorry for you, my good friends," he said gently. Then, looking at the tureen with longing eyes, he said: "Will you permit me to share your dinner?"

The mother was overjoyed when she realized the king was in her house, and Paul, stammering out his apologies, was about to ask for another plate, when he saw it was already on the table. Imp had called for it, and Georgette had obeyed without asking why. There was nothing to do, therefore, but to sit down and eat. While the children related to each other the strange adventures of the day, the good king swallowed three large plates full of the best soup he had ever eaten in his life.

When he had finished, he smacked his lips, a sign that he was more than pleased. "You and your cat, little girl, are the most famous cooks that I have ever met. Come to my palace and I will put you at the head of my kitchen."

To go to the king's palace was a very tempting thing to a little girl. "Can I take my mother and Paul with me?" Georgette asked timidly.

The cat sprang on the bed growling and Finette pressed against Paul's legs.

"And your father, my child," cried her mother sorrowfully, "could you keep memories of him in a busy court?"

"You must excuse us, sir," said Paul with tears in his eyes.

"Well, it shall not be said that I have done nothing for such worthy people. My little boy.



IT WAS THE BEST SOUP THE KING HAD EVER EATEN

you shall superintend all the wood-cutting in my forests; but try to hold back your axe a little. It works so fast that there would be no trees left to cut pretty soon!" The king was filled with a good dinner and felt like a good joke.

Finette wagged her tail and kissed the good man's hand. In return he patted her head. Imp, with one bound, sprang to his shoulder and familiarly rubbed his whiskers against the royal mustache, which made the king laugh till the dishes clattered.

At that instant the door opened, and the king's servants, who had been seeking him everywhere, uttered loud shouts of joy at his sight. They said afterward that a secret power which they could not explain had drawn them toward the cottage. When they heard the king's laugh they knew they had been guided aright. King Peter went

away with them, carrying with him a satisfied stomach, a contented heart, and the blessings of the whole family.

Finette and Imp went to sleep that night coiled up side by side in the chimney corner, their paws about each other. But the next morning they had disappeared. Paul and Georgette, on waking, saw in their place two young ladies of marvelous beauty, each with a key in her hand.

"Here," said they to the children, giving them the keys, "these are for your wedding-day. Continue to work industriously and to make your mother happy, and heaven will watch over you."

Saying this, they ascended again to the beautiful golden cloud, to relate to the other fairies the success of their mission.

The two children rushed to the door and followed them with their eyes as far as they could see. Finally the cloud sailed out of sight. When Paul and Georgette looked again toward the ground they saw, to their astonishment, two beau-

tiful little houses on each side of their mother's cottage. They tried their keys in the green doors, and they fitted exactly. When they entered the houses they found them supplied with everything that might be needed for housekeeping. In Paul's there was a complete assortment of woodman's tools, and in Georgette's a set of copper kitchen utensils, which shone as brightly as if they had been made of gold.

On their wedding-day they started living in their new homes. Paul married the miller's daughter, the nicest young girl in the whole country, and Georgette a young wood-cutter, the handsomest lad for miles around, and as strong and good as their father had been. Both had lovely children that were dandled every day on the knees of the old grandmother. Paul lived to a good old age and was so much respected by his neighbors that he was chosen mayor of the town—high rank for a poor wood-cutter to reach!

PETER AND PAUL

PETER was a small man; he was very, very small, but well made, in spite of his shortness. He car-

ried his head high and made the most of his inches. But it was in vain for him to draw himself up; do what he might, he was still a short man.

His neighbor, Paul, was one of the largest men ever seen, and though they lived on good terms, this mortifying contrast was a cause of great vexation to little Peter. He never tired of throwing out spiteful remarks against those who were too tall. Indeed, he boldly declared that short men were far superior to tall ones.

Paul, who was as good as good could be, let him talk without losing his temper. He shrugged his shoulders a little at times, of course, but this took place so far above the head of Peter that he never saw it. When they were walking together in the street, Paul even pretended to take Peter's arm, so as to seem to be leaning on him. He would let his arm fall the whole length, and pass his hand under Peter's shoulder, while Peter crooked out his elbow with an important air.

One fine summer's day they took a walk in the country. As they were returning home, a little tired after rambling hither and thither, they suddenly found themselves before a little river which barred the way. They spied a bridge across it, but it was fully a mile off. The water was clear, and at first sight, on looking at the white pebbles and moss that covered the bottom, it did not seem more than four or five feet deep anywhere.

"This is capital!" cried Paul. "I feel exactly



like taking a bath. I am going to wade across the stream." With these words he began to take off his clothes and make a package of them, which he carried in his hand.

"Don't you wish me to take you on my back, my friend?" he asked Peter.

"It seems to me that I have legs as well as you, and am quite able to walk," answered Peter angrily.

"Then you had better go up to the bridge, yonder," said Paul. "I will wait for you on the other side.

Peter was furious. "Does this great Goliath pretend to humiliate me?" he muttered between his teeth. "I will show him that I am as good as he. Where one man goes, another can go likewise." So, in his turn, he took off his clothes and bravely entered the river, his package in hand. But scarcely had he taken a step when he found himself up to his chin in water. By holding his clothes above his head he managed to keep them dry. But suddenly he stumbled and lowered his arm, and the precious package was wet through and through. In an instant the water became deeper, he lost his footing, and the current was bearing him away when Paul, who was watching from the shore, strode through the water with his long legs, and stretching out his great hand, seized the reckless Peter and brought him safe and sound to land.

Peter was obliged to wait more than an hour for his clothes to dry, and while they were drying, he had full time for thought.

"Little folks are as good as large folks," he



PAUL BRINGS PETER SAFE AND SOUND
TO SHORE

said at last when he was dressed, "that I will maintain to my dying breath. But little folks can't *always* do the same things that large folks do!"



HOW LITTLE CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT *

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON

A LONG time ago there lived a little boy whose name was Cedric. At the foot of a high hill, on the top of which stood a grand old castle, was the stone hut in which he lived. The little boy had many a time watched the strong iron gate rise slowly from the ground, as out of the courtyard of the castle would ride Sir Rollin Dubois and his faithful soldiers.

There were sometimes two or three visiting knights and their followers, and they were a gay sight as the sun shone on their glittering armor of steel, and glanced from their bright helmets. They looked so strong and resolute as they sat, calm and erect, in their saddles. A glance into their fine faces would have assured you that they were noble and brave, and could be trusted by everybody, from the king to the poorest peasant

kitten. After a good romp with her, he had thrown himself down on the soft green grass to rest, and the queer little kitten had gone out into the middle of the dusty road and curled herself up for a nice nap.

Suddenly Cedric looked up and saw five knights with all their squires and pages galloping down the road! In a moment more his eye fell upon the kitten lying fast asleep in the middle of the highway. Fearing that the horsemen would not see her, he sprang to his feet, ran quickly forward, and gathered the soft little thing up in his arms just in time to save it from the horses' feet.

As the riders passed, one of the tall knights slackened his horse, and, smiling down upon Cedric, said, "My little fellow, you are almost brave enough to be a knight some day." He then galloped on to join his party, and soon the yellow dust which they had raised from the ground settled down again.

Cedric stood looking after the horsemen until they seemed a mere speck in the distance and then disappeared altogether. He did not even notice



in the land. Their very horses seemed proud to carry them as they galloped along.

Little Cedric thought there never was anything more beautiful than these knights, as they came down the hill on some quest of adventure or errand of mercy.

One day Cedric had been playing with his pet



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CEDRIC WAS VERY FOND OF HELPING HIS MOTHER

the kitten in his arms when she put her nose up against his cheek.

At last he turned to go into the house, and as he went he said softly to himself, "To be a knight some day!" He ate his simple supper of bread and milk in silence. His mother noticed how quiet he was, but she said nothing; for she knew that in his own good time he would tell her all that was in his heart.

That night as he undressed for bed he looked up at the stars and said, in a soft, low tone, "Beautiful stars, do you know what a wonderful thing Sir Rollin said to me to-day? He told me that perhaps some day I might be a brave knight!" He could hardly sleep, he was so happy. The great knight had spoken to him, and praised his courage, and, best of all, had said that perhaps some day he, Cedric, might be a great knight himself!

"Could such a thing possibly come to pass?" He asked himself this question over and over again, until at last he fell asleep and dreamed that he was a large, strong man, and wore a shining armor of steel, and rode a splendid black horse, and carried a great sword, and that all the people of the country round about honored and loved him because he was one of the bravest knights in the whole land.

Just as he was dreaming that he was about to rescue a beautiful princess from an ugly giant who had shut her up in a prison, he heard his mother calling him. He opened his eyes and saw that the sky was all pink and gold with the clouds of the sunrise, and that he was only little Cedric in his attic chamber. He dressed himself quickly and climbed down the wooden ladder to the room below.

He was soon busy and happy, helping his mother feed the doves and water the cow and fetch hay for the two horses. After his father had eaten his breakfast and had gone to his work in the field, the little would-be knight and his mother washed the dishes and tidied the two small rooms. Cedric was very fond of thus helping her with the work, and she often said, "My little boy is both son and daughter to me." By and by she sat down to her sewing.

Then Cedric could keep his secret no longer. Going up to her, he put his arm around her neck and whispered to her the story of the knight, how he had stopped and spoken, and what he had said. "Do you think I could ever grow up to be a knight, Mother?" asked he.

His mother smiled, and then looked sober as she brushed his brown hair back from his forehead and said, "Knights have many, many hard things to do, my son, and oftentimes their lives are in danger."

"Yes, I know," answered Cedric eagerly, "but think, Mother, how brave they are, and how good! Do they not protect our country?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I know all that. I could not sleep at night when our enemies are near at hand if I did not know that Sir Rollin Dubois and his brave soldiers were on the hill close by. But you are a very little boy, Cedric. Run out to your play now."

Many times during the next few weeks little Cedric thought of the grand knights, and how one of them had smiled at him and had spoken as if he, Cedric, might some day be a great, strong knight, and ride a beautiful horse, and do brave deeds.

Weeks passed by, and the spring had changed

into summer. One evening, just as the setting sun was turning all the white clouds into gold and crimson, Cedric stood in the low doorway, wondering if where the angels lived could be more beautiful than was the sky over his dear mountain home. He suddenly heard the tramp of horses' feet, and, looking down across the plain, he saw a gay party of horsemen. Their armor flashed and shone in the light of the setting sun, and their long white plumes waved in the gentle evening breeze.

Cedric's face lighted up with a glad smile, for he knew that it was Sir Rollin Dubois and his soldiers returning from the terrible war to which the King had sent them. They soon came near enough for Cedric to see their faces, as the heavy steel visors of their helmets were lifted so that they might breathe more freely the soft summer air. It had been a warm day, and Cedric noticed that even the tallest knight among them looked tired, and as if he would be glad to get to the castle and lay aside, for a while at least, his heavy armor.

Just as they were passing the door in which Cedric stood, one of them stopped his horse, and leaning forward said, "My little man, will you give me a drink of water?" Cedric ran quickly and filled a cup with fresh, cool water from the spring near by, and brought it to the knight. "Thank you," said the nobleman, as he handed the cup back to Cedric. "I am very glad to be able to serve you," said Cedric quietly. The knight smiled, gathered up the reins of his horse, and said, "You are as courteous as a knight, my boy."

That evening Cedric told his mother of this second speech, and then asked, as a wistful look came over his face, "Ah, Mother dear, do you think I can ever become a knight?"

Weeks passed into months and the soft, gray snowclouds had covered the green hills with the white mantle of winter. Whenever Cedric felt like being rude or cross, or selfish, he thought of the bright smile on the great knight's face that summer evening when he had asked for the cup of cold water, and he felt sure the smile would change into a frown if the knight should see him do a discourteous or a selfish act.

A year or two had passed, when one day something happened which Cedric never forgot. His father came in from work and said, "Sir Rollin Dubois wants a young lad to come to the castle to take the place of his page who has lately been promoted. Do you think, wife, that our Cedric is strong enough for such an office?"

Cedric's heart almost stopped beating while he

listened for his mother's answer. She thought for a few moments, and then said slowly, as if weighing each word, "Yes, I think he would try very hard to do his duty, and I should like to have him learn more of knighthood. Perhaps some day he too may be a knight, who knows?" she



CEDRIC BROUGHT THE KNIGHT A CUP OF WATER

added, as she turned smilingly to the radiant face of her boy.

That very afternoon she made a bundle of his few clothes, and his father took him by the hand, and walked with him up the steep hill to the great castle gate. Cedric had never before been so near the castle, and when his father lifted the heavy iron knocker, and brought it down with two or three loud knocks, it seemed to him that his heart was knocking almost as loudly. Not that he was afraid, but he was stirred by the thought of going into the presence of the great and noble Sir Rollin.

The huge iron gate slowly lifted. The drawbridge was already thrown across the ditch of water which surrounded the castle, and in a few moments Cedric and his father had passed under the stone archway and were standing within the courtyard. A man took them into a large room

whose walls and floors were of stone, and bade them sit down on a wooden bench which stood near a door, saying at the same time, "I will tell Sir Rollin that you are here."

They had been waiting some time when a door at the other end of the room opened, and a large, well-built man, who looked so tall and straight that he reminded Cedric of a mountain pine, came forward. He was not dressed in armor, but Cedric knew at once that it was Sir Rollin Dubois. The knight talked a few moments with Cedric's father, and then, turning to Cedric, he said, "And you think you would like to become a knight, my boy? Are you sure that you will not mind hard work, and will remember always to be true and pure, brave and unselfish?"

Cedric's smile was so bright that no answer was needed. The knight turned again to his father and said, "Do you realize that it will take ten years or more of discipline and hard work on the part of your boy before he can hope to be promoted to a position of responsibility?" "Yes," said the father quietly, "but I think he is willing to try it."

After a little talk, it was decided that the boy should begin his training then and there. So his father bade him good-bye, and left. Cedric was taken by an older boy up some stone stairs to a small room whose ceiling, walls, and floor were of stone. In the corner of the room lay a pile of straw, over which had been thrown a sheepskin. At one side of the room was a small table. No other furniture was in the apartment save a cedar chest, which was doubtless intended to serve for both chair and wardrobe.

There was a narrow, pointed window in one

side of the room through which the sunlight came. Cedric went up to the window and looked out, but it was so high that he could see only the blue sky and a soft white cloud. "Ah," thought Cedric to himself, "I can at least see the stars at night and the sunlight each morning. Will they not remind me always of the good God who watches over me?"

That night his supper consisted of some coarse barley bread and a bowl of broth. Cedric, however, was used to simple food, and did not mind this part of his discipline. As he lay down upon the pile of straw and drew the sheepskin over him, he thought of his nice warm bed at home; but instantly came this other thought, "I must learn to be hardy and strong if I am ever to do any great work in the world. So I will not mind such little discomforts as these."

Cedric soon found that he had not only to eat coarse food and sleep on a hard bed, but he had to practice standing very straight, running very swiftly, and managing a horse; to jump on and off while the horse was in full gallop, to throw his spear with unerring accuracy, and also that he must be prompt and ready to obey a call from Sir Rollin; that he must not only learn to do errands faithfully and quickly, but to wait patiently and quietly oftentimes when he could not understand why he waited.

Year after year passed by, and little Cedric had grown large and tall. When he visited his home he used often to laugh at the little bed which had once held him so cozily. Not only had he grown strong and tall, but he had grown even in thoughtfulness and courtesy toward all about him.



CEDRIC WAS TAKEN BY AN OLDER BOY TO A SMALL ROOM



"HOW DARE YOU LAUGH AT AN OLD MAN LIKE THIS?"

One day Sir Rollin sent for him. "Cedric," said he, "I wish you to take a message to the King. It is quite an important one, and it must reach him before to-morrow night. Get ready as quickly as you can. Take my gray horse, as he is the swiftest one in the stables, and remember that I have trusted you much by sending you upon this errand."

Cedric's heart beat wild with joy as he thought, "At last I have proved faithful enough to be sent with a message to our great King." He was ready in less than half an hour, and, jumping on the splendid gray charger, he went galloping down the highway. On and on he rode.

At last he entered a thick forest of pine trees. The road grew very dark and lonesome.

"What if I should meet some wild beast?" thought Cedric; but he added, half aloud, "If I am ever to be a knight, I must learn to be brave, and face every danger."

It was not long before he was quite sure that he heard a deep, low growl. His heart beat fast, but he rode steadily forward, and soon the growl was repeated, this time nearer and more distinctly; and Cedric saw in the dim light a great wild boar coming toward him.

The creature's eyes were shining like fire, and his white tusks overhung his lower jaw in a fierce and forbidding fashion. Cedric knew that this must be the beast which had destroyed so many of the cattle of the neighboring peasants, but who was so strong and savage that no one had dared to go near him. He spurred his horse forward as he thought, "If I kill this wild boar I shall already have begun to be of service to the

people of my country." So he lifted the spear which he carried at his side from its leathern socket, and raising it high in the air, hurled it swiftly at the beast, which was ready to spring upon him.

In a moment more the wild boar rolled over upon the ground dead. Cedric reached down and drew his spear from its side, and as he rode on again he thought, "Wolves and wild boars must not stop the way of a messenger of the King. I must fear nothing if I am to be a knight."

After a time his road lay out of the forest into the sunlight. As he approached a small village he heard a great noise as of much shouting, and soon he saw a group of boys who were evidently hooting and laughing at something in their midst. He rode up to where they were, and felt himself growing indignant as he saw an old deformed man standing in their midst, at whom they were jeering.

In a moment he sprang from his horse, and pressing through the crowd of boys he stood beside the old man. On his face was a flush of indignant anger. "How dare you," he exclaimed, "laugh at or insult an old man like this?" The boys drew back frightened. Although he was really no taller than they, he seemed to tower above them. "My!" exclaimed one of them in a whisper, "doesn't he look like a knight as he stands there?" "I shouldn't wonder if he were one," said another.

Cedric turned to the old man, who was trembling in every limb. "Where are you going?" asked he kindly. "Only to the next village," said the old man, "but these boys stopped me on my

way. I cannot help my deformity nor my old age. I wish I could." The tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. "Come," said Cedric gently, "let me help you upon my horse, I, too, am going to the next village."

When they had reached the next village, Cedric helped the old man from the horse at his own door. Then, mounting, he thought to himself, "I am very hungry; I think I shall stop at the village inn and get a good warm supper. No," said he, on second thought, "I cannot stop now. I have had to travel so slowly because of the old man that I must make up for lost time." With that he tightened the rein of his beautiful horse, and the two had soon left the village far in the distance. Cedric reached back to the leather pouch behind him and took from it a dry biscuit, which had to serve for his supper that night.

Late in the evening he reached the house at which he was to rest his horse, and he himself slept for a few hours. By dawn the next day he was up and off on his journey.

The day grew very warm, but Cedric knew that he must not stop for his own comfort. His errand was an important one and he must reach the King's palace before night.

At last the beautiful palace came in sight, and in a few moments Cedric had ridden into the courtyard. He gave his letter to a servant to carry to one of the squires, who gave it to a courtier, who presented it to the King; for, you must remember, a king in those days was a very great person, and only those men who had risen high in rank could approach him.

Among other things, the note contained this message: It told the King that the bearer was a

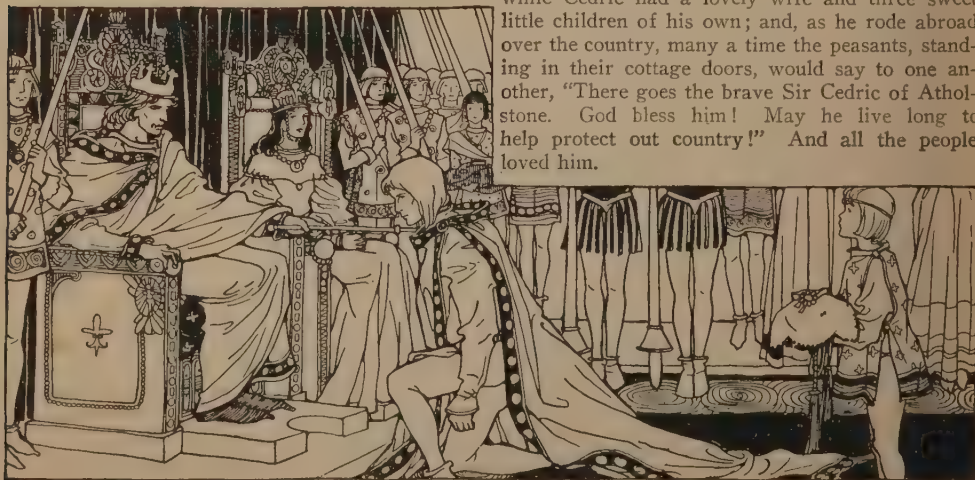
young lad who had been in training for knight-hood; that Sir Rollin had found him always brave and trustworthy, true and noble, kind and courteous; and that he, Sir Rollin, thought if the King wanted him in his army, he would find him worthy of the place.

The King sent for Cedric to come to him. Our little boy had grown into a tall youth, you know, and his frank, pure face was good to look upon. The King told him that he wished to put him in office in his army; and thus Cedric went to live in the King's household, and here he learned many things which he could not have learned at the castle of Sir Rollin Dubois.

Several years passed by, and Cedric had been intrusted with many enterprises both difficult and dangerous. At last, one day, the King sent for him to come into the throne room. There sat the King upon a beautiful throne of gold; beside him sat the Queen. Over their heads was a crimson velvet canopy. Standing about the room was a great number of courtiers and grand ladies. As Cedric entered the room, the King said, "Come forward!"

Cedric stepped forward and kneeled upon one knee before the throne, as was the custom in those days. The King raised his beautiful gold scepter and struck Cedric lightly upon the shoulder with it, saying, at the same time, "Rise, Sir Cedric of Atholstone." And Cedric knew that he was at last a knight.

In time he had a beautiful castle of his own, and splendid armor, and a beautiful black horse. The handsome horse used to prance and toss his head proudly in the air, as if he knew what a noble young knight he was carrying. After a while Cedric had a lovely wife and three sweet little children of his own; and, as he rode abroad over the country, many a time the peasants, standing in their cottage doors, would say to one another, "There goes the brave Sir Cedric of Atholstone. God bless him! May he live long to help protect our country!" And all the people loved him.



CEDRIC IS MADE KNIGHT

A BOY HERO

(A Story of the American Revolution)

BY FRANCES A. HUMPHREY

THEY were sitting by the great blazing wood-fire. It was July, but there was an east wind and the night was chilly. Besides, Mrs. Heath had a piece of fresh pork to roast. Squire Blake had "killed" the day before—that was the term used to signify the slaughter of any domestic animal for food—and had distributed the "fresh" to various families in town, and Mrs. Heath wanted hers for the early breakfast. Meat was the only thing to be had in plenty—meat and berries. Wheat and corn, and vegetables even, were scarce. There had been a long winter, and then, too, every family had sent early in the season all they could possible spare to the Continental Army. As to sugar and tea and molasses, it was many a day since they had had even the taste of them.

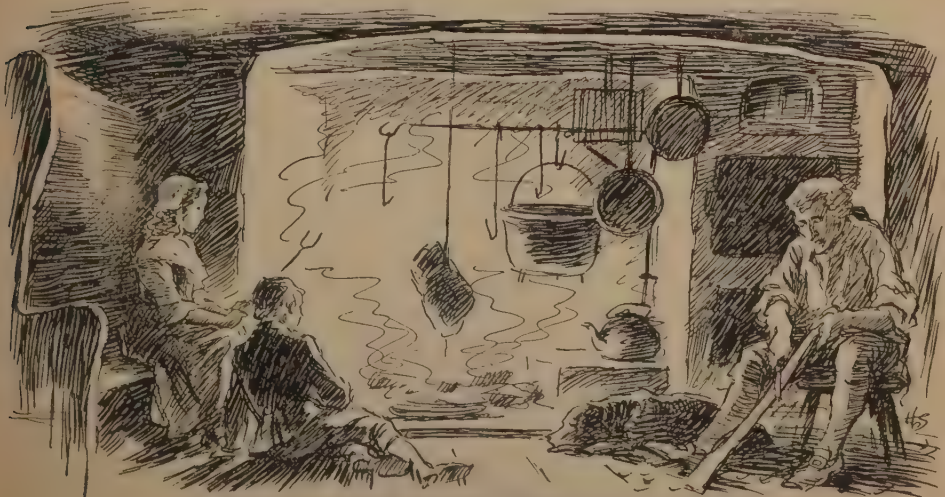
The piece of pork was suspended from the ceiling by a stout string, and slowly revolved before the fire, Dorothy or Arthur giving it a fresh start when it showed signs of stopping. There was a settle at right angles with the fireplace, and here the little cooks sat, Dorothy in the corner nearest the fire, and Arthur curled up on the floor at her feet, where he could look up the chimney and see the moon, almost at the full,

drifting through the sky. At the opposite corner sat Abram, the hired man and faithful keeper of the family in the absence of its head, at work on an axe helve, while Bathsheba, or "Basha," as she was briefly and affectionately called, was spinning in one corner of the room just within range of the firelight.

There was no other light—the firelight being sufficient for their needs—and it was necessary to economize in candles, for any day a raid from the royal army might take away both cattle and sheep, and then where would the tallow come from for the annual fall candle-making? There was a rumor—Abram had brought it home that very day—that the royal army was advancing, and redcoats might make their appearance in Hartland at any time. Arthur and Dorothy were talking about it, as they turned the roasting fork.

"Wish I was a man," said Arthur, glancing toward his mother, who was sitting in a low splint chair knitting stockings for her boy's winter wear. "I'd like to shoot a redcoat."

"Oh, Arty!" exclaimed Dorothy reproachfully; "you're always thinking of shooting! Now I should like to nurse a sick soldier and wait upon



THEY WERE SITTING BY THE GREAT BLAZING WOOD-FIRE

him. Poor soldiers! It was dreadiul what papa wrote to mamma about them."

"Would you nurse a redcoat?" asked Arthur indignantly.

"Yes," said Dorothy. "Though, of course, I should rather, a great deal rather, nurse one of our own soldiers. But Arty," continued the little elder sister, "papa says if we must fight, why, we must fight bravely, but that we can be brave without fighting."

"Well, I mean to be a hero, and heroes always fight. King Arthur fought. Papa said so. He and his knights fought for the Sangreal, and liberty is our Sangreal. I'm glad my name is Arthur, anyhow, for Arthur means noble and high," he said, lifting his bright, boyish face and its steadfast blue eyes, and glancing again toward his mother. She gave an answering smile.

"I hope my boy will always be noble and high in thought and deed. But, as papa said, to be a hero one does not need to fight; at least, not to fight men. We can fight bad tempers and bad thoughts and cowardly impulses. They who fight these things successfully are the truest heroes, my boy."

"Ah, but mamma, didn't I hear you tell grand-mamma how you were proud of your hero? That's what you called papa when General Montgomery wrote to you, with his own hand, how he drove back the enemy at the head of his men, while the balls were flying and the cannons roaring and flashing; and when his horse was shot under him how he struggled out and cheered on his men, on foot, and the bullets whizzed and the men fell all around him, and he wasn't hurt and"—Here the boy stopped abruptly and sprang impulsively forward, for his mother's cheek had suddenly grown pale.

"True grit!" remarked Abram to Basha, in an undertone, as she paused in her walk to and fro by the spinning-wheel to join a broken thread. "But there never was a coward yet, man or woman, 'mong the Heaths, an' I've known 'em off an' on these seventy year. Now there was ole Ginerl Heath," he continued, holding up the axe helve and viewing it critically with one eye shut, "he was a marster hand for fightin'. Fit the Injuns's though he liked it. That gun up there was his'n."

"Tell us about the 'sassy one,'" said Arthur, turning at the word gun.

"Youngster, 'f I've told yer that story once, I've told yer fifty time," said Abram.

"Tell it again," said the boy eagerly. "And take down the gun, too."

Abram got up as briskly as his seventy years and his rheumatism would permit, and took down

the gun from above the mantelpiece. "It was a very large one.

"Not quite so tall as the old Ginerl himself," said Abram, "but a purty near to it. This gun is 'bout seven feet, an' yer gran'ther was seven feet two—a powerful built man. Wall, the Injuns had been mighty obstreperous 'long 'bout that time, burnin' the Widder Brown's house and her an' her baby a-hidin' in a holler tree near by, an' carryin' off critters an' hosses, an' that day yer gran'ther was after 'em with a posse o' men, an' what did that pesky Injun do but git up on a rock a quarter o' a mile off an' jestickerlate in an outrigerus manner, like a sarcey boy, an' yer gran'ther, he took aim and fired, an' that impident Injun jest tumbled over with a yell; his last, mind ye, and good enough for him!"

"I like to hear about old gran'ther," said Arthur.

As Abram was restoring the gun to its place upon the hooks, a sound was heard at the side door—a sound as of a heavy body falling against it, which startled them all. The dog Cæsar rose, and going to the door which opened into the side entry, sniffed along the crack above the threshold. Apparently satisfied, he barked softly, and rising on his hind legs lifted the latch and sprang into the entry. Abram followed with Basha. As he lifted the latch of the outer door—the string had been drawn in early, as was the custom in those troublous times—and swung it back, the light from the fire fell upon the figure of a man lying across the doorstep.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Abram, drawing back. But at a word from the mistress, they lifted the man and brought him in and laid him down on the braided woolen mat before the fire. Then for a moment there was silence, for he wore the dress of a British soldier, and his right arm was bandaged. He had fainted from loss of blood, apparently—perhaps from hunger. Basha loosened his coat at the throat, and tried to force a drop or two of "water" into his mouth, while Mrs. Heath rubbed his hands.

"He ain't dead," said Basha, in a grim tone, "and mind you, we'll see trouble from this." Basha was an arrant rebel, and hated the very sight of a redcoat. "What are you doin' here," she continued, addressing him, "killin' honest folks, when you'd better 've staid across seas in yer own country?"

"Basha!" said Mrs. Heath reprovingly, "he is helpless."

But Basha as she unwound the tight bandage from the shattered arm, kept muttering to herself like a rising tempest, until at length the man having come quite to himself, detected her feel-

ing, and with great effort said, "I am *not* a British soldier."

"Then what to goodness have you got on their uniform for?" queried Basha.

Little by little the pitiful story was told. He was an American soldier who had been doing duty as a spy in the British camp. Up to the very last day of his stay he had not been suspected; but trying to get away he was suspected, challenged, and fired at. The shot passed through his arm. He was certain his pursuers had followed him till night, and they would be likely to continue the search the next day, and he begged Mrs. Heath to secrete him for a day or two, if possible.

"I wouldn't mind being shot, marm," he said, "but you know they'll hang me if they get me. Of course I risked it when I went into their camp, but it's none the pleasanter for all that."

Now in the old Heath house there was a secret chamber, built in the side of the chimney. Most of those old Colonial houses had enormous chimneys, that took up, sometimes, a quarter of the ground occupied by the house, so it was not a difficult thing to enclose a small space with slight danger of its existence being detected. This chimney chamber in the Heath house was little more than a closet eight feet by four. It was entered from the north chamber, Abram's room, through a narrow sliding panel that looked exactly like the rest of the wall, which was of cedar boards. An inch-wide shaft running up the side of the chimney ventilated the closet, and it was lighted by a window consisting of three small panes of glass carefully concealed under the projecting roof. On a sunny day one could see to read there easily.

A small cot-bed was now carried into this room, and up there, after his wound had been dressed by Basha, who, like many old-time women, was skillful in dressing wounds and learned in the properties of herbs and roots, and he had been fed and bathed, the soldier was taken; and a very grateful man he was as he settled himself upon the comfortable bed and looked up with a smiling "thank you," into Basha's face, which was no longer grim and forbidding.

All this time no special notice had been taken of Dorothy and Arthur. They had followed about to watch the bathing, feeding, and tending, and when Mrs. Heath turned to leave the secret chamber, she found them behind her, staring in with very wide-open eyes indeed; for, if you can believe it, they never before had even heard of, much less seen, this lovely little secret chamber. It was never deemed wise in Colonial fam-



IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THE CHILDREN HAD SEEN THE SECRET ROOM

ilies to talk about these hiding-places, which sometimes served so good a purpose, and I doubt if many adults in the town of Hartland knew of this secret chamber in the Heath house.

The panel was closed, and Abram was left to care for the wounded soldier through the night. It was nine o'clock, the Colonial hour for going to bed, and long past the children's hour, and Dotty and Arthur in their prayers by their mother's knee put up a petition for the safety of the stranger.

"Would they hang him if they could get him, mamma?" asked Atry.

"Certainly," she replied. "It is one of the rules of warfare. A spy is always hung."

In the morning, from nine to eleven, Mrs. Heath always devoted to the children's lessons. Arthur, who was eleven, was a good Latin scholar. He was reading *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and he liked it—that is, he liked the story part. He found some

of it pretty tough reading, and I need not tell you boys who have read *Cæsar*, what parts those were. They had English reading from the *Spectator*, and from Bishop Leighton's works, books which you know but little about. Doty had a daily lesson in botany, and very pleasant hours those school hours were.

After dinner, at twelve, they had the afternoon for play. That afternoon, the day after the soldier came, they went berrying. They did this almost every day during berry time, so as to have what they liked better than anything for supper—berries and milk. Occasionally they had huckleberry "slapjacks," also a favorite dish, for breakfast; not often, however, as flour was scarce.

They went for berries down the road known as South Lane, a lonely place, but where berries grew plentifully. Their mother had cautioned them not to talk about the occurrence of the night before, as someone might overhear, and so, though they talked about their play and their studies, about papa and his soldiers, they said nothing about the soldier.

They had nearly filled their baskets, when a growl from *Cæsar* startled them, and turning, they saw two horsemen who had stopped near by, one of whom was just springing from his horse. They were in British uniform, and the children at once were sure what they wanted.

"Oh, Arty, Arty!" whispered Dorothy. "They've come, and we musn't tell."

The man advanced with a smile meant to be pleasant, but which was in reality so sinister that the children shrank with a sensation of fear.

"How are you, my little man? Picking berries, eh? And where do you live?" he asked.

"With mamma," answered Arthur promptly.

"And who is mamma? What is her name?"

"Mrs. Heath," said Arty.

"And don't you live with papa, too? Where is papa?" the man asked.

Arthur hesitated an instant, and then out it came, and proudly, too. "In the Continental Army, sir."

"Ho! ho! and so we are a little rebel, are we?" laughed the man. "And who am I? Do you know?"

"Yes, sir; a British soldier."

"How do you know that?"

"Because you wear their uniform, sir!"

"You cannot have seen many British soldiers here," said the man. "Did you ever see the British uniform before?"

"Yes, sir," replied Arty.

"And where did you see it?" he asked, glancing sharply at Arthur and then at Dorothy. Upon

the face of the latter was a look of dismay, for she had foreseen the drift of the man's questions and the trap into which Arty had fallen. He, too, saw it, now he was in. The only British uniform he had ever seen was that worn by the American spy. For a brief moment he was tempted to tell a lie. Then he said firmly, "I cannot tell you, sir."

"Cannot! Does that mean will not?" said the man threateningly. Then he put his hand into his pocket and took out a bright gold sovereign, which he held before Arthur.

"Come, now, my little man, tell me where you saw the British soldier's uniform, and you shall have this gold piece."

But all the noble impulses of the boy's nature inherited and strengthened by his mother's teachings, revolted at this attempt to bribe him. His eyes flashed. He looked the man full in the face. "I will not!" said he.

"Come, come!" cried out the man on horseback. "Don't palter any longer with the little rebel. We'll find a way to make him tell. Up with him!"

In an instant the man had swung Arthur into his saddle, and leaping up behind him, struck spurs to his horse and dashed away. *Cæsar*, who had been sniffing about, suspicious, but uncertain, attempted to leap upon the horseman in the rear, but he, drawing his pistol from his saddle, fired, and *Cæsar* dropped helpless.

The horsemen quickly vanished, and for a moment Dorothy stood pale and speechless. Then she knelt down by *Cæsar*, examined his wound—he was shot in the leg—and bound it up with her handkerchief, just as she saw Basha do the night before, and then putting her arms around his neck she kissed him. "Be patient, dear old *Cæsar*, and Abram shall come for you."

Covered with dust, her frock stained with *Cæsar's* blood, a pitiful sight indeed was Dorothy as she burst into the kitchen where Basha was preparing supper.

"Oh, mamma, they've carried off Arty and shot *Cæsar*, those dreadful, dreadful British!"

Between her sobs she told the whole fearful story to the two women—fearful, I say, for Mrs. Heath knew too well the reputed character of the British soldiery, not to fear the worst if her boy should persist in refusing to tell where he had seen the British soldier's uniform. But even in her distress she was conscious of a proud faith that he would not betray his trust.

As to Basha, who shall describe her horror and indignation? "The wretches! Ain't they content to murder our men and burn our houses, that they must take our innocent little boys?" and she



ARTHUR IS TAKEN PRISONER

struck the spit into the chicken she was preparing for supper vindictively, as though thus she should like to treat the whole British Army. "The dear little cretur! What'll he do to-night without his mamma, and him never away from her a night in his blessed life. 'Pears to me the Lord's forgot the Colonies. Oh dearie, dearie me!" Utterly overcome she dropped into a chair, and throwing her homespun check apron over her head, she gave way to such a fit of weeping as astonished and perplexed Abram, one of whose principal articles of faith it was that Basha couldn't shed a tear, even if she tried, "mor'n if she's made o' cast iron."

It indeed looked hopeless. Who was to follow after these men and rescue Arthur? There was hardly anyone left in town but old men, women, and children.

Mrs. Heath thought of this as she soothed Dorothy, coaxed her to eat a little supper, and then sat by her side until she fell asleep. She sat by the fire while the embers died out, or walked up and down the long, lonely kitchen, wrestling, like Jacob, in prayer, for her boy, until long after midnight.

And now let us follow Arthur's fortunes. The men galloped hard and long over hills, through valleys and woods, so far away it seemed to the little fellow he could never possibly see mamma or Dorothy again. At last they drew up at a large white house, evidently the headquarters of the officers, and Arthur was put at once into a dark closet and there left. He was tired and dreadfully hungry, so hungry that he could think of

hardly anything else. He heard the rattling of china and glasses, and knew they were at supper. By and by a servant came and took him into the supper-room. His eyes were so dazzled at first by the change from the dark closet to the well-lighted room, that he could scarcely see. But when the daze cleared he found himself standing near the head of the table, where sat a stout man with a red face, a fierce mustache, and an evil pair of eyes.

He looked at Arthur a moment. Then he poured out a glass of wine and pushed it toward him: "Drink!"

But Arthur did not touch the glass.

"Drink, I say," he repeated impatiently. "Do you hear?"

"I have promised mamma never to drink wine," was the low response.

It seemed to poor Arthur as though everything had combined against him. It was bad enough to have to say no to the question about the uniform, and now here was something else that would make the men still more angry with him. But the officer did not push his command; he simply thrust the glass to one side and said, "Now, my boy, we're going to get that American spy and hang him. You know where he is and you've got to tell us, or it will be the worse for you. Do you want to see your mother again?"

Arthur did not answer. He could not have answered just then. A big lump came into his throat. Cry? Not before these men. So he kept silence.

"Obstinate little pig! speak!" thundered the

officer, bringing his great brawny fist down upon the table with a blow that set the glasses dancing. "Will you tell me where that spy is?"

"No, sir," came in very low, but very firm tones. I will not tell you the dreadful words of that officer, as he turned to his servant with the command, "Put him down cellar, and we'll see to him in the morning. They're all alike, men, women, and children. Rebellion in the very blood. The only way to finish it is to spill it without mercy."

Now there was one thing that Arthur, brave as he was, feared, and that was—rats! Left on a heap of dry straw, he began to wonder if there were rats there. Presently he was sure he heard something move, but he was quickly reassured by the touch of soft, warm fur on his hand, and the sound of a melodious "pur-r." The friendly kitty,

story when I was a young girl in my teens. He told me how lovely this lady was.

Her gowns was of some rich stuff that shimmered in the light of the candle she carried, and rustled musically as she walked. There was a flash of jewels at her throat and on her hands. She had wrapped a crimson mantle about her head and shoulders. Her eyes were like stars on a summer's night, sparkling with a veiled radiance, and as she stood and looked down upon the sleeping boy, a smile, sweet, but full of a profound sadness, played upon her lips. Then a determined look came into her bright eyes.

He stirred in his sleep, laughed out, said "mamma," and then opened his eyes. She stooped and touched his lips with her finger. "Hush! Speak only in a whisper. Eat this, and then I will take you to your mother."

After he had eaten, she wrapped a cloak about him, and together they stole up and out past the sleeping, drunken sentinel, to the stables. She led out a white horse, her own horse, Arthur was sure, for the creature caressed her with his head, and as she saddled him she talked to him in low tones, sweet, musical words of some foreign tongue. The handsome horse seemed to understand the necessity of silence, for he did not even whinny to the touch of his mistress' hand, and trod daintily and noiselessly as she led him to the mounting block, his small ears pricking forward and backward, as though knowing the need of watchful listening.

Leaping to the saddle and stooping, she lifted Arthur in front of her, and with a word they were off. A slow walk at first, and then a rapid canter. Arthur never forgot that long night ride with the beautiful lady on the white horse, over the country flooded with the brilliancy of the full moon. Once or twice she asked if he was cold, as she drew the cloak more closely about him, and sometimes she would murmur softly to herself words in that silvery foreign tongue. As they drew near Hartland, she asked him to point out his father's house, and when they were quite near, only a little distance off, she stopped the horse.

"I leave you here, you brave, darling boy," she said. "Kiss me once, and then jump down. And don't forget me."

Arthur threw his arms around her neck and kissed her, first on one cheek and then on the other, and looking up into the beautiful face with its starry eyes, said:

"I will never, never forget you, for you are the loveliest lady I ever saw except—except mamma."

She laughed a pleased laugh, like a child, then took a ring from her hand and put it upon one of



HE WAS SOON ASLEEP

glad of a companion, curled herself by his side. What comfort she brought to the lonely little fellow! He lay down beside her, and saying *Our Father*, and *Now I lay me*, was soon in a profound sleep, the purring little kitty nestling close.

The sounds of revelry in the rooms above did not disturb him. The boisterous songs and laughter, the stamping of many feet, continued far into the night. At last they ceased; and when everything had been for a long time silent, the door leading to the cellar was softly opened and a lady came down the stairway. I have often wished that I might paint her as she looked coming down those stairs. Arthur was afterward my great-grandfather, you know, and he told me this

Arthur's fingers. Her hand was so slender it fitted his chubby little hand very well.

"Keep this," she said, "and by and by give it to some lady good and true, like mamma."

"Will you be punished?" he said, keeping her hand. She laughed again, with a proud, daring toss of her dainty head, and rode away.

Arthur watched her out of sight, and then turned toward home. Mrs. Heath was still keeping her lonely watch, when the latch of the outer door was softly lifted—nobody had the heart to take in the string with Arty outside—the inner door swung noiselessly back, and a blithe voice said, "Mamma! mamma! here I am, and I didn't tell!"

All that day, and the next, and the next, the

Heath household were in momentary expectation of the coming of the redcoats to search for the spy. Dorothy and Arthur, and sometimes Abram, did picket duty to give seasonable warning of their approach. But they never came. In a few days news was brought that the British forces, on the very morning after Arthur's return, had made a rapid retreat before an advance of the Federal troops, and never again was a redcoat seen in Hartland. The spy got well in great peace and comfort under Basha's nursing, and went back again to do service in the Continental Army.

Dotty used to say, "You did learn, didn't you, Arty, how a person, even a little boy, can be a hero without fighting, just as mamma said?"

HIS WORD OF HONOR

A Story of the French Commune, 1871

HE was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but nevertheless they were going to shoot him.

The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to one of the city prisons in Paris.

Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, as far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade.

Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face—the pale face of a Parisian child—showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch the terrible scenes about him as though they did not concern him.

He heard the report of the musketry which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "Afterward," which was soon to become the "Present" to him also.

Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood—he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of his relatives and their sorrow when they should hear of his fate; and perhaps he wondered why such things were.

At the time war was declared, he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics had never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations

of the seige, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on a bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis, a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterward, driven partly by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into the ranks.

He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so good to him.

He comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come, too—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

"Kiss me again, dear—again," she had said, "for I feel that I may never see you more."

"Ah," he thought sadly, "if they would only trust me—would give me only one hour of liberty—how I would run home to her and then come back and give myself up to the hands that hunger for my life. I would give my word, and I would keep it. Why not? Save my mother—and she, too, dying—I have no one to weep over me if I am shot."

"To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful—then I would face death bravely."

He was in the midst of these sad reflections

when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

"Now, my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what awaits you?"

"Yes; I am ready."

"Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?"

"Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months—such awful things—death seems better than such a life."

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice. If I said: 'Put your best foot fore-

padding to and fro, tugging at his mustache' and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

"My word," he murmured. "This urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!"

He stopped abruptly in front of his prisoner and asked in a severe tone, "Your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"Age?"

"Sixteen on the fifteenth of July next."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"What made you leave her to follow the Commune?"

"The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbors and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid of them and wept and prayed me to obey them."

"You have no father, then?"

"He was killed."

"And where?"

"At Bourget, fighting for his country."

The commandant turned toward his staff as though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity.

"Well, then! it is understood," the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart and care more for life than honor."

"I thank you, sir. At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, but the latter repelled him gently.

"No, not now," he said. "This evening, if you return, I will embrace you—in front of the firing party," he added grimly. "Off with you!"

Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for she had believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mother's room, but the woman stopped him.

"Go very quietly," she said in a low voice; "she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is a little better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would



"IS LIFE WORTH A PROMISE BROKEN?"

most and show me how soon you can be out of sight; you would soon be off, I'll warrant."

"Try me, sir, try me! Put me to the proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

"Oh! my boy! you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to believe that."

"Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. If, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her once more."

"Sir, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was

soon get stronger; she must not be awakened. Poor thing! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you, she was praying the good Lord to preserve you and to restore peace in the land."

But Victor thought he heard his name called in a faint voice. He moved on tiptoe toward his mother's bed. He had not been deceived—the sick woman's eyes were opened wide.

"Victor! my boy!" she cried in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily.

And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. In his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing.

The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him.

"Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best beloved?" she asked. "You shall never leave me again.

"We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go to work again, and you will grow up and become a good man. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely."

Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child.

Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once.

Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, gazing at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come.

"What! so soon?" the commandant cried, astonished. The good-hearted man had hoped that the boy would not return.

"But I had promised!"

"Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer and still have kept your word."

"Poor mother! After a scene of tears which seemed to take all my courage—tears of joy for her, of despair for me—she fell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?"

"So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. I have one more thing to ask—to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

"You are quite resigned, then; death does not frighten you?" he asked.



Victor answered him with a gesture.

"And if I pardoned you?"

"You would save my mother's life, too, and I would revere you as a second father."

"Well, you are a plucky lad, and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first. Now go, and go quickly. Join your mother and love her always."

As he spoke the last few words the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him gently away.

"It really would have been a pity," he said half apologetically to his staff as he turned toward them.

Victor did not run—he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dearly have liked to cover her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.

Suddenly she sat up, crying: "Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh, Mercy!—ah! you are here; it is really you?" she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs which Victor could not calm.

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" she moaned, "I dreamed they were going to shoot you!"

THE LAST CLASS

(A Young Alsatian's Story)

ADAPTED FROM ALPHONSE DAUDET

I was very late in going to school that morning, and I was very much afraid I should be scolded, especially as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he would question us upon the participles, and I did not know a word of them. For a moment I thought of shirking the class, and going off across country.

The weather was so hot and clear. One heard the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood, and in the meadow behind the saw-mill the Prussians were at their drill. These things were much more attractive than the rules of participles; but I had the strength to resist them, and I ran very quickly toward the school.

In passing by the townhall I saw that there was a group of people by the little notice-board.

As I ran across the square, the blacksmith, who was there with his apprentice, reading the notice, shouted to me: "Don't hurry so, little one; you will always get fast enough to that school of yours!"

I thought he was laughing at me, and, out of breath, I went into Monsieur Hamel's little courtyard. Usually, at the beginning of a class, a great noise could be heard there, desks opening and shutting, lessons being repeated all together at the top of the voice, with stopped ears, to learn them the better, and the master's big ruler tapping on the tables for "A little silence."

I counted on all this fuss to let me reach my seat unnoticed; but on this particular day all was quiet, as on a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my schoolfellows already in their places, and Monsieur Hamel walking to and fro with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I

had to open the door and enter in the midst of the calm. You may well think I blushed and was afraid.

But nothing happened. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without anger, and said, very gently, "Go quickly to your place, my little Franz; we were going to begin without you."

I stepped over the bench, and sat down at once at my desk. Only then, I noticed that our teacher was wearing his beautiful green frock-coat, his fine frilled shirt-front, and the embroidered black cap that he put on only on inspection days, or for prize-givings. There was something unusual and solemn, too, about the whole class.

But what surprised me most was to see at the end of the room, on the benches that were usually empty, the men of the village, seated and silent like ourselves—the old mayor, the old postman, and others besides these. They all seemed sad; and one had brought an old dog-eared spelling-book, that he held wide open on his knees, his big spectacles laid across the page.

While I was wondering at all this, Monsieur Hamel said, in the same grave and gentle voice with which he had received me: "My children, this is the last of your classes that I shall take. The order has come from Berlin that in the future nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. . . . The new teacher comes to-morrow. To-day's is your last lesson in French. I beg you to be very attentive."

These few words horrified me. Ah! that was what they had posted up at the town-hall.

My last lesson in French! And I, who scarcely knew how to write! I should never learn!



IT WAS MY TURN TO RECITE

How I longed now for the time I had lost; for lessons shirked for bird-nesting, or sliding on the frozen river. My books that so lately I found dull, and heavy to carry—my grammar, my history—seemed now old friends from whom I should find it hard to part.

The idea that Monsieur Hamel was going away, that I should not see him again, made me forget punishments and blows with the ruler. Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and I understood now why the old men of the village had come to sit at the end of the room. It was a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of good service, and of paying their respects to the departing fatherland.

It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from end to end that famous rule of the participles, in a loud voice, without a mistake; but I got muddled, and dared not lift my head.

My master spoke: "I shall not scold you, little Franz, you are sufficiently punished. That is how it is. Every day one says to one's self: 'I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens. . . . Ah, the great misfortune of our Alsace has been always to put off learning till to-morrow. Now, these people have the right to say to us, 'What! you pretend to be French, and you do not know how to read or write your own language!'"

"In all that, my poor Franz, you are not alone to blame. Have I nothing to regret? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of work-

ing? And when I wished to go trout-fishing, did I scruple to give you a holiday?"

And then, passing from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel began to talk to us of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world; that we ought to keep it among us, and never forget it, because, when a nation falls into slavery, so long as it clings close to its language, it holds the key of its prison.

Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was surprised to see how well I understood. Everything he said seemed easy to me. I think, too, that I had never listened so well, and that he had never put such care into his explanations. One would have said that the poor man wished to give us all his knowledge before he left us, to get it into our heads at a single blow.

When the lesson was done we went on to writing. For that day, Monsieur Hamel had prepared new copies for us, on which were written, in a fine round hand: *France, Alsace, France, Alsace*. It was strange to see how we all worked, and in what silence. There was nothing to be heard but the scratching of the pens on the paper. On the roof of the schoolhouse pigeons were gently cooing, and I said to myself as I heard them, "Will they make them sing in German, them too?"

From time to time, when I looked up from my page, I saw Monsieur Hamel motionless in his chair, gazing at the objects about him, as if he wished to carry away with him in his mind's eye the whole of his little schoolhouse.

Think! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his courtyard in front of

him, and his class just the same. Only the benches and desks had been polished with the rubbings of use; the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and the hop he had planted himself now climbed round the window and up to the roof.

How heart-breaking it must have been for the poor man to be leaving all these things, and to hear his sister packing their boxes in the room overhead. For they were to go next day; to leave the country forever. Still he had the courage to go on with our lesson to the end. After the writing we had our history class. I shall not forget that last lesson.

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve. At the same moment the bugles of the Prussians

coming back from drill sounded under our windows. Monsieur Haniel rose, very pale, from his chair. I had never thought him so tall. "My friends," he said, "my friends . . . I . . . I . . ." But something stifled him. He could not finish his sentence.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, pressing on it with all his strength, wrote, as large as he could:

Long live France

He stayed there, leaning his head against the wall, and, without speaking, signed to us with his hand—"That will do. Dismiss."

THE YOUNG HERO OF HAARLEM

FAR across the sea is a little country called Holland. The surface of the land there is lower than the ocean, so the only way to keep the waves from coming in and flooding the land is by means of great walls, called dykes, which hold the water back. Men watch these walls constantly to see that no holes are broken through them by the beating of the waves. Even the little children are taught that they must help watch these walls, for a tiny hole can soon grow to a big one, and many lives may be lost very quickly.

In this land, and in the City of Haarlem, once lived a little boy whose name was Peter. One day Peter had been out in the country to visit his grandmother, and he did not start home until just before sunset. He ran along on top of the sea-wall—he was hurrying, for he had stayed later

than usual at grandmother's house. All the men had left the fields, and he knew that he would be late to his supper.

Suddenly he heard something which made him stop still—it was the sound of water trickling. Peter scrambled down the side of the dyke and looked carefully for the hole he knew must be there. He soon found it; just a little one it was, but it was growing larger each moment. Peter looked about for something with which to stop it, but he could not find a thing. So he pushed his finger into the hole; it was just right to hold the water back. He held his finger pressed tightly in the hole, and called loudly for help. But no one came. All the men had gone to their homes for the night. "Surely someone will come soon," Peter thought, so he shouted again and again.



PETER SCRAMBLED DOWN THE SIDE OF THE DYKE

The sun was gone, the shadows grew darker, and the stars shone out overhead. The boy's hand grew numb and cold, and he wondered how he could stand the pain if no one came. He dared not take his finger away, for if he did, the water would rush through faster and faster, until it would be a roaring flood which would sweep over the city. He could hear the roar of the waves, and the night winds grew colder and colder.

"Mother will miss me and they will come to look for me soon," Peter thought.

But when her little boy did not come his mother said: "I suppose Peter has decided to stay with grandmother for the night," so they had supper and went to bed. Of course Grandmother thought Peter was safe at home, as he had left in time to be there before the night fell.

When no one came, Peter moaned with pain,

and felt very lonely out there in the night, but he never thought of taking his finger from the hole and letting the water come through. "I'll stand it some way," he thought. So he stayed there all through the night keeping the water back.

Early the next morning a man passed along the dyke on his way to work. He heard a queer moaning sound, and looking over the edge of the dyke saw Peter clinging to the side of the great wall, with his finger still in the hole. He climbed quickly over to him and lifted the boy in his arms, crying for help. Other men passing ran with their shovels and the hole was soon mended.

They carried Peter home to his mother, and told all the people in the city how the brave boy had saved their lives that night. People in Holland still love to tell the story of his bravery, and they still call him "The Young Hero of Haarlem."

DEFENDING THE FORT

BY SHEILA BRAINE

A SOLDIER in the uniform of a French grenadier was clambering up the side of a steep ravine. His face and hands were covered with scratches, and he was hot and breathless, but still he pressed eagerly after his guide, a young goatherd, only pausing for a second to ask, "Does the fort lie over yonder?"

"But half a league farther," answered the boy, tossing back his shaggy hair, and on they plunged through the underwood, by a path that nobody but one born and bred among those mountains could have found.

They had come six miles across country at a desperate pace, but fatigue was nothing to the grenadier, Latour d'Auvergne, a name already known for valor throughout the length and breadth of France. He had a mission to accomplish, and his duty came before all else.

"Yonder is the fort; you have but to follow the path up the pass," said his guide at last.

Latour's eyes brightened; he put some money into the lad's hand, and the latter disappeared among the bushes. Inspired by fresh courage, the weary grenadier pounded up the narrow rocky way, but he was surprised, as he approached the building, that no sentinel challenged him. What was the garrison doing that it took no precautions against a sudden attack? Latour had an inward feeling that all was not right: his heart misgave him as he rushed up to the door.

Why he had come was that he had received news that a regiment of Austrians was pushing

forward to get possession of the fort. If they succeeded, it would be a serious matter for the French army, and Latour had set out instantly to warn the garrison. The fort was ten miles distant by road, but he had found a young goatherd to take him a short way across the mountains.

The door yielded as the grenadier flung his weight against it: he gave a shout as he burst into the court, but no one answered it. "The cowards!" he exclaimed in indignation, "they have deserted the place! The mean-spirited rascals! Would that I had the hanging of them!"

It was but too true: the garrison had evidently been warned of the approach of the enemy, and had fled after the main body of the French army. They had gone off in a great hurry, for muskets lay scattered about on the ground. "Villains!" muttered Latour; and, having completed his survey of the place, he began to prepare for the Austrians. The dauntless soldier knew that if he could delay the enemy's movements for even twenty-four hours it would be of enormous value to his countrymen. The fort was in a fine position, at the head of a steep pass, and Latour meant to hold it as long as there was life in his lean, strong body.

There were some thirty muskets, and these he loaded; he then barricaded the heavy door as well as he could, ate a hearty meal—plenty of provisions were left, fortunately—and sat down to await the enemy.

The night came on, and presently the grenadier

caught the sound of footsteps tramping up the narrow pass. Instantly he fired a couple of shots into the darkness, and heard the footsteps retreating. Although desperately weary, the defender of the fort did not dare to close his eyes, and he was glad enough when morning dawned.

"We shall see what will happen now," said Latour to himself.

As soon as it was light, a soldier with a flag of truce came up the path: the Austrian government had sent to summon the garrison to surrender.

Latour naturally did not let the messenger inside. "You can go back and inform your commandant," he called out, "that we are here to defend the pass for France, and that as long as there is a man left, this fort will not yield."



"GRENADIER, YOU ARE A HERO"

The envoy retired, and the bold grenadier made ready for action. Presently he found that the Austrians were hauling a small cannon up the pass, and as soon as the gunners came in sight he let fly at them, taking care to keep well under cover himself. Five men went down, one after the other, and the rest beat a retreat.

"Ah, ha! 'tis not so easy as you fancied, my fine fellows," said Latour, reloading his guns.

He guessed pretty well that the enemy's next move would be to make a sudden dash and try to take the fort by storm, and he guessed rightly. But the pass was so narrow that the men could only come on two abreast, and Latour, an expert

at quick firing, picked them off until fifteen were lying dead or wounded on the ground. Scared, the rest fled down the pass once more, leaving the "garrison" a victor. The commandant was furious, and later a third assault was made, but with the same result as before. By sunset more than forty of his men were killed. The rest were get-

ting discouraged too: for it was like walking into the jaws of certain death to march up that narrow path.

Once again the white flag was seen before the main entrance of the fort, and the garrison was called upon to surrender. By this time Latour was almost worn out: he knew that he could not possibly hold out much longer, so he proceeded to make the best terms he could.

"The garrison is to be allowed to march out with their arms, and retire unmolested to the French army," was his stipulation.

After a good deal of parleying, the commandant agreed to this, and Latour promised to give up the fort at break of day. Then he dropped down, half dead with fatigue, and went to sleep; he had done all he could, and had gained a certain amount of time. Probably if the real garrison had been there, they might not have been able to accomplish much more.

The grenadier was so weary that the sun was already high when he woke, and a furious battering at the great door reminded him of his compact. The Austrians were outside clamoring for the fort to be delivered up to them.

"You are in too great a hurry, my friends," muttered Latour, grabbing an armful of muskets, "come, a little patience"—as the blows redoubled—"the garrison is not ready yet," and he went on calmly gathering the guns together. Then he picked up a couple of straps and fastened them together.

Outside, on the little plateau at the head of the pass which the Austrians had vainly attempted to gain, the troops were now drawn up in line. They left a space for the garrison to march through, and waited impatiently for them to appear.

"What on earth are the fellows about?" growled the colonel, who was in command; "do they mean to keep us here all day? Here, go and tell the captain that if the fort be not instantly given into my hands, I shall hold the agreement at an end."

At that moment the heavy door was pushed slowly open, and, to the astonishment of the Austrians, a solitary man appeared, a grenadier. He staggered along with thirty muskets strapped on his back, and, as the colonel stepped forward, Latour d'Auvergne saluted.

"But where is the garrison?" cried the colonel quickly.

"It means that you behold here the garrison, Colonel."

"What!" thundered the Austrian, "do you ex-

pect me to believe that we have been held at bay all these hours by one man? Where are your comrades?"

Latour explained, and for a moment, the officer stood dumbfounded; then he raised his hand to his cap, saying: "Grenadier, you are a hero! Your emperor is indeed fortunate to possess so valiant a soldier." A ringing shout of approval went up from the troops as Latour, again saluting, went slowly onward, with his load of weapons. He had killed a number of their companions, but they knew how to respect a brave soldier.

Latour was one of the most modest of men, and would never accept the honors and dignities offered him as a reward for his many deeds of valor. One title, however, was given to him, by which he was known both in his own country and in others, that of "The First Grenadier of France." So one reads of him in the pages of history, and at Carhaix in Brittany, his birthplace, a memorial ceremony was kept up for about fifteen years after his death in 1800. The roll-call of the Grenadiers began each day with the famous name of Latour d'Auvergne. There was an impressive silence that lasted a few moments, and then the color-sergeant, stepping forward, saluted gravely, and made answer: "Dead on the field of honor!"

THE DESPATCH BEARER

THE sun was rising on the misty French cornfields when Janet sleepily opened her eyes and looked at her watch. Half-past four, and it was her day to relieve Marie, the cowgirl. Once a week Marie was allowed to go home to help her sorely tried mother with a day's cleaning. And as the war had swept the farm clean of boys, Janet had taken on this duty of substitution. After five minutes' argument between the Janet who wanted to stay in bed and the Janet who knew she was honor bound to get up, the bedclothes stirred again, and a slim, young, pig-tailed form wriggled into a dressing-gown and went to the window.

The room faced northwest, and the girl knew only too well that away beyond that distant ridge, only thirty or forty miles away, lay the guns whose muffled roar was as familiar to her as the lowing of the cows in the farmyard. It had become a daily habit to say her prayers with her eyes on that terrible shrine.

Marie had just finished milking.

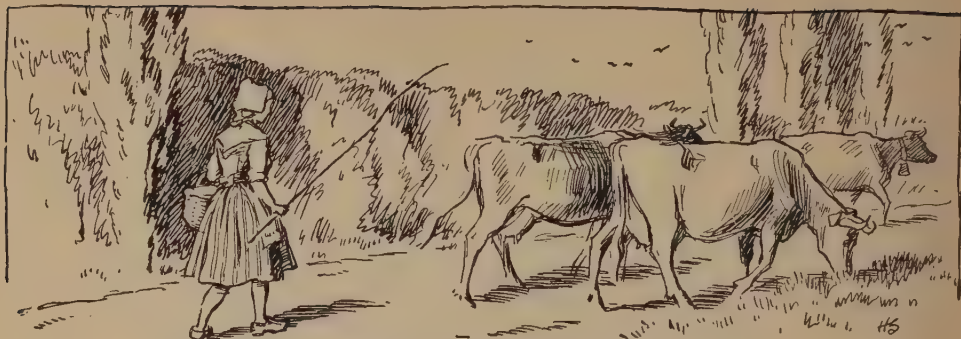
"Good-morning, mademoiselle!" she said, as Janet appeared, looking like a curious replica of

herself, in wooden sabots, short, full petticoat, and a snowy, tight-fitting bonnet on her head. "Mademoiselle has had her coffee?"

"Yes, thank you, Marie. You will be sure to take Grandmamma's up at eight, before you go?"

"Quite sure, mademoiselle. And do keep a good lookout for the Boches, mademoiselle," called out the servant, as Janet switched her ash branch over the backs of the cows. "One hears such rumors in the village."

Out in the broad highway went the strange little group, bound for the one pasture the farm boasted. It had been for a long time a marvel to Janet that her grandmother's cows were always attended. But Madame Lemprière lived in that part of France where pasturage is rare, and cows creatures to be guarded, and butter golden in more senses than one. And after a while Janet had stopped explaining the old English fashion of turning cows loose in the fields till milking-time, and she now quite willingly took her task as *garde vache*. On her arm was a basket containing a book, apples, and knitting. She was knitting a pair of socks for her cousin Charles Lemprière,



OUT IN THE BROAD HIGHWAY WENT THE STRANGE LITTLE GROUP

whom she had never even seen. She had not troubled to carry her lunch, as her grandmother had promised to walk out and bring it.

Janet's pretty French mother had died when she was ten years old, and after a course of governesses in England she had been sent to school in Paris, at her grandmother's earnest entreaty, so that the long holidays could be spent on the farm homestead, which was all that remained to Madame Lemprière of her former greatness. Janet's father was away engineering in South America.

At the end of her first term at the Lycée, war had broken out, and Janet arrived at the farm to find the proud, stately Madame Lemprière utterly broken at the parting with her only grandson, a mere lad, who had only just begun his three years' training when he had been sent off to the war.

Since then there had been no more school for the girl. Janet was thinking hard as she drove her cows along. It was not only Marie who had heard rumors in the village; Janet had had them first hand from the old curé the day before. Pondering the priest's grave words, she turned the cattle off the high-road into the by-lane that led to the riverside pasture. It was a little winding lane, running in and out between lines of tremulous French poplars. Janet ran on ahead to where Black-nose was halting by the little gap in the hedge, for which she showed a curious interest. Just by the gap, the cows safely past, Janet stopped short.

A strange voice was speaking on the other side of the hedge. With one eye on Black-nose unwillingly treading the path of duty, Janet peered through. A French soldier, grimed and dusty, with blood stains on his tunic, lay tossing in a delirious sleep. Janet stepped away, and first made sure her cows were safely barred in the pas-

ture; then she ran back. Bending over the sleeper, she tried to see if he were hurt. As she laid her hand on the dirty, sadly bruised temple, the man slowly opened his eyes, stared at her, and went off in another incoherent strain. Janet listened, trying hard to make sense of his mutterings. From time to time he spoke a little more clearly, and one phrase recurred, "Despatch—the despatch!"

Dipping her handkerchief into a little stream that filtered by the hedge, Janet bathed his face and head. The wet bandage smoked on his fever-burned temples. Janet was not sure whether he was wounded or suffering from sunstroke. In the middle of her operation he opened his eyes once more, with a stare that seemed to look through and beyond her.

"For the love of Heaven," he muttered, "take the despatch!" and fell to raving again.

Wondering what to do, Janet opened the leather case hanging from his belt. A sealed envelope lay within. It was addressed to the officer commanding the British and French section at Bassepoint and marked urgent.

"Bassepoint," she muttered. "That's only twenty miles. But there's no one to send, no one who can ride—except me. Well, why not?" But the soldier! And the cows! Which was her greatest duty? As for the soldier, her grandmother, who walked slowly and had a keen eye to the condition of her hedges, would be sure to see him through the gap. She would be carrying food and drink, and the man would be as well in the shade there as anywhere until she herself could be back.

She sat for a minute or two thinking hard. There was her chestnut, Wildfire, in the stable. But how to get into the house and change into her habit without her grandmother knowing? If she could get away unseen, she could be back by

lunch-time, and the old lady would be spared hours of anxiety.

The only other person she could possibly think of to take the despatch was old Leblanc down at the forge, and he would make at least a day of it. Her duty, therefore, lay plain; but she would have to forego her habit and ride down to Bassepoint dressed like a peasant.

Running through the fields, she entered the stables unseen from the house, and sought the box of her beloved Wildfire. He was destined for the use of her cousin, should his own mount be killed; the rest of her aunt's horses had gone.

Talking softly to the beautiful animal, Janet saddled him and led him out the way she had come. Out in the copse beyond the farm buildings she breathed more freely. Making sure the letter was firmly tucked inside her dress, Janet kicked off her sabots, and in her stockinged feet swung into the saddle. Wildfire scarcely allowed her to arrange her wide, short petticoat. With a joyous snort he was off, bearing his young mistress on the dangerous mission that was to make her the darling and pride of a famous British regiment.

Half-way to Bassepoint she drew rein at a little country inn. The landlord, who had seen her tempestuous approach, stared open-mouthed at the girl, at her shoeless feet, her magnificent bearing, her superb horse. He racked his brains. From where in the quiet countryside had such a rider emerged?

"Which of these two roads is the shortest way to Bassepoint, monsieur?" demanded Janet.

"The left, mademoiselle. Will not mademoiselle dismount and have food? The sun is hot."

"I'm afraid I haven't time. The regiment is still there, I suppose?" replied Janet, wiping her scarlet face.

"No, mademoiselle—that is to say," hastily continued the man, seeing her horrified look, "the regiment marched this morning. They have gone south, towards Pontéron. But, if mademoiselle is wishful to meet them, an extra five kilometers on that road to the right should allow mademoiselle to meet them at the cross-roads."

The landlady came running out and interrupted them.

"I insist on mademoiselle drinking this coffee," she cried. "It is not too hot."

"Mademoiselle is the finest rider I have ever seen," said the man to his wife as Janet gratefully drank the coffee. "I only fear mademoiselle will run over something in her way."

Janet handed the cup back, and wheeled her horse, with a merry laugh.

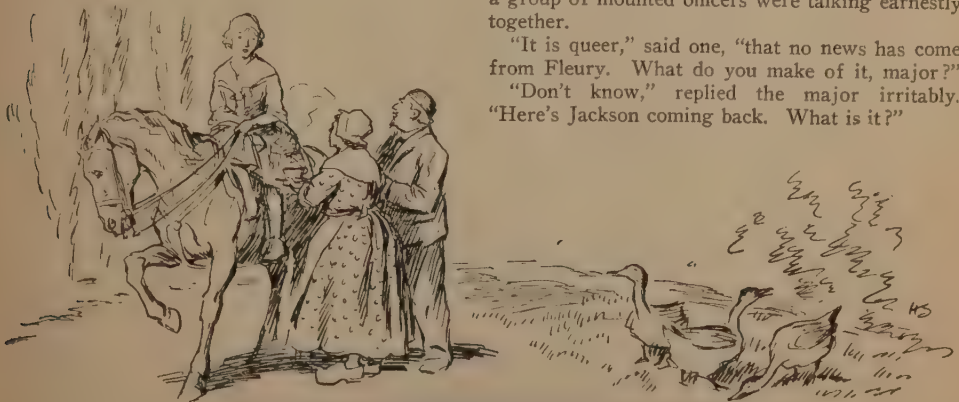
"I have already run over one pig and two geese, and left a sentry clinging to a barred gate that was in my way," she called over her shoulder. "Good-bye! I'll come to see you again."

She turned her head as Wildfire settled into his place, but the dust of her gallop hid the delighted face of the landlord.

A long khaki column was winding its way on the road to Pontéron. After their prolonged stay in Bassepoint the men were in high spirits at the prospect of "something doing" at last. They knew nothing of their destination, but they proudly hoped it was to some spot nearer the guns. The French column had taken another route, with another objective. In the rear of the marching lines a group of mounted officers were talking earnestly together.

"It is queer," said one, "that no news has come from Fleury. What do you make of it, major?"

"Don't know," replied the major irritably. "Here's Jackson coming back. What is it?"



THE LANDLADY BROUGHT HER SOME HOT COFFEE

The subaltern addressed had left his company, and had hurried back to the rear. He pointed to a spot on a hillside to the west, where a narrow white road curled down like a ribbon to meet the Pontéron route.

"Take a good look, sir," he said, handing his binocular to the major. "It's a girl, riding like a Cossack, and waving to us."

"So she is," commented the others.

"She's either mad or in a terrific hurry to take that road like that," growled the major. He was in a bad temper that morning; his heart's desire had been to move down to the firing-line, and orders were otherwise. "Call a halt, Jackson. She may have news."

The crisp order rang out, and the long column came to a halt at the cross-roads. By that time the rider was clearly visible, and hundreds of amazed eyes watched her as she tore down the slope. The officers trotted ahead to meet her. Wildfire, having the gallop of his life, was unwilling to stop, even when faced with a whole regiment. But Janet, who had until then given him his head, set her teeth as she came abreast the advance column and the waiting officers, and pulled him up on to his haunches. He stopped, quivering, smoking, dashed with foam. A dead silence fell as Janet, with shaking hands, drew the

envelope from her dress. Running her eye quickly over the officers, she rode straight to the major, who was standing at the salute.

"A despatch," she said in her clear voice. "As the messenger was hurt, I brought it myself."

"English!" ran the murmur through the lines. "An English girl!" The men craned their heads. It was the first Englishwoman's voice they had heard for many weary months. All their pent-up love of home burst out, and cheer after cheer rang down the long column.

The officer, with a smile, took the envelope, and, from his expression as he read the despatch, he longed to cheer with the rest.

"Just in time," he said, handing it to the subaltern. "And what we've all been wanting, eh, Jackson?"

"That's true, sir." The subaltern delightedly returned to his work, and Janet, wheeling her horse, came into line with the major.

"Mayn't I know what it is?" she queried.

"Certainly, dear child," beamed the major; and he handed her the despatch.

This is what she read:

"Enemy making flank attack. Am hard pressed. Come across the river to Fleury. Blow up bridge. Any message can be entrusted to *Charles Lemprière, the bearer.*"



JANET PULLED HER HORSE UP ON HIS HAUNCHES

Courtesy of the Cream of Wheat Company



BOOKS ARE KEYS THAT UNLOCK THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE
FROM A PAINTING BY HADDON H. SUNDBLOM



THE HOLE IN THE WALL

BY WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

"HELLO, Sadie."

"Hello! Mike."

"They say red hair is jist comin' back inter style, Sadie."

"Yes, Mike, and I hear that warts is worn by all the Back Bay dudes. You're right in the fashion, ain't yer, Mikie?"

"Shure, Sadie," said Mike, with a grin, and wisely keeping silent lest worse should come to him from his quick-witted neighbor.

Sadie and Mike lived in the West End of Boston and this was the sort of conversation they indulged in every morning when, running errands, they met in "The Hole in the Wall."

Half way between the North Station and the Massachusetts General Hospital is this most unexpected little short-cut passageway. You cannot see it until you are just in its doorway, and some people who have been directed to it could never find it at all. It burrows under some old red brick tenements, traverses some dingy side lanes and has all along its dingy stone walls the most suspicious-looking windows and trapdoors that appear as if they led into dens of thieves. Placards at both ends read, "Dangerous Passing," and if you ever walk down the slippery, dimly lighted flagging late at night followed by shadows you believe them and hurry on, relieved at your safe escape at the lower end. This passage is known locally as "The Hole in the Wall."

In a little two-room first story tenement fronting on the lower side lane off "The Hole in the Wall" lives Mr. Simon Grundy, with his bedridden wife. Mr. Grundy is a small man with a sharp New England nose and a look frosty, but kindly. He has been for many years the keeper of a little notion store in the West End, but of late his shrewd Jewish competitors have made it hard for him to get a living. Mrs. Grundy, though con-

finned to her bed and chair, is as smart with her fingers as with her tongue, which is saying a good deal. She manages to slide her rocker around her tiny household domain, and keeps it so tidy that one almost forgets how dark and damp it really is. She is a good woman, who is very fond of secrets, although she has never been known to keep any. This story tells how she de-



vised the greatest secret of her life and how it got taken away from her and kept in spite of her.

The Grundys had become very poor. Every evening Mr. Simon came home looking more and more weary and bringing a smaller and smaller stock of pennies. Mrs. Grundy would ask:

"Well, how was business at the store to-day,

Simon?" and he would brighten up a bit and say:

"Only poorly, Maria. But after a few days I think it will mend. You know the times are rather hard, but my friends tell me they are all looking for better days."

"Well, there couldn't be any wuss ones," Mrs. Grundy would mutter savagely; but for the most part she was patient with her husband, knowing that he wasn't wholly to blame for the affairs and mistakes of the nation.

Several weeks before Christmas Mrs. Grundy was having a chat out in the back kitchen with Sadie White, who came in every day or two to call. Sadie's mother kept a little grocery shop at the corner below "The Hole in the Wall," and Sadie brought in the butter and eggs and kindling wood. Sadie had been telling Aunt Maria, as she called her, about the aprons that Mr. Solomon Isaacstein was giving out to be made.

"He gives ten cents a dozen for the makin', which is little enough, my mother says, but still one can pick it up at odd times and," she added, with shrewdness beyond her years, "after all, it's the pennies that counts."

"Dew tell," said Mrs. Grundy. "Now, Sadie, you go right down to Isaacstein's and bring me up two dozen of them aprons. I'm goin' right to work on 'em this very day. Simon an' I says we wouldn't make no Christmas this year, times was so dull, but I says to him, says I, 'Now, Simon, we'll jess trust the Lord and keep our powder dry and He'll bring somethin' to pass'; but I didn't never expect He'd do it by a Jew peddler. Trewly He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. And, Sadie, don't you lisp a word on this to any livin' creetur. I'm a-goin' to surprise Simon Grundy as he wan't never surprised before."

Sadie took the vow of concealment and returned shortly with the material for twenty-four blue gingham aprons, done up cleverly to imitate a laundry package.

When Mrs. Grundy had got nearly three dollars earned she had decided out of the forty or fifty things that her husband needed, upon three from which she should make her final choice. She had sent the good-natured Sadie a dozen times a day to all the neighboring stores to explore the stock and get prices and to report minutely upon the appearance, comparative value and wearing qualities of each present. It stood now between a lamp, a table, and an easy chair. The two former were luxuries, while the latter was a real necessity, only it seemed to be beyond her reach. Mike Flannery, too, who delivered the

evening paper, was impressed into the exploring expedition, although, being a man, she did not trust much to his judgment as a shopper.

Finally Sadie burst into the front room one noon with the startling news that Mr. Jacob Cohen had just put in his store window a Morris chair, second hand, but as good as new, for the startling bargain price of three dollars and a quarter. She urged that it be engaged at once, before such an attractive offering should be accepted by somebody else. But Mrs. Grundy was prudent and she hesitated.

No sooner had Sadie gone to school than Mrs. Grundy made a sudden and amazing resolution. She would go down the lane and examine the chair herself! It was eight years since she had put her foot to the ground. Dare she attempt it? Nerved by excitement, she drew her chair over to a chest of drawers and took out with trembling fingers her long unused bonnet and shawl. Moving over to another corner she seized two canes, which were her husband's, and then slid her chair to the door. As calmly as if it were an everyday matter, she locked the door and put the key in her pocket, and then leaning against the house wall felt her way to the gate. As she turned into "The Hole in the Wall," Mr. Moses Johnson, the colored stableman in the nearby teaming establishment, came along. He politely concealed his surprise, and doffing his soft hat said pleasantly:

"Good mornin', Sis' Grundy. I am very pleasant to see you able to be out walkin'. Won't you take my a-arm and let me 'sist you down the alley?"

So, leaning upon the good deacon's arm, she made her way safely to the outlet of the lane. She knew where she was now. A few steps to the right was her husband's little shop. Maybe if her strength held out she could step in there and surprise him. And just across the street was Mr. Cohen's store, and there, in plain sight, was the bargain chair, with its rich red cover and cherry frame, in all its glory. It was even a better bargain than she had dreamed.

As she rested against the wall before returning she saw an old street peddler come slowly up the street on the other side, carrying a little tray of shoestrings and collar buttons. She pitied him. But as he drew nearer it seemed a familiar figure. He passed and Mrs. Grundy crouched against the wall almost insensible. It was her husband.

Over two years before he had lost his little store, sold under the hammer, and with brave patience had concealed all from his sick wife and borne alone his burden of shame and sorrow. Oh, how cold and pinched and sad he looked! How hopeless this dreary and humble occupation by



COMING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS
From the painting by Anna Whelan Betts

which in his old age he fought the wolf from his door.

Mrs. Grundy never knew how she reached her home, but there Sadie found her an hour later, bending over her fire, her gray hair peeping disheveled from the bonnet she had forgotten to remove, and the tears trickling through her worn fingers. Sadie, on the floor beside her, with her strong young arm around her, drew from her the sad story.

"And to think of me thinkin' of all these sinful luxuries," she sobbed, "when my dear husband had no coat to his back or muffler to his neck."

Mr. Grundy was deeply affected when his wife handed him her hard-earned three dollars at his return that night and spoke in brief words her penitence, her anxiety, and her love.

"Never mind, lass. I'll get along all right. We'll not cry over spilt milk. Jess milk another cow. I thank ye kindly, Maria, for the offer of the overcoat, for it has been a bit raw about the edges these December days.

And so these old people cheered each other and were easier again. But Sadie rushed out of the house in a stormier mood. She met Mike in the alley and waited not for his words of taunting.

"Mike Flannery," she shouted, "it's up to you to make a raise of one dollar and sixty-three cents before Christmas Eve. You've three days to do it."

Mike turned his pockets wrongside out to show their empty condition.

"I'm in rejuiced circumstances at prisint, me dear. Eight cents is de limit, I fear. Can you raise it?"

Sadie in shame-faced confusion acknowledged that a penny and a pocket piece represented her store. Then she told the story and concluded as follows:

"It would be a shame to der West End, Mike, to let dose two old people lose deir Christmas all along o' Aunt Maria's rubbering onto Simon's pushcart business."

"You're all right, Sadie. I'm wid ye to de limit, see? Les' go down to Jacob's and make him give de chair to de Grundy's for a Christmas mark of respect."

But Jacob Cohen did not seem quite as benevolent as they had pictured him.

"I have nine children und my fader und my moder und my wife Rachel und her aunt Leah to support, and times is hard und money is scarce. But I will make a r-reduct-ion."

"How much?" both the children asked eagerly.

"About a quar-ter of a dollar," smiled Jacob genially.

Things did not look so bright as they stepped

out into the darkness of the narrow street with its distant flare of arc lights.

"We'll do it somehow," said Sadie stubbornly.

They each agreed on a list of names and promised to meet in "The Hole in the Wall" at nine o'clock.

At nine o'clock both were in front of the Grundy's darkened windows.

"How much you got, Sadie?"

"Fifty cents. How much have you?"

"A quarter of a dollar."

"Two sixteen to get," whistled Mike dubiously.

Then they told their experiences. Sadie had gone to Emil Hollenbeck's saloon. Emil gave generously to all charities. But Emil was cross



SADIE BROUGHT HER THE BUNDLE OF APRONS

that night. Somebody had broken his plate-glass window. Besides, Mr. Grundy had not only never patronized his establishment, "The Hot Dog Tavern," but he had once tried to have it closed for violating the ordinances. He sent her brusquely away. A half-drunken cobbler sitting on a settle in the corner gave her a dime.

She had met Father Ambrose, of St. John's Mission Church. His is the high church Episcopal chapel on Bowdoin Street. The clergy wear long, faded, black gowns and shovel hats and assume the medieval manner. Sadie usually belonged to that Sunday school just before Christmas. The good priest greeted her kindly. He was not very much versed in the ways of the world.

"I was glad, my daughter, to see you at church last Sunday. It is a pleasure to see our young people forming the good old habit of church-going."

Sadie stammered out some brief apology for her shortcomings in the past and hastily told her story.

Father Ambrose was touched by the sad tale.

"We must do what we can for these good people.

My child, you have a kind heart and heaven will bless you. I shall gladly give you what I may."

A blush suffused his slender, pale face as he took his hand from the pocket beneath his well-worn surtout.

"It is all I have—at present—but I give it with my heartiest prayers."

The coins were few, for Father Ambrose was as poor in this world's goods as his Master, but Sadie enriched it with a tear and in her nightly prayer remembered Father Ambrose ever after in her catalogue of saints.

Mike had raised most of his from "de gang at de corner," partly by forced levy. He had also a willing nickel from poor Deacon Johnson at the stable.

"Well, dere's two more days, Sadie," he said with a sigh, "and if our pluck is better dan our luck we may make it yet."

The next night they met again. Only forty cents had been added to the Grundy chair fund. Mike had sought his spiritual adviser, and Father Patrick Doherty had bestowed a quarter upon his parishioner with a long and pointed personal lecture upon his own frailties and omissions.

"I earned dat quarter, Sadie, wit' de sweat of me face," he said.

Charlie Wong, at the Chinese laundry, had forgiven Mike's many persecutions and had proffered a bright new dime. As he held it aloft, he said:

"No blakee any more window?"

"No," said Mike, grinning.

"No trow any more snowball?"

"No."

"No pulee pigtail?"

"No."

"How long?"

"One month," replied the conscientious Mike.

"All light," said Charlie, conscious that he had purchased peace cheaply enough.

Sadie had gathered hers by a penny collection taken at the door of her mother's candy shop from more or less willing young investors just before school.

"Somethin's got to happen before tomorrow night, Sadie, or our goose is crow."

"We'll make somethin' happen," said Sadie stoutly.

The next morning Sadie played truant. She visited the office of the Honorable Michael Sullivan, the boss of the ward, and the incumbent of the office of alderman.

"Git out of this," he thundered as she proffered her request in the small, low office behind a saloon, where he ran the civic affairs of the West End.

"But, Mr. Sullivan, you give to all the picnics

and festivals and benefits in de West End," pleaded Sadie.

"De only thing I'll give to Grundy is to his funeral," said the honorable gentleman savagely. "He's voted agin me and worked agin me and talked agin me for twenty years."

But Sadie was persistent. She was a good arguer. She reminded him that the family of White, to which she belonged, had voted the Democratic ticket to a man and almost to a woman ever since it was born, and that its vengeance, if aroused, would be difficult to allay. She reminded Mr. Sullivan that his gift, if received, would be engrossed in her own best hand at the top of the subscription paper which was being circulated from house to house in the precinct, and would thus attract favorable attention. And finally she received the reluctant and incredulous promise that he would give the last dollar needed to complete the amount.

"Grundy will know well enough," he grumbled, "that Mike Sullivan is the last man to give him an easy chair, and that it'll be the last dollar he'll ever get out of his purse."

Sadie hurried thankfully away to join her comrade, who had already begun a family canvass of the neighborhood. Nearly all gave cheerfully, although of necessity in the smallest sums. Many added to their donations wishes that they could do more and blessings upon these two worthy old people.

Just before seven o'clock at night Sadie and Mike ran triumphantly into Mr. Cohen's store to claim the chair upon which they held an option which would have expired in ten minutes. Mr. Cohen was as genial as ever. He did the chair up as carefully in newspapers as if it were to be carried a thousand miles. He took it upon his shoulders and carried it to his door. There he paused. Mike held the door open. He lifted it again and set it down. He looked around. Presently he went to his window, and, picking out the biggest and softest and reddest hassock in the window, wrapped it up slowly and laid it in silence on the chair. Mike nudged Sadie with delight. At the door Mrs. Cohen emerged from the cellarway and tucked into the wrapping paper a pair of thick mittens. Antonio Milillotti, from the fruit store across the road, ran over and laid on a bag of oranges, and Sadie's mother came out with her apron over her head and carefully placed in Sadie's hands a frosted cake trimmed with holly.

The procession formed quickly at the lower entrance to "The Hole in the Wall," for Sadie had thoughtfully gone around again and invited everyone of the sharers in this act of blessing. All were there except the Hon. Michael Sullivan and



THE CHRISTMAS PROCESSION

the two clergymen. Here was Charlie Wong in his blue jacket, with his hands rolled up in loose sleeves and his teeth chattering with cold and pleasure. Deacon Johnson was present with an air of mingled dignity and goodness, even though in his shirt sleeves. And here were also the newsboys and the school girls, and all the kind mothers—Jewish, Portuguese, Irish and German—from the cosmopolitan West End.

It was a cold night. The snow was steadily falling and the ground was already well covered. As Mr. and Mrs. Grundy sat in front of their kitchen fire they could hear in the lulls of the rising storm the distant sound of sleigh bells and the Christmas chimes from over Beacon Hill. Christmas Eve is always a lonely time for old people. It is so full of ancient recollections. Mrs. Grundy looked sadly at the shabby and uncomfortable chair in which her husband was sitting, then with silent gratitude at the warm, though second-hand, coat which he had purchased with her Christmas surprise money.

But the surprise was yet to come. The procession with the chair walked up through "The Hole in the Wall" and up to the Grundy's door. The front room was dark. Mike pushed the door open and stepped inside. The rest followed quietly. Sadie knew just where the lamp was and lighted it. Mr. Cohen put the chair carefully in the corner and arranged the auxiliary offerings and the list of subscribers in an artistic manner. There was a moment's confusion as they were about to proceed. The window was open and a brawny arm was seen to raise an unwieldy bundle, poise it on top of the window, let it drop and

then disappear. The bundle was a turkey. The arm belonged to Emil, the saloonkeeper, who had regained his good temper and had modestly followed the other givers with his personal and timely tribute.

They had not been able to secure anybody to make the presentation speech, but Sadie had arranged a number of vocal music instead. A quartet of little girls was arranged in the foreground. They were a little Hebrew, a sunny Negro, a black-eyed Italian, and a smiling French child. Sadie quietly opened the door, and as the two old people looked out with wonder and then with fear and finally with gratitude into a circle of neighborly faces that spoke reverence and respect and sympathy, the merry chimes ceased and the little girls took up the Christmas music of love and giving with their sweet childish trebles, as they sang:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

And as they sang it seemed that the holy spirit of Christmas, which is the spirit of loving-kindness, entered invisibly and dwelt in every heart, Jewish and Christian and Gentile, in peace and good-will.

A SNOW BOUND

SANTA CLAUS



(By
Izola L. Forrester

Drawing (By
Florence E. Forrester

THE Pacific Overland Express, from Omaha to the coast, stopped short with a slow, reluctant jerk. For over ten miles, since noon, it had tried to make its way through the snowbergs that lay in huge drifts on the track, and now it gave up the fight, and rested at the eastern base of Great Bear Pass.

Nell blew on the frosted window-pane until she had melted a peep-hole to look through.

"Just mountains and mountains everywhere," she announced dolefully, and four other young Harrisons listened in doleful sympathy. Christmas in a snowed-up car would be something dreadful.

"It's five o'clock now," said Max, "and the conductor says we won't be out before to-morrow, maybe, because they've got to telegraph for a snow-plow to help us out."

Curled together in a disconsolate heap on one seat, Benjy hugged Tomikins up close, and they sobbed in united woe.

"No candy, or turkeys, or ballses, or dollies, or anysing," cried Tomikins.

"And no Santa Clauses too," added Benjy, with a fresh howl.

Even Jeanette, as big sister, felt the tears gather slowly in her eyes, in spite of her fifteen years, as she thought of the thirty-six miles that lay between them and Silver City.

"Will Santa Claus find us 'way out here?" asked Nell.

"Sure he'll find us," promised Max, valiantly. "He'll make a bee-line right over the mountains with those ponies of his—"

"Reindeerses," prompted Benjy, sitting up, and taking an interest in life once more.

"Don't you suppose that papa's beginning to worry about us, Jeanie?" asked Max.

Jeanette nodded her head. She knew if she tried to talk she would curl up in a heap, like the twins, and have a good, hard cry.

At the end of the train, in the private car *Pocahontas*, sat Mr. John P. Ridley. It did not please Mr. Ridley that the Pacific Overland Express should be held up by a snow-storm. He believed that a properly conducted railroad should be equal to any snow-storm.

He kept his private porter busy running back and forth through the train, finding out what chances there were of getting through Great Bear Pass that night. It appeared that Mr. Ridley was especially anxious to get through that night for two reasons. The boxes and numerous small pieces of baggage that were stacked in one end of the car explained one of these reasons. The explanation of the other Mr. Ridley reserved to himself, to the telegraph operator back at Barker Junction, and to Warren, general manager of the Lakota mines in Silver City.

He was sorry for Harrison. He was a hard worker and thoroughly competent, but they needed a younger, quicker man as assayer at the Lakota mines. Harrison was, if anything, too painstaking. He experimented. Also, he was strictly conscientious. If it had not been for the coming deal in the Sunset mine, he might have kept him; but a thing like that needed a different sort of man. Not that it was n't a "square deal." He believed himself that the Sunset was a good thing, and only half developed, but so far the output had not justified the price he had put on it. In case of questions asked by the buyers, he

did not want exactly a false report made by the assayer, but he did want a man who could see beyond the specimens in his hands, and who would look after the interests of his employer enough to prophesy favorably on the future of the Sunset. Harrison was not good at prophesying.

Therefore a telegram had gone forward from Barker Junction which rendered the position of assayer vacant, and Mr. Ridley was very anxious to arrive in Silver City in time to meet the new assayer from Butte and instruct him on a few minor points of prophesying, before the buyers for the Sunset should interview him.

When six o'clock came, he had his private dinner prepared in his private kitchen by his private chef, and he enjoyed it as well as his dyspepsia would permit him to enjoy anything, while in the cars ahead the general public rummaged in lunch-boxes and -baskets, and shared with one another remains of cold chicken and ham sandwiches in philosophical merriment over the situation.

At half-past eight Mr. Ridley found his privacy growing monotonous. On Christmas eve, in a snow-bound train stranded in the heart of the Rockies, privacy is a bore, and so Mr. Ridley took a stroll through the train.

He found relief for a while in the smoking-compartment of the first sleeper. There were several persons aboard the train who recognized the value of Mr. Ridley as a fellow-passenger, and were glad to make him welcome.

He had noticed, in passing through the sleepers, a rather noisy crowd of youngsters who were singing, playing games, and otherwise having a very jolly time.

It was after eleven when he left the smoking-compartment. On his way back through the cars, the conductor met him, and explained apologetically that the wires were down for several miles ahead in the pass, and it had been necessary to send back to Barker Junction in order to telegraph ahead for a snow-plow. It might be several hours before they could go on—possibly not before the next morning.

Mr. Ridley was annoyed. As he went on through the narrow, curtained aisles of the sleepers, he felt vaguely resentful toward the whole system—railroad, snow-storm, passengers, and all—as a combined force of circumstances that could detain a man like John P. Ridley against his will. Suddenly he stopped short before Section 4 in the third sleeper. The two berths were made up, and they were close quarters, too. In the upper one slept Max and the twins, Benjy cuddled up cross-wise at the foot, and in the lower berth were Nell and Jeanette.

But all that Mr. Ridley saw was a row of stock-

ings pinned up on the long curtains, like misplaced tails on a donkey-sheet. He stared at them through his eyeglasses thoughtfully. Two small ones just alike, well darned around the toes and heels, one long, double-kneed one for a boy who might possibly play marbles, and two fine-ribbed ones with small feet.

After a minute's inspection, Mr. Ridley walked back to the end of the car and had a talk with the porter. When he had finished he knew the personality of each stocking, and the requirements of its owner. And then a very curious thing happened on the Pacific Overland Express. Back and forth between the third sleeper and the private car Mr. Ridley's private porter marched, his arms full of boxes and parcels; and when it came to opening them before Section 4, Mr. Ridley himself took a hand.

When the five stockings were full, and bulged out at the tops, there were other parcels placed cautiously in the little hammocks that hung at the head and foot of the lower berth, and Mr. Ridley caught a glimpse of Nell's brown pig-tails and Jeanette's yellow curls lying side by side on the pillow. When he returned to the private car after all was done, he was smiling comfortably to himself, and had forgotten all about the wretched facilities of railroads for dealing with snow-storms. At home there were two heads, very similar to those in Section 4, waiting for papa to come. That was the first reason why Mr. Ridley wanted to get over Great Bear Pass that night.

But just as the private porter gathered up the last pieces of string and paper from the aisle and started away after Mr. Ridley, Max's head appeared at the curtain opening of the upper berth. His hair was standing on end as only the hair of a pillow-tousled boy can act, and his eyes were round with sleepy, surprised amazement when he saw the bulging stockings.

In half a minute he had dropped from the berth, and a small white ghost in baggy night-clothes stole through the cars after Mr. Ridley, and never stopped until the vestibule door of the *Pocahontas* shut out the world from its privacy.

At half-past seven on Christmas morning, the snow-plow came through Great Bear Pass. The blizzard had stopped, and it was clear and cold. A committee of five waited for admittance in the vestibule of the *Pocahontas* while Mr. Ridley bathed, shaved, and dressed. It was a joyous, excited committee. Max led as guide, with Nell hugging his shoulder, and Jeanette tried to hold the twins in check, until finally the private porter ushered them in past the tiny kitchen and pantry, all shining brass and tiles, past the little compartment dining-room, into the parlor section, with its

dark-green hangings and deep, low willow chairs, its bookcases, and piano, and broad windows.

Mr. Ridley rose from his desk to greet them. It was an awkward moment. Max and the girls

"For being Santa Claus—" added Nell, eagerly.

"I saw you," exclaimed Max, forestalling any possible disclaimer.

"I looked over the top of the curtains. My! but you just ought to have seen the kiddies when they found those music-boxes!"

Christmas breakfast is a lonesome affair all by one's self. There were five guests in Mr. Ridley's dining-room, and it was such a merry, delightful breakfast that no one noticed the time until the train began to move slowly forward.

"We're going!" shouted Max, joyously. "'Rah! I really believe that papa stayed in the depot all night."

"Are you going to Silver City?" asked Mr. Ridley.

Of course they were. Why, did n't he know that before? Individually, and in chorus, they all told him how it had happened. 'Way back when the twins were only a year old, the dearest little mother in the world was called to rest, and since then they had lived in Chicago with grandmother Wilcox until papa could take them all. It had been a long time to wait,—almost three years,—and they had been rather poor too.

"Not raggedly poor," protested Nell. "Just shiny."

But now everything was changed. Max's brown eyes sparkled with sturdy pride as he told how his father was assayer at the Lacota silver-mines, and how they

were the finest mines in Colorado. Perhaps Mr. Ridley had heard of them. It appeared that Mr. Ridley had—slightly. It was a fine position, Max assured him, and steady, too. That was why papa had sent for them all to come to him, because he was sure it would last. And it would n't be hard at all, because Jeanie was going to be house-keeper, and they would all help her; and last of



CHRISTMAS MORNING ON THE SLEEPER.

waited doubtfully for each other to speak, until Tomikins broke the ice.

"Merry Cwismus!" he said.

"The same to you, sir," responded Mr. Ridley, a twinkle gleaming in his eyes. "Merry Christmas to all!"

Then Jeanette began: "We came because we wanted to thank you—"

all, they just wanted to tell Mr. Ridley one thing—there was n't a single father in the whole world quite as splendid as the one who was waiting for them in the depot at Silver City.

Mr. Ridley listened, a twin on each knee, and smiled. When breakfast was over, Jeanette said they must go back, because the kiddies were clamoring for the music-boxes. So they waved their hands to him from the vestibule, and called, "Merry Christmas!" And after they had gone, Mr. Ridley went and stood before one of the car windows, looking out at the flying stretches of pine-dotted mountain side.

Finally he turned to his desk. A pad of tele-

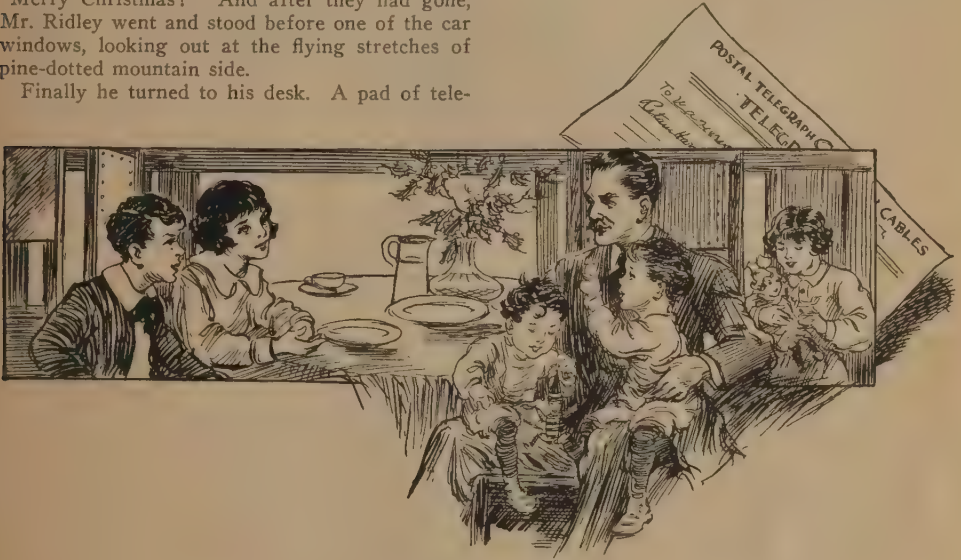
graph-blanks lay on it, and he wrote a message and called the private porter.

"Send that as soon as we reach Crescent," he said.

It was the last gift from Santa Claus; and Warren, general manager of the Lacota mines smiled when he received it. It read:

Retain Harrison.

J. P. RIDLEY.



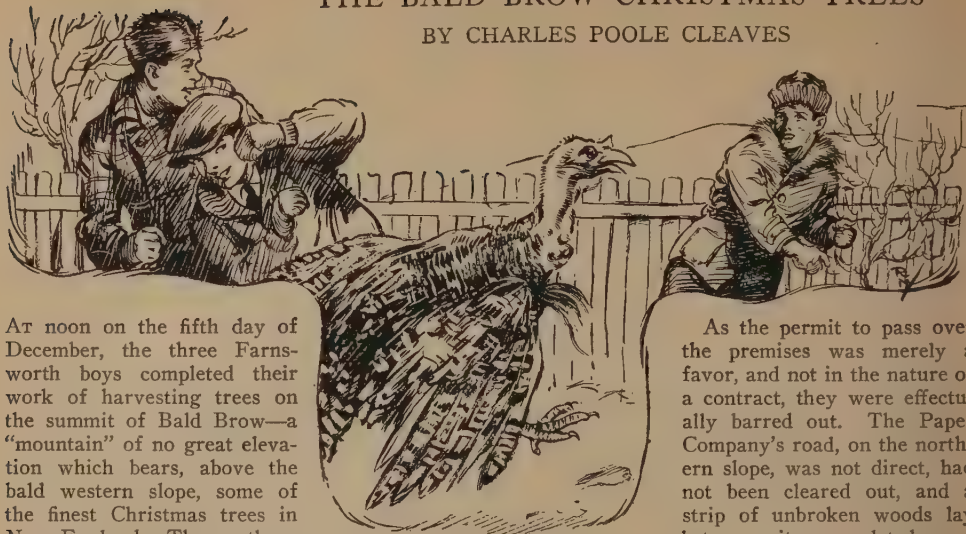
IN CHRISTMAS LAND

In the beams and gleams came the Christmas dreams
 To the little children there,
 And hand in hand, to the Christmas land—
 'Neath the Christmas skies so fair,
 They went away on a magic sleigh
 That tinkled with silver bells,
 Over the white of the snow, one night,
 Where the king of the Christmas dwells.

They saw him marshal his soldiers small,
 In beautiful, bright brigades;
 At the tap o' the drum they saw them come
 With guns and glittering blades.
 The little soldiers were made of tin,
 With painted coats of red,
 And they drilled away, with their banners gay,
 By a cute little captain led.

THE BALD BROW CHRISTMAS TREES

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES



At noon on the fifth day of December, the three Farnsworth boys completed their work of harvesting trees on the summit of Bald Brow—a "mountain" of no great elevation which bears, above the bald western slope, some of the finest Christmas trees in New England. The northern half of the mountain is the property of the Consolidated Paper Company, from whom permission to cut trees was secured. The southern half belongs to old Jared Frye, an eccentric hermit who has a fancy for raising turkeys. Through his private road and past his house was the route to the top of Bald Brow.

The trees were chopped, the butts sawed square, and all but the larger were tied in bundles, ready for shipping. There was prospect of continued fair weather, and a few days' teaming would load the car and allow the trees to be shipped in ample season. The contract read: "By December fifteenth."

As they descended the mountain at noon of the fifth, the boys were singing and shouting—gay with the joy of good work well done and the prospect of final success. In the sunny yard of the hermit's house the snow had melted, and the old man had loosed his turkeys to strut in the sun. Unfortunately, a snowball from Mark's hand missed Ned's dodging head and flew among the turkeys, striking a spotted gobbler, the old man's pet and pride, fairly on the wing. With a screech the turkey sailed across the yard and the boys' effort to prevent his escape sent him fluttering down the forest road. Frye was not in sight, and after a fruitless chase the fowl slipped into the woods. The boys, now a considerable distance from the house, concluded to let him go and trust to his instinct to bring him home.

But the next day, when they drove their teams up the mountain road, they were halted in front of Frye's house by a railing fenced across the road and a large sign which read: NO TRESPASSING.

As the permit to pass over the premises was merely a favor, and not in the nature of a contract, they were effectually barred out. The Paper Company's road, on the northern slope, was not direct, had not been cleared out, and a strip of unbroken woods lay between its completed part and the Christmas trees.

"Here 's a pretty state of affairs!" cried Tom. He dropped his reins and whip and strode up to the house, his brothers following. The old man shuffled to the door in response to his knock and listened attentively to his expostulations.

"Where 's my turkey?" he asked, when Tom paused.

"I 'll pay for the turkey, sir," replied Tom, promptly. "Mark flung a snowball at Ned and it hit the turkey and drove him down the road. We tried to catch him, but he dodged into the woods. He may come home. I 'll pay for him, anyway. What better can we do?"

The old man's eyes narrowed and his lips tightened.

"Find my turkey!" he answered, and closed the door.

The boys faced each other in dismay. Delay was serious. Storms, blocked roads, or a thaw would hinder teaming. After shipment there might be delay on the railroad.

"We 're fixed!" said Ned, mournfully.

"Can't we reason with him, or bribe him? We must do something," said Mark.

"It 's of no use," replied Tom. "He 's unreasonable; too well off and too proud to be hired. We 've got to find that turkey or make a road some other way. A pretty tough proposition in either case!"

They turned the teams and drove down the forest road to the place where the turkey had disappeared. A half hour's floundering in the crusty snow proved the folly of the search. The

frightened gobbler had fled far into the forest. Nothing but snow-shoes would mount the fragile crust, and snow-shoeing was hardly possible among the shrubbery where the turkey would be likely to skulk. If he had not already proved a savory feast to some wild beast he might wander homeward. If the weather turned colder he would probably freeze in the forest.

The boys returned to their teams.

"It 's of no use," said Tom, despondently. "Wait a couple of days, and the bird may find himself. But I 'll write the Paper Company for a permit to carry their road through to the summit. I believe a week's chopping would do it, and I am savage enough to chop day and night. There 's no small part of our year's education tied up in those Christmas trees. Boys, we *must* ship them! If the gobbler does n't turn up, or the old man relent, we must get those trees out if we have to hire a crew and lose money. We can make it up next year, and it will never do to fail at the start, in our contract."

They passed two uneasy, anxious days before they returned to the mountain and found the turkey still missing—the old man still obdurate. Meanwhile, a thaw had begun. The warmth and indolence of early spring were in the air, as if December were coquetting with April. In the village the streets were coated with a mere film of slush and ice. The mountain road was fast reduced. In the forests the snow was settling groundward. The boys broke out the Paper Company's road to its terminus, and chopped a continuation through the intervening strip. It cost them five days of hard labor, and even then there was evidence that a lack of snow to cover the stumps would make sledding impossible. Their hearts and financial

interests were so much engaged in the Christmas tree enterprise that when, on the night of December thirteenth, they went to bed and listened to the drip, drip, of the eaves, Tom groaned involuntarily, and made no reply to Mark's queries.

But that night the wind whisked to the north



"'WHERE 'S MY TURKEY?' HE ASKED."

and blew April four months away. By daylight the thermometer had dropped to its record. A crust like adamant was spread over the land, icing the roads and glazing the snow in field and forest. The roads were saved, and it was possible that a light fall of snow might soon follow

and cover the sapling stumps of the extended north road sufficiently to make possible the shipment of the trees by the engaging of several teams for doing the work in a day. That snow, however, could hardly fall before the fifteenth, and Tom rose early to write his Boston retailer a statement of the predicament.

But when he stood in the doorway and gazed up the shining slope of Bald Brow, over which he had often wished a road could be driven, a thought struck him that set him stamping about the crust in the dooryard.

Bald Brow was not a precipice, but a steep, rocky slope—too steep for man or horse—which was rough and craggy when bare, a mire of snow when covered. But Bald Brow coated with a solid crust afforded the simplest and most efficient means of transporting Christmas trees to the main road that skirted the base of the mountain. Any bright boy or man, his wits glowing under the stimulus of the bracing mountain air, would wake to the idea of *sliding* the Christmas trees down the declivity of Bald Brow.

They made plans in short order. Tom drew conclusions.

"I 'll shoot the bundles down the slope! You boys must stand down in the field to keep them from damaging each other, and draw them down to the roadside. We 'll be ready to load them by the middle of the afternoon, and with such teaming as this, we 'll have them on the car before tomorrow night, and then out they go on the evening freight."

To shorten the distance Tom cut through the southern woods, toiling up the mountain, over the firm crust, with light heart and quick feet. Passing behind the hermit's premises he heard a cow lowing dismally in her stall. No smoke rose from the chimney. There was an air of desolation about the scene. Urged more by the importance of the day's work than by resentment to Frye, his first instinct was to press on. But the mystery of the smokeless chimney, the pleading of the cow, and the desolateness, woke him to a sense of common duty. He approached the house. No tracks were visible in yesterday's slush and the windows were blinded by thick frost. He knocked twice. There was no response and he walked in. The room was cold, the stove fireless, and on the table, where a meal had been prepared and left untouched, the food was frozen. Tom's heart thrilled with dread.

"Mr. Frye! Hello!"

A muffled shout came from under the floor. Tom stooped and flung up the trap-door and peered into the darkness. He could hear quick, anxious breathing. Without further delay he

lighted the old man's lantern and started down the narrow steps.

"Look out for that broken stair!" called a sharp voice. The strength of it relieved Tom's anxiety. He stepped carefully to the bottom of the cellar where he found the old man huddled up on the plank walk, a few potato sacks wrapped around him. His face was drawn, and he moved feebly and painfully.

"Had a tumble," he commented. "I came down for butter, and the trap-door dropped on me. Shot me down, and I broke a stair and doubled my limbs under me. I lost myself, and woke up chilly." His mouth twitched grimly in the lantern-light. "Guess I 'm pretty well bruised—or broken. Cold up-stairs, ain't it? I heard the wind blow, and it 's kinder drafty here."

"Cold? I guess it is!" exclaimed Tom. He started to explain, but the old man cut him short impatiently.

"Well, well. Start a fire in the kitchen and then help me git up. It 's warmer down here now."

Tom thrust Christmas trees out of mind as much as the pangs of disappointment would allow, left the old man in the cellar with the trap closed, and started a roaring fire in the kitchen range. Then he wrapped bedding about him, and finding him growing weak and faint, hurried out to the stable for an armful of hay with which he improvised a couch on the cellar planks. When he brought hot coffee, the old man drank it eagerly and called for food. He had the grit of a hero, but his movements brought forth exclamations of pain.

"Can't you feed my cow—and milk her?" he asked, eagerly. "Give my turkeys and hens some hot mash. They must be about frozen. Let me rest till you take care o' the critters, and the house gits warm."

He sank back on the bedding and waved Tom away. Leaving the lantern beside him and closing the trap, Tom hurried about the chores. The cow was grateful for breakfast and the famished fowls gathered stiffly about the scalded meal, and a young rooster thawed sufficiently to mount the roost and give vent to a long-delayed "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Down at the foot of Bald Brow Mark and Ned, stamping their feet on the crust and threshing their arms, had waited long and impatiently for Tom's appearance on the summit. A half hour should have brought him in sight. An hour passed. They shouted till their voices rang through the woods, but there was no reply. At last, leaving Ned as sentry, Mark started to follow as closely as possible Tom's route through the woods. But the tracks on the hard crust were

indistinct and soon lost, and Mark, after a shorter circuit, found himself on the clearing at the summit with no trace of Tom. He shouted the news disconsolately to Ned, and turned down the mountain road toward the hermit's house hoping to learn there some tidings of Tom.

Ned, determined to cover Tom's path to the summit, began a zigzag tour in the forest, gradually climbing the hill, shouting and peering into every dense covert. Sometimes he discovered

drawn the old man from his dungeon and arranged him comfortably in bed—bruised, strained, and suffering from the terror of the lonely night, but with no serious injury. Ned's heart leaped at the sound of Tom's voice, and he sprang in and stood before the group with the final token of reconciliation in his arms—the turkey—which, with a gratified gobble, sprang upon the bed.

"I vow!" was the old man's comment. An abashed look and a smile of grateful pleasure



"THE TURKEY, WITH A GRATIFIED GOBBLE, SPRANG UPON THE BED"

Tom's footprints, followed them a few rods, then lost them and pursued his zigzag tour again. Where the sunlight poured down into clearer spaces he threshed the chill from his body and pressed on. At last, in a clump of firs, an old brush camp blocked his path. As he peered into it, his eyes blind with the brightness of the snow, a rustle in the corner startled him. Drawing back, he heard a querulous gobble, the voice of a vexed and uncomfortable fowl. It was Jared Frye's turkey.

He grasped the immediate horn of the dilemma, and secured the turkey without delay—determined to retrieve his snowball blunder. He was now so near the hermitage that he decided to return the bird, and continue his search—hoping, meanwhile, to meet Mark. He knocked at the kitchen door, stepped into the entry, and listened to the voices within. Tom and Mark had

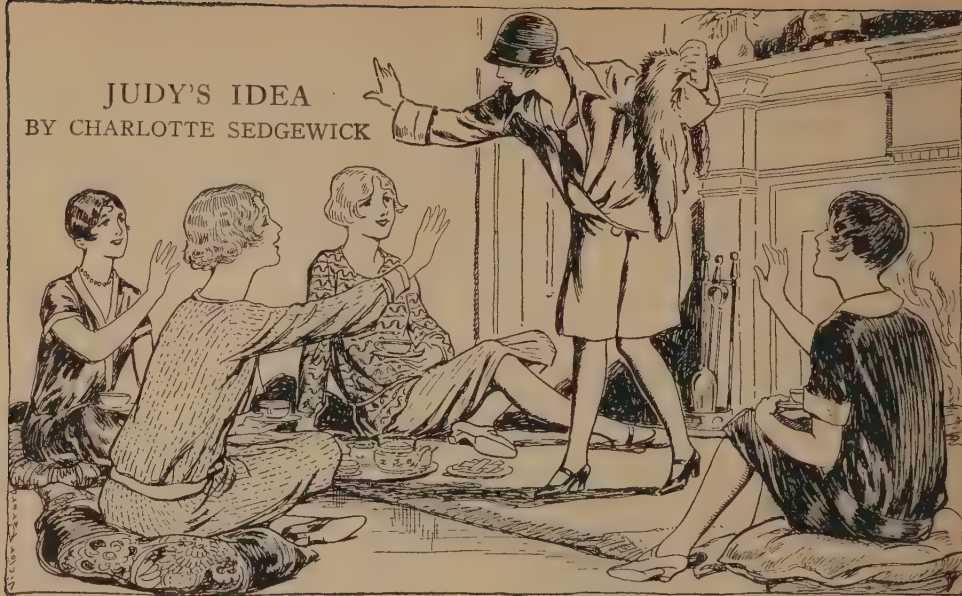
stole over his face, and he drew his knuckles across his eyes. "Here I be, sick and in prison, and ye come to heap coals o' fire on my head. Say, boys, it ain't too late to haul them trees down the mountain, is it?"

He looked at Tom pleadingly. The project of slipping the trees down the slope instead of teaming across his premises even disappointed him, but he settled down gratefully over the happy outcome, and slept under Ned's ministry, while Tom and Mark hurried away to secure additional help and an extra team to atone for lost time.

The trees were shipped next day, landed in Boston the twentieth of December, and the generous returns were spread far over the following months of school life. Next year's shipment—if there be no crust on Bald Brow—will pass Jared Frye's hermitage; that has all been arranged. There is no crust, now, in the old man's heart!

JUDY'S IDEA

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGEWICK



ANNETTE HALL'S needle was beating a faint little drum-tune on the circle of linen stretched taut over her embroidery-hoops, evolving a crimson rose; Mary Dayton's brush was tracing golden scrolls on a fine white china cup; Katrine Schuyler's long amber needles were weaving mysteries of violet wool; Rosalie Jessup's ivory paper-knife was spreading sweet-smelling powder over a broad surface of fleecy white stuff;—the Christmas Club was in busy session.

"How early it gets dark!" Mary complained, bending lower over her cup.

Rosalie sprang up, shaking sweetness all around.

"Let 's stop awhile and have our tea," she said. She pushed a bell somewhere, and then, kneeling by the fire, she prodded the big logs into a crackling blaze.

"Come on over here, girls," she called. "The tea-things are coming in a minute."

Down on the rug they sat in a merry circle, and when Annie appeared she was directed to place her great silver tray on the floor. The little kettle was already singing, and the girls fell into silence, listening and watching the fire.

"Twilight and firelight, shadows come and go," Annette murmured.

"It 's all so comfy," Katrine sighed.

"Where can Judy be?" Mary wondered.

"Girls, I 'm worried about Judy," said Rosalie. "One sugar or two, Katrine?"

"Three, please," said Katrine. "Girls, she 's worried about Judy!"

"Why is she worried about Judy?" asked Annette, in tragic tones.

"Because," Rosalie explained, "she has n't had a bright idea for a long time, and one must be about due; and if she should get one now, and we should catch it, and—and so near Christmas," she finished anxiously.

"Oh, cheer up!" Katrine comforted. "It 's been so long now, maybe she 's outgrown them."

"Rap on wood, quick!" Annette advised.

Mary reached over and solemnly rapped on Katrine's coronet of golden braids.

"Funny Mary!" drawled Katrine.

"You know we *always* do just what she suggests, Annette. She has a way—Judy has. Our only safety is not to let her suggest anything."

There was a distant sound as of a heavy door closing, a swift rush as of a little breeze coming, and then within the circle a brown elf of a girl appeared, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks.

"How dear you look!" she cried. "Oh, girls, I 've got just the loveliest idea!"

Then up rose four determined maidens and fell upon that small one.

"No, you don't, Judy Kendall,—oh, no, you don't!" quoth Mary, more in fear than in wrath.

"Perhaps if you 'll let us put you right to bed you can sleep it off, dear," cooed Annette.

"There, there, child, take a cup o' tea and forget it," advised Katrine.

Judy wriggled away from her tormentors.

"Are you all; quite crazy?" she asked sweetly. "I was only going to tell you—"

"Judy darling," Rosalie broke in, "you are not going to tell us anything. No lovely ideas until after Christmas! Do you get *that* idea, Judy?"

Judy laughed, tossed the brown coat and furs and hat on a sofa, and dropped down beside the tea-tray, a slim little figure in a white serge sailor frock and scarlet tie.

"I want my tea," she said. Rosalie knelt to serve her, and the others completed the merry circle.

"You are late, Judy," Mary chided. "Not a stitch of work have you done this day."

Judy greedily ate her cake.

"What kept you, dear?" Annette coaxed.

A flame shooting up caught sweet mischief lurking in Judy's dimples, but the girls did n't see and the little flame did n't tell.

"I had a lot of errands to do for Mother," Judy explained, "and of course I had to stop and look at 'The Night before Christmas' in Hartmann's window. That window made me late at school three times last week," she added ruefully. "Well, two wee things were looking, too, and—but it's a long story; you don't want to hear it," she ended.

Thus denied, they were sure that they wanted to hear every word of it, only they might as well be working, Mary suggested. Rosalie flooded the room with light, and the Christmas Club was busy again, all but Judy, who stayed on the floor by the fire.

"I must get these bureau-pads together while I'm in the mess," Rosalie apologized. "Go on, dear; we're listening."

So Judy went on. She had talked to the children beside her at the window, and they had played a merry little game of "I choose." Judy herself had chosen a tiny table set for tea and the doll party around it, which Santa Claus was leaving for one of the children "nestled all snug in their beds." The little girl wanted the baby doll in its cradle and the wee chair beside it, hung with the baby doll's dainty clothes. The small boy sniffed at dolls and manfully selected an automobile, a drum, and a pair of roller-skates, and some fur gloves.

"All right," Judy had said then, "I'll just step in and mention to Santy what we want."

But the small girl had detained her, explaining gravely that Judy must not, for Santy was very poor this year, her mother had told them, and he probably would not come to their house at all.

"Then," said Judy, "I just whisked those babies in, and fed 'em hot chocolate and sandwiches, and made 'em tell me all about it. They are Tommy and Bessie Evans, and they live out toward the lake. Their father has been sick for a long time, and their mother is trying to make their savings last till he can work again, so Santy is too poor to come. And, girls, they were n't even dressed warm—their toesies were almost out of their shoesies."

"Oh, Judy!" Annette choked. Judy smiled.

"You'll feel better in a minute, dear," she comforted. "I left those infants drinking chocolate at the little table and just ran around to Father's office and collected my March allowance."

"Your March allowance!" cried Mary, in horror.

"Of course," said Judy, easily; "I've spent them up to—April now. Well, we bought shoes, Tommy and Bessie and I, and stockings and fleece-lined rubbers and mittens. It was more fun!"

Katrine was tapping an amber needle against her white teeth. "How big is your family, Judy?" she asked. "I wonder if they could n't wear some of Editha's and Bobby's things."

"They can," Judy said—"they do. I trotted them right over to your mother and held her up for warm coats; got those fuzzy scarlet ones your young imps wore last winter. Then I made Dave take us home in the car, Rosalie. They had never been in an automobile before, and they had simply the time of their lives, those kiddies did. And *that* is why I'm late," she ended, and gazed into the fire, smiling. Presently she got up and joined the industrious ones.

"How many presents did you have last Christmas, Rosalie?" she asked.

"Oh, forty or fifty, I suppose," said Rosalie, carelessly. "Why?"

"I had over thirty," Judy said. "Nobody needs so many. Rosalie, won't you please give me that baby doll in the cradle this year, and the little clothes, and the chair?"

"Touched in the head, poor thing!" said Mary, pityingly. "Better humor her, Rosalie."

"She shall have her baby doll, yes, she shall," laughed Rosalie.

"A drum, Katrine?" Judy suggested.

"Yes, dear, yes; and some roller-skates—I'll steal a pair from Bobby," Katrine promised.

"I'd just love to give you an automobile, dearest," Annette offered.

"And I was thinking of fur gloves," Mary confessed. "Do you know what size you wear, Judy?"

"I'm Tommy and Bessie Evans, please," Judy

corrected. "Girls, will you 'reely-trooly' do it? And then not give one thing to Judy Kendall? Girls, will you?"

"Oh, I think it 's *sweet!*" Annette exclaimed. "I 'm going to do it, too. I 'm—I 'm Emily Bailey, girls; you know—that little lame girl. And I want a doll and things to sew for it, and books and picture-puzzles, and—and—"

"I 'm the O'Rafferty twins, meself," Mary announced. "I dunno yit what I 'm wantin'. I 'll inquire whin me mother goes to wash for Missus Dayton nixt Monday."

"I 'll ask Mother to tell me who we can be, Katrine," Rosalie said. "She has an eye on every poor family in town, I guess. And I 'll tell you, girls, let 's hang our stockings up here by the fire, Christmas Eve, and fill them. Then Dave will take us all round in the car to distribute them."

"We must have a Santa Claus," Judy added. "Would Peter do it, Katrine, the way he does for Bobby and Editha?"

"Of course," Katrine promised. "I 'll make him."

"You see, I promised Tommy and Bessie that he would surely come, and that they should see him if they were good." She stopped in alarm, for Annette's eyes were shining with intelligence.

"Judy Kendall—" Annette began. Judy winked a naughty eye at her. Annette's brow lifted in question, and Judy winked another eye and laid her finger on her lips, whereupon Annette sprang up and hugged her.

"You *dear!*" she whispered.

"Hush!" Judy warned.

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the Jessup house five young creatures in bright dresses were stirring about with a rapidity which caused David to insist that he had counted ten of 'em at least. He mentioned his calculations to a little creature in blue who was hurrying through the hall with a big red basket on each arm. "Say," he added, "why don't you get in one of those baskets and ride?"

But the little blue creature had vanished up the stairs, laughing.

"That 's the third or tenth or second that has gone up," David grumbled, and taking his paper, he distributed his length across the second step of the broad stairs. Another little creature appeared, in white this time, but with the same red baskets.

"Halt!" came from the barricade on the stairs. "How many are there of you? I think you're the *tenth!*"

"Just the eighth and ninth," she set him right. "I 'm Tommy and Bessie Evans."

The little creature planted a foot lightly on

David's knee and she, too, vanished up the stairs, laughing.

Up-stairs, in Rosalie's sitting-room, it was very quiet. Hanging from the broad chimney-shelf were nine pairs of small black stockings, limp and empty. On the hearth little flames were playing, now hiding behind the great logs, now dancing out to "tag" some shadow creeping toward the small stockings.

The door opened softly and closed again. The little flames crouched low. Somebody was coming, dragging something over the thick rug. When the somebody got very near, the little flame sprang up and surprised a tall girl in a rose-colored gown, who carried one red basket and pulled a sled behind her.

The rose-colored girl laughed at the excited flames, and proceeded to fill the largest pair of stockings with candy and nuts. Then she drew the sled under another pair, and an inquisitive flame stretched up to read "Jimmy O'Rafferty" on the card pinned to the shelf above. A doll came out of the red basket and sat down on the shelf between two very tiny stockings; next, a scarlet automobile; and last a beautiful big book. Then, setting her basket on the sofa, the rose-colored girl vanished.

Soon the door opened again, and the flames caught a yellow girl advancing with two red baskets. She filled two pairs of stockings. Then she set a little cradle on the shelf, and beside the cradle put a tiny chair, on which she hung some tiny garments. A cupboard showing some blue-and-white dishes behind its glass doors went on the shelf beside the rose-colored girl's doll, and above the largest pair of stockings went a woolly pink kimono. Then, leaving her baskets on the sofa, the yellow girl was gone.

It was a little blue girl next, with a coronet of golden braids. She played her pretty part and disappeared like the others, to be followed by a girl in red. And last came a slim little girl in white, who plumped herself down on the hearth-rug, with a big red basket on each side, and studied the shelf above. The clock ticked the minutes away, and the little flames scolded.

"Judy!" a voice called outside the door, reproachfully. "You Judy!" The girl on the rug jumped up.

"She said not a word, but went straight to her work"; she chuckled softly, and fell to emptying her baskets. Soon the little flames were alone again with the Christmas treasures.

But only for a few minutes. Suddenly voices called along the halls and up and down the stairs, the door swung open, lights flashed up, and the room seemed full of girls in bright dresses. A

few fathers and mothers hovered in the background; David stood in the door, a great fur coat over his arm, cap and goggles in his hand; Santa Claus, brave in scarlet and fur, appeared from somewhere and took his position by the chimney.

"Jimmy O'Rafferty—Katy O'Rafferty," he announced, grabbing two pairs of chubby black

Jefferson," he read. "Whar *am* those pickaninnies?"

"Heah we is," laughed Rosalie, appearing beside him and holding up the skirt of her yellow dress. He laid the stockings in it and added two big dolls, a set of dishes, and a little table.

"Emily Bailey," he called next, and Annette



THEY PLAYED A MERRY GAME OF "I CHOOSE"

stockings. "Will Jimmy and Katy please come forward?"

"I 'm they—thim 's me, I mean," said Mary, gathering the stockings into her arm.

"This sled is Jimmy's," Santa Claus went on, "and this doll-carriage with the fine young doll in it is Katy's. These fur gloves seem to be for Jim."

Mary piled her gifts on her sled and drew it merrily away, while Santa Claus seized the next two pairs of stockings.

"Gladys Louise Jefferson—Helen Clementine

stepped up to take the single pair of stockings, a lovely pink kimono, a work-basket fully equipped and stocked with bright silk and muslins, two picture-puzzles, and a copy of "Little Women."

"Why are you only *one*, you little pig?" Santa Claus demanded sternly.

"Please, sir, because I can never walk," Annette explained, dropping a little curtsy as she retreated.

Then Tommy and Bessie Evans received their chosen gifts, and last Katrine, responding to a call for Jenny Dolan and Eddie Martin, got a

doll, a cupboard of blue-and-white dishes, a pair of roller-skates, and a picture-book.

"Hurry up, now, and let 's get out of this," said Santa Claus. "These togs are pretty hot!"

"I 'll bring around the car," said David, struggling into his heavy coat. And when the honk-honk was heard out in front five minutes later, a little procession of well-wrapped girls bearing tissue-decked baskets, with Santa Claus bringing up the rear, filed down the walk.

The young men carefully stowed the five girls, the nine baskets, and the one sled in the back of the car, and climbed into the front seat themselves, where David hung a string of bells around Santa's neck, with "Shake 'em up, Pete, shake 'em up! We 're a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, you know. All ready, girls?"

Peter glanced back. "Let her go!" he said, and with a honk-honk and a jingle-jingle the great car leaped into the night, tossing up a spray of snow.

"The lake road first, Dave," Rosalie called, and then no one spoke again, until, with a suddenness that set the bells all jingling, they came to a stop at the gate of a tiny cottage. Peter jumped out and took Judy's baskets.

"You 're a reely-trooly Santa Claus, remember," she pleaded.

"Sure thing!" he answered, starting for the door. "Honk-honk," remarked the car, and a shade flew up, revealing two childish faces in the window.

"There I am!" Judy whispered. "Look, somebody is opening the door."

It was a little woman in a big white apron, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Come in," she invited pleasantly, and then, "Oh, my goodness!" she gasped, and stepped back.

"What is it, Mother? What is it, Mother?" shrill voices cried.

"Come and see," she laughed.

They came and stared at the apparition, wonder-eyed, clinging to the little mother's skirt. For a full minute he bore their scrutiny, smiling in a manner most saintly, and then he offered each small one a basket. But they only stared.

"Take them, dear ones," the mother coaxed, "and thank Santa Claus."

Two small hands reached out then, two small faces hid behind the white apron. Peter laughed and set the baskets on the floor.

"Merry Christmas!" he said to the little mother, pulling off his pointed hat.

"Merry Christmas!" she returned, "and thank you—oh, thank you!"

"Oh, don't thank me," he began, "I—"

"Honk-honk," warned the car, and he retreated

in haste and climbed into his seat. The big machine circled and went purring toward town, while a faint "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night" floated back to the little group in the doorway.

"The O'Rafferty house next," said Mary. "This sled is a nuisance."

The O'Rafferty twins were not shy. They were for climbing right into the car when it stopped at their curb, but their mother caught one by his collar and the other by her braids, which prompt action discouraged exploring expeditions.

"Ain't ye 'shamed?" she scolded. "Thank the saint for your sled and your pretty baskets, and git along into the house with ye!"

"Say, Ma, I thought he drove reindeer," Jimmy yelled. "And he 's got his family with him, Ma!"

"He has that!" Mrs. O'Rafferty agreed, as a shout of laughter came from the car. "Miss Mary, bless your sweet heart, I—" But the car was gone.

"Are n't I just the cutest twins you ever saw!" Mary insisted. "Where next, girls?"

It was over at last, and a gay-colored row of girls decorated the sofa in the Jessups' hall, weary, rather silent, and grateful for the hot chocolate which David and Peter were bringing to them.

"Great stunt, that!" Peter approved, keeping a watchful eye on Annette's cup. "That little lame kid insisted on kissing me."

"Poor baby!" Mary murmured. Peter regarded her with suspicion.

"Whose idea was it, anyhow?" Dave wanted to know.

"Judy's," said Annette, proudly.

"Why, I thought it belonged to all of us," Rosalie said.

"It did," Judy nodded, and pinched Annette.

"No, it *did n't*," Annette insisted. "It was all Judy's, only we would n't let her label it that afternoon. Don't you remember?"

"Wait—let me think," said Rosalie. "Girls, Annette is right. Judy has simply manœvered us through this whole thing. *This* was your lovely idea that afternoon, was n't it, Judy? Now own up to it."

Judy only laughed and held her cup out to David.

"Oh, well," said Mary, "I told you we always had to do just what Judy wanted us to."

David lifted high his cup of chocolate.

"Here 's to Judy's idea!" he proposed.

The four girls sprang up to drink the pretty toast with the young men, while little Judy sat still on the sofa, laughing and blinking very fast.



THEY STARED AT THE APPARITION, WONDER-EYED

ESTHER'S CHRISTMAS

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

"THERE 's a wagon coming!" Esther announced excitedly. "It 's the one from the fort with the things for the Christmas tree."

Her mother came to stand beside her in the door of the cabin. At any time a passing wagon was of interest, here in the heart of the western mountains, but to-day it was more than ever an event; for a long winter rain had put a stop to almost all travel; it had lasted through two cold and dreary weeks, and not until this Christmas morning had there been a glimpse of blue sky for a fortnight.

"The roads must have been very bad," said Mrs. Lawton. "It was twelve days ago that they went by, and they ought to have made the trip to the railroad and back in a week."

A month ago Esther had ridden over with her father to Fort Pedrozo to spend the day with Alice Shannon, who was just her own age, and the daughter of a person called the quartermaster-sergeant. And Alice had told her wonderful tales about a party she and Netta Anderson were going to have on Christmas night in the amusement hall. It was to be for the soldiers' children, and there would be dolls and toys and candy and beautiful ornaments. Alice had said that she and Netta had worked for a long time making some of the things, and earning money to send East for others that they could not make.

Ever since then Esther had thought about it, imagining what it would be like, wishing that she herself could see it. She spent long hours fancying herself going to a party and being surrounded by other children. For she was very lonely all by herself in her home in the forest, where her only playfellows were her dog and her horse, and sometimes a young Indian.

Once she had talked about it, but it had made her mother cry. So Esther had been careful not to speak of it again. And this morning she had

done her best to seem delighted with the new bridle and the dress and the necklace of Indian beads, which she had found by the fireplace. But immediately after breakfast her father had had to take advantage of the fine weather and ride away to another ranch. He would be gone until night. So she and her mother were left by themselves, and it did not promise to be a very merry Christmas day for a young girl.



"AND THEN ESTHER RODE OFF"

"I wish Henry would stop and see us," she said softly. There was more wistfulness in the tone than she knew, and the tears came again into her mother's eyes. "Oh!" cried Esther, flinging her arms about Mrs. Lawton's neck, "I did n't mean to make you feel badly. I 'm not so very lonesome."

Her own lip was quivering and her mother smiled bravely and stooped to kiss the upturned face.

At that instant the loud cracking of a whip made them both start. It was followed by another and another, and then by the shouting of a

man's voice. The wagon, which both of them had momentarily forgotten, was not in sight, and the truth flashed upon Esther. "They're in the ravine! And I should n't wonder if they can't get out." The shouts and the cracks of the whip were repeated. "I'm going to see," said Esther, turning into the house. She came back, wearing a pair of boy's boots that met her skirts at the knee, and she plodded off through the soft ground, disappearing into the ravine.

When she reappeared Henry was with her. He had often stopped into the cabin as he drove his teams to and from the post; and to people whose lives were so isolated, he seemed almost an intimate friend.

"We're stuck in the mud," he said to Mrs. Lawton. "I'll have to stay here till to-morrow. There's an ambulance coming down from Stone's ranch then that can help us pull out. I guess you'll have to give me my Christmas dinner."

A guest less pleasant than the frank-faced young soldier would have been only too welcome; but Esther's thoughts went suddenly to Netta Anderson and Alice and all the children at the fort. "Are n't the things for the Christmas tree in the wagon?" she asked.

"Yes, they are," he told her; "and it's too bad."

"Alice will be so dreadfully disappointed," she protested; "and they worked so hard!"

Henry nodded. "But it can't be helped. If the roads had been all right we would have been back four or five days ago. I know they're getting anxious, too. Colonel Anderson telegraphed to Stone's ranch yesterday to find out where we were. I wired that we'd be along this afternoon, sure. If there was any way of doing it I'd let him know so he could send for the things."

Esther had the imagination of a child who has always relied upon itself for interests, and she could feel for the others as though the disappointment had been her own. She sat considering, her eyes on the soldier's face. "Why don't you ride one of the mules and take the things in?"

"There are about nine hundred pounds of stuff in that wagon," he informed her.

Esther gasped. "All for the tree?"

He laughed. "Not quite; about eight hundred and fifty is supplies and feed."

"Well, you could ride one mule and pack all there is for the tree on another."

He shook his head. "They're not riding or pack-animals, and a mule does n't like following any profession but his own. Besides, I'm in charge of the wagon. If I was to leave it I'd get into trouble. A soldier must always obey orders."

Esther sat in thought for some moments again. Then she asked: "Why could n't I take the things?" and as the soldier and her mother began to smile, she urged her plan. "We could put them on Jake. Jake's our little white pack-mule," she explained to Henry; "and I could ride Billy." She cast eager looks from one to the other. "I could do it just as well as not."

"It's eight miles," Henry reminded.

"As if I could n't ride sixteen miles in a day!" She had covered thirty and forty often, and once fifty.

"The roads are in bad shape."

"Not between here and the post. They never are, except in one or two places, and there are trails around those; and the ford is n't so very high," she displayed her knowledge of the country. "I could be back before dark."

Henry turned to Mrs. Lawton. "Would you be willing she should do it?" he asked.

Esther gave an audible sigh of relief as her mother answered that there did not seem to be any reason against it. All her life Esther had wandered on horseback over the mountains, as freely as a child of more civilized districts might have ridden in a park, and it seemed nothing now to allow her to go a small matter of eight miles.

So it was not long before Jake was equipped with his pack-saddle and precious freight. He was led to the ravine and there loaded with all the packages which were addressed to Miss Netta Anderson. "You'll have to tighten that pack now and then," the soldier said. "Do you think you can?" Esther was sure that she could. She had often helped her father pack.

When at length she was mounted on her pony and ready to start, Henry looked a little dubious. "He's feeling pretty fresh, Jake is," he warned. Esther called back her assurance that she was quite equal to the task she had undertaken. And then she rode off, still wearing her big muddy boots, and well wrapped from the cold air in an old coat of her father's.

But her ability to manage Jake was soon put to the proof. For the first two or three miles the road was heavy, and he plodded along beside Billy quietly enough. All at once, however, he shied violently at an old, deserted tepee which he had passed countless times before without so much as pricking up his ears. It was all the excuse for excitement that her own pony needed. He too gave a jump aside. Then his head went down, and with a little squeal of meanness, he began to buck. He was doing his very best to unseat his rider, and there was no question of keeping hold of the pack-mule's rope. Jake pulled away. When Billy had finished bucking

he had gone a hundred yards ahead. Until Esther came close by him he paid no attention to her; but when she was just near enough to grasp the rope, he gave a quick jump and started off at a trot. She followed him. The trot grew faster.

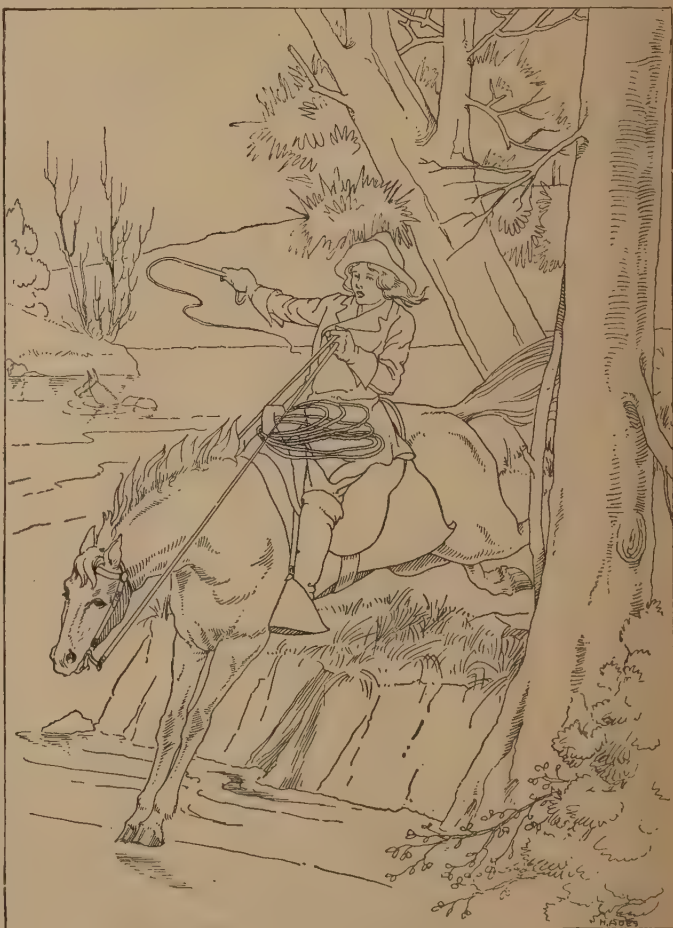
She tried the effect of bringing Billy to a walk. Instantly Jake stopped short. But the moment she moved, he too advanced. If he had kept to the road it would not have mattered, but his preference was for wandering farther and farther away from it; and he was brushing the pack against the low branches of trees with great danger of its coming loose. Besides, the creek was not far ahead, and he was going off along a cattle trail which led to a place where the fording was good in summer, but was dangerous now in winter after the long rains.

"Whoa, Jake!" Esther called, growing frightened. "Whoa there!" Jake began to trot. "Whoa!" she cried despairingly. But Jake with mulish determination kept on. He reached the edge of the rushing torrent, whose noise completely drowned Esther's frantic shouts. For an instant he hesitated. Then he went into the water. It came to his knees, to his flanks, to the edge of his pack! Esther gave a wail of distress. He had lost his footing! He was floundering, he was swimming. The current was sweeping him down and down.

Esther thought of the Christmas presents, but she thought still more of what it would mean to her father to lose his only pack-animal; and she did not stop to realize that there was nothing she could do to prevent it. Her one idea was to get near enough to catch the rope and try to pull Jake to safe ground. She brought her quirt down upon Billy. "Go on!" she commanded. There was a splash, a scramble, a sensation of everything going from under them; and the next instant she felt that Billy was swimming. He

was keeping his head up-stream as well as he could; but he too was being overpowered by the current, and the leafless willows on the shore seemed to sweep by with alarming swiftness.

How long it lasted Esther did not know, but



"THERE WAS A SPLASH AND A SCRAMBLE"

she felt a shock as Billy's hoofs touched ground. With three wild springs he brought himself up an almost perpendicular bank and stopped short, trembling, exhausted. Esther slid from her saddle and sank upon the earth. She was weak with fright. For the moment she had forgotten Jake. When she remembered him she jumped up in new terror, looking about.

The sight that met her eyes was a small white mule lying on its side. "Oh!" she came out with

a wail of grief. "He's dead! He's dead!" She started toward him, leading the pony; but as she came near she saw the stiff legs move feebly. Jake was not dead—not even dying. He had merely fallen as he had struggled up the bank out of the river. And the clumsy pack had kept him from rising.

Esther had seen fallen pack-animals before, and she knew that there was but one thing to do if one were alone, and not very strong,—one must take off the pack. She could manage that. But could she put it back again? It was out of the question to return to the cabin or go on to the fort for help. Some Indian or Mexican might come along and take the pack and Jake as well, and no one was in sight. Not even an Apache.

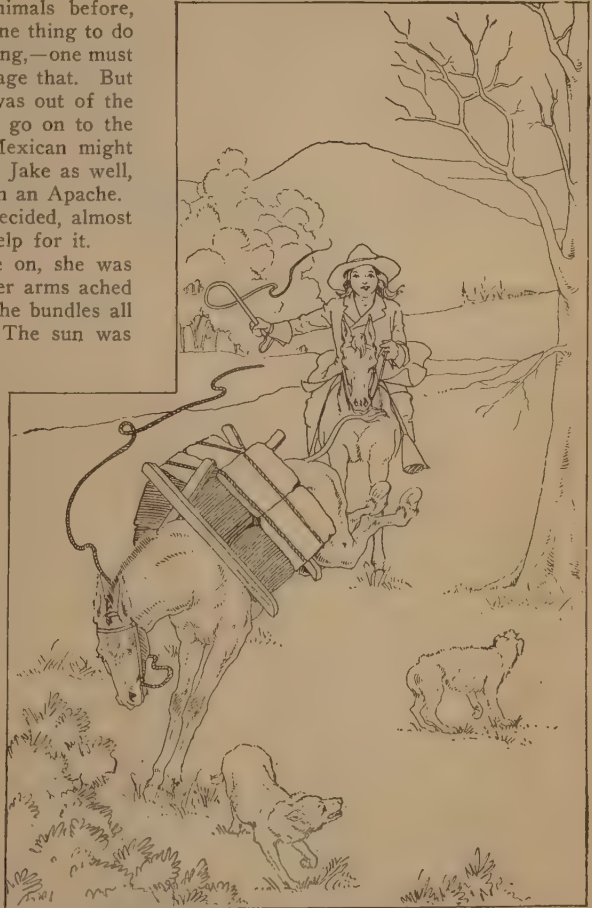
"I'll have to do it alone," she decided, almost despairingly. But there was no help for it.

Over and over as the day wore on, she was upon the point of giving it up. Her arms ached and her back hurt. Twice, when the bundles all fell off she sat down and cried. The sun was low when she finally flung the cinch over the pack and buckled it. And a curious pack it was. "You're so lumpy, Jake," she laughed, half tearfully; "and if you trot you'll tumble to pieces."

She was worrying very much about getting home to her mother, as they plodded along. Presently they came in sight of the fort, and then Esther heard the retreat gun. It was sunset and the air was bitterly cold. Here and there the fire of an Indian camp glowed. The dogs came snarling and sniffing about. Strange dogs always disturbed Jake. And he showed signs of uneasiness. But it was not until they were within half a mile of the post that he became again unmanageable. Then five or six curs rushed out under his hoofs, barking and snapping. Without warning he let his heels fly. There was an anguished yelping from the dogs, the leading rope was once more jerked from Esther's hands, and Jake was off at a runaway gallop, luckily heading for the fort, but with the dogs giving chase.

The pack swayed and pitched. Esther, following her fastest, could only hope that Jake would reach the fort before it should fall. He was keeping to the road; he had gone through the

gate of the reservation fence, still galloping frantically, the pack almost ready to drag. And then Esther saw a man riding toward him. It was a soldier on a big cavalry horse. Jake hesitated, swerved. The pack touched the ground beneath his hoofs. But the cavalryman, leaning far out



WITHOUT WARNING HE LET HIS HEELS FLY

of his saddle, had caught him by the halter, and he stood still.

AFTER that, wonderful and surprising things happened so fast that Esther was too bewildered to even feel the fatigue of her journey.

The mounted guard took her into the fort. An officer was coming down the walk; the guard halted and saluted. "Here's a young lady, Colo-

nel," he reported gravely. "She's brought the Christmas tree things on this mule."

Colonel Anderson questioned her for a minute. Then he put out his arms, lifted her from the horse, gave some orders to the guard, and led her up to the big house from whose windows shone brilliant lights. He opened the door and she was being taken into a hall hung with evergreens and mistletoe.

Suddenly Esther thought of the big boots she was wearing. "My boots are so muddy!" she protested, drawing back. "Never mind your boots," the Colonel answered, and then he called: "Netta! Mother!" Somebody answered and there appeared before Esther's dazzled eyes a young girl in a white dress, and a marvelous lady about whose throat and in whose hair glittered something more bright than any Apache beads. Esther stood before them, a mud-bespattered small figure in a faded blue coat much too large for her, and with boy's boots that came to her knees.

"Here's the little courier from Lawton's ranch," the Colonel was saying. "She has brought the things for your tree on her own pack-mule. And she's had a pretty hard time."

The young girl and the lady took her into a big room where there were dolls and toys and marvelous things strewn all about. There were other children, too—who crowded near her, as she sat in a chair before the fire. Every one asked her questions at once. She did her best to answer, but at last she was tired and confused.

In the midst of it all she remembered her mother. She started up quickly. "I must go home!" she said. "Mother will be so frightened," and she was already moving toward the door; but Mrs. Anderson laid a hand on her shoulder.

"There's a messenger on the way to your mother, now," she told her. "He will let her know that you are safe, and that you are going to stay with us for Christmas dinner. Netta wants you to spend a few days with her."

Could it possibly be true? To stay in this splendid house, with all these toys and children to play with! Then her eyes clouded quickly and she hung her head. "My boots," she said, only just audibly. "And I have n't my new dress."

"Netta has all you will need, dear," Mrs. Anderson reassured her.

Esther hesitated uncertainly. Then there came gradually into her mind a possibility surpassing any of the incredible things that had happened yet. "Do you suppose," she gathered courage to ask, "do you suppose they'd let me just look at their Christmas tree?"

In her weather-stained old coat and her muddy big boots she was being taken into Mrs. Anderson's arms. The head with its shining things was bending over her. "You dear little girl," a trembling voice was saying; "you dear little girl. Of course you must look at it; of course you must help with it. It is your tree now, far more than it is theirs."



"IT IS YOUR TREE NOW, FAR MORE THAN IT IS THEIRS"



BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

SIR CLEGES AND HIS GIFT

(A * Old English Christmas Legend)

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Nor in the time of King Arthur, but in that still earlier day when King Arthur's father, the great Uther Pendragon, ruled Britain with a strong hand, there dwelt near the city of Cardiff, so tell the old chronicles, "a worthy, strong, tall, fair, courteous, gentle knight, named Sir Cleges, with his good wife, Dame Clarys." In his youth Sir Cleges had been a great champion. Right well had he served his king in the wars against the heathen invaders,—the Saxons, Danes, and Northmen,—and worthily had he won much wealth in lands and treasure. But he cared little for wealth, loving to give, rather than to hold in store. Both he and his dame were wont to bestow bountiful alms on the poor and rich guerdon to wandering minstrels. Each Christmas-tide they held a great feast at which they gave presents of food and robes to all who might come. So one Christmas morning Sir Cleges awoke to find that he had no more the means of giving, for all his treasure was spent, all his lands were gone, and little enough remained for himself and his wife.

So he went forth heavily from his door, and his sorrow was heightened as he heard on all sides the sounds of rejoicing and the music of "trompes, pipes, clarions, harps, lutes, and gitterns," celebrating the dawning of Christmas Day.

Then out came the good Dame Clarys and comforted him, saying, "Surely, we have each other; and will not the Lord provide the little that we may need in our old age?" So they went in together and ate joyfully such food as they had.

And then Sir Cleges again went forth into his garden, and kneeling beneath a great cherry-tree, thanked God for all His mercies and prayed for the welfare of those he loved. As he arose he grasped the bough above him to help him to his feet; and as he looked upon that bough, behold! it was laden down with green leaves and rich red cherries!—although it was the Yule-tide.

Then greatly he marveled and rejoiced, and cried out to Dame Clarys. "But now," said she, "take this gift of Heaven to the king in his castle of Cardiff, and sure am I it will much avail us."

"Aye, good wife," replied Sir Cleges, "to Cardiff will I go and to the court where I have not been these many years; for fain would I again see my lord the king, at whose right hand I fought in my youth,—though small chance is there that he will know his strong knight of the old wars in this mean garb and this long gray beard."

So Sir Cleges gathered the cherries into a huge pannier, covering them with the leaves, and set

out for Cardiff, poorly clad as he was and staff in hand, for he had neither war-horse nor palfrey.

Now, when he came to the king's gate he found a proud porter. And the porter, seeing that he was ill clad, called to him gruffly: "Thou churl, withdraw thee smartly, without delay, or else shall I break thy head! If thou seekest again to come in, it shall rue thee,—for then shall I beat thee!"

Sir Cleges answered mildly, though his heart was wroth: "Good sir, I pray thee, let me go in; for I have brought a present for the king. Behold it!" and he uncovered the pannier.

Now the porter, seeing the cherries, knew full well that he that brought so marvelous a present would surely receive rich gifts in return; so he said: "Churl, thou comest not into this place unless thou grantest me a third part of that which the king shall give thee,—whatever it may be."

As he needs must, Sir Cleges gave his word thereto and passed through the gate and on.

At the hall door he met the king's usher, holding his staff of office raised as if to smite, and saying, "Go back, thou churl, without tarrying! or I shall beat thee, head and body!"

Again answered Sir Cleges, humbly: "Good sir, I have brought the king a Christmas gift that even this morning grew in my garden."

The usher lifted the leaves from the pannier, beheld the untimely fruit, and marveled. "I tell thee truly, churl," said he, with cunning, "e'en yet thou goest not in unless thou grantest me a third part of thy winning when thou com'st back."

Sir Cleges saw no other way, and so agreed.

And, with heavy heart, he went on into the hall.

And there was feasting, harping, and singing. And the king sat on a raised seat at the great table, amid his knights and lords. Then came the steward bustling from among the richly clad nobles and went boldly to Sir Cleges. "Churl," said he, "who made thee so hardy as to come into this place? Thou art too bold. Withdraw thee with thine old clothes!"

Simply and sadly answered him Sir Cleges: "I bear a gift for the king," and showed it.

Then marveled the steward: "This saw I never at this time of year since I was man. And thou shalt come no nearer the king unless thou grantest me a third part of the gift that he shall give thee."

"Alas!" thought poor Sir Cleges, "among these thieves I shall have naught for my labor unless it be a dinner!" But, sighing sore, he answered: "So let it be. Whatever the king award, thou shalt have the third part, be it less or more."

Then the steward made way for him among the throng and hastened out beyond the curtains to await his returning. And Sir Cleges went up to the dais, where, kneeling before the king, he

uncovered his pannier, saying, "My lord, Heaven hath willed that earth should bear this fruit this very day, and sendeth it to thee with honor."

And the king said: "Heaven be thanked; and likewise do I thank the bringer. In truth, this is a fair sight and a great wonder."

Then he commanded that place be made for Sir Cleges at his board, and bade him feast and be merry, for that his gift should much avail him. And he caused the cherries to be served bountifully through the hall; and never before had any that were there tasted of such luscious fruit. And when the feast was done he said to his squire: "Bring now before me the poor man that brought the cherries!"

So Sir Cleges came again before the king and fell on his knees, saying, "My lord, what is your will? I am your man, free-born."

Said the king: "I thank thee heartily for thy gift. Thou hast honored all my feast. So shall I grant thee whatever thou wilt have."

Now said Sir Cleges joyfully, yet, withal, somewhat grimly: "Gramercy, my liege king! right comforting is this to me. I tell thee truly, to have land or other riches is too much for such as I am. So, if I may choose for myself, I pray thee grant me twelve strokes of my staff to be dealt where they are due; for fitting it is that men should pay their debts."

At that was King Uther troubled, for he loved not unseemly brawling. "Now do I repent my granting," said he. "I would advise thee, thou hadst better have gold or fee; more need of them thou hast than of sturdy blows, given or taken."

"My liege," answered Sir Cleges, "it was thine own grant, therefore am I full glad thereof. Yet do I promise, and pledge my head thereto, that these twelve strokes, thy gift, shall be bestowed only where they are rightly due; so I pray thee to send after me two trusty knights who, unseen, shall note all that is said and done, and bear witness whether or not I keep my word."

Ill content was Uther, yet might he not gainsay that which he had granted; therefore he gave Sir Cleges leave to go, and bade two knights follow him secretly as he had desired.

While he was gone the king still sat with his lords in hall, and the minstrels sang to them ballads of brave deeds in old wars; and the chief of them all sang of a gallant adventure of Sir Cleges. Whereat said the king: "Harper, tell me of this knight, Sir Cleges, since thou hast traveled widely; knowest thou him?"

"Yea, in sooth," answered the harper; "some time since I knew him. He was a true knight of yours, and a comely, and fair of stature. We minstrels miss him greatly, for free was his bounty."

Then said the king: "I trow Sir Cleges is dead. Would he were alive! I would sooner have him than five others. I loved him much, for gentle he was, and stark in fight."

But now arose a great noise and bawling with-

stand for merriment: "My liege, we two, as was thy pleasure, followed this good man whom these three varlets misname 'churl.' Hardly had he left thy hall when up to him came this thy worthy steward, seeing us not, for we were well hidden

behind a curtain. 'Churl,' said he, 'now give me, according to thy promise, a third part of what the king hath given thee.' 'Aye,' answered the stout man, 'have here some strokes!' and four masterly strokes he laid on with good will, and left the steward blubbing. Then, as he went on his way, thy usher and thy porter in turn likewise demanded of him a third part of thy gift, and likewise did he deal with them right worthily. So do we two bear true witness, on the honor of our knighthood, that he hath paid these strokes but where they were due according to his word. And truly do we discern that no churl is he, but a stout man-at-arms, for from his stark bearing may it be seen that his hand knoweth sword-hilt better than plow-handle."

Now loudly laughed the lords, both old and young, and louder laughed King Uther; and steward, usher, and porter were fain to slink away to nurse their broken heads in shame.

Then said the king: "What is thy name? tell me, good man."

And he answered: "My name is Sir Cleges. I was thy own knight till poverty came upon me."

Now the king came down from the dais and clasped both Sir Cleges's hands in his own. "Old friend," said he, while all the assembled guests ceased talking, "oft hast thou done me good service with sword and lance on battle-field years ago when we both were younger and stronger than we are to-day, when each would have gladly given his life to save the other. But of all the timely and valuable services thou didst render me in the past, I have never received better service than thou hast done



I PRAY THEE, LET ME GO IN; FOR I HAVE BROUGHT A PRESENT FOR THE KING.

out the hall; and presently in rushed the steward, the usher, and the porter, crying for the king's justice upon a false churl; and amongst them was not one head unbeaten. And behind them followed the two knights, holding their sides for laughter; and behind all strode Sir Cleges, grim and tall, tightly gripping his stout oak staff.

The king commanded silence and bade one of the two knights tell freely what he had seen and heard. Then said the knight, when that he could



me this day, when thy stout staff hath dealt justice on the grasping knaves who would stand betwixt true people and their king."

So he clothed Sir Clegh in fine robes, befit-

ting his rank, and bestowed upon him much riches, together with the castle of Cardiff, where the good knight and his dame dwelt long in peace, bounty, and honor, beloved by all the people.

THE BEST TREE

CARL lay on the floor by the firelight bright

Thinking about the trees.

"I love them all," he said to himself,

As he named them over with ease;

"The chestnut, ash, and oak so high,

The pine, with its needle leaves,

The spruce and cedar and hemlock green,

And the maple with its keys.

"The dainty willow, with pussies gray,

The birch with bark so white,

The apple-tree with its blossoms sweet,

And the fruit so red and bright.

But the one I love the best of all

Blooms and bears fruit together;

It's sure to be filled at this time of the year,

Whatever may be the weather."







